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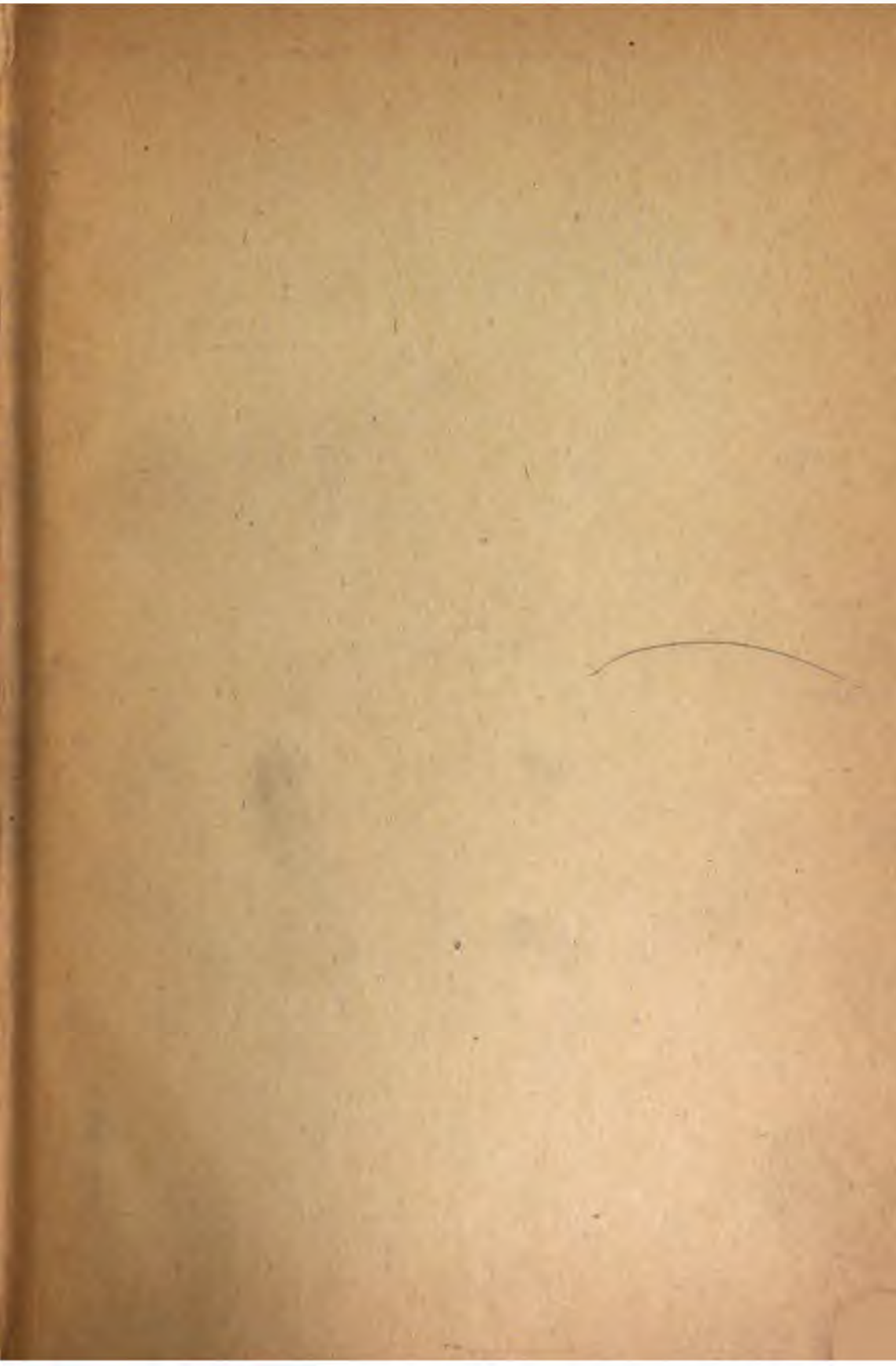
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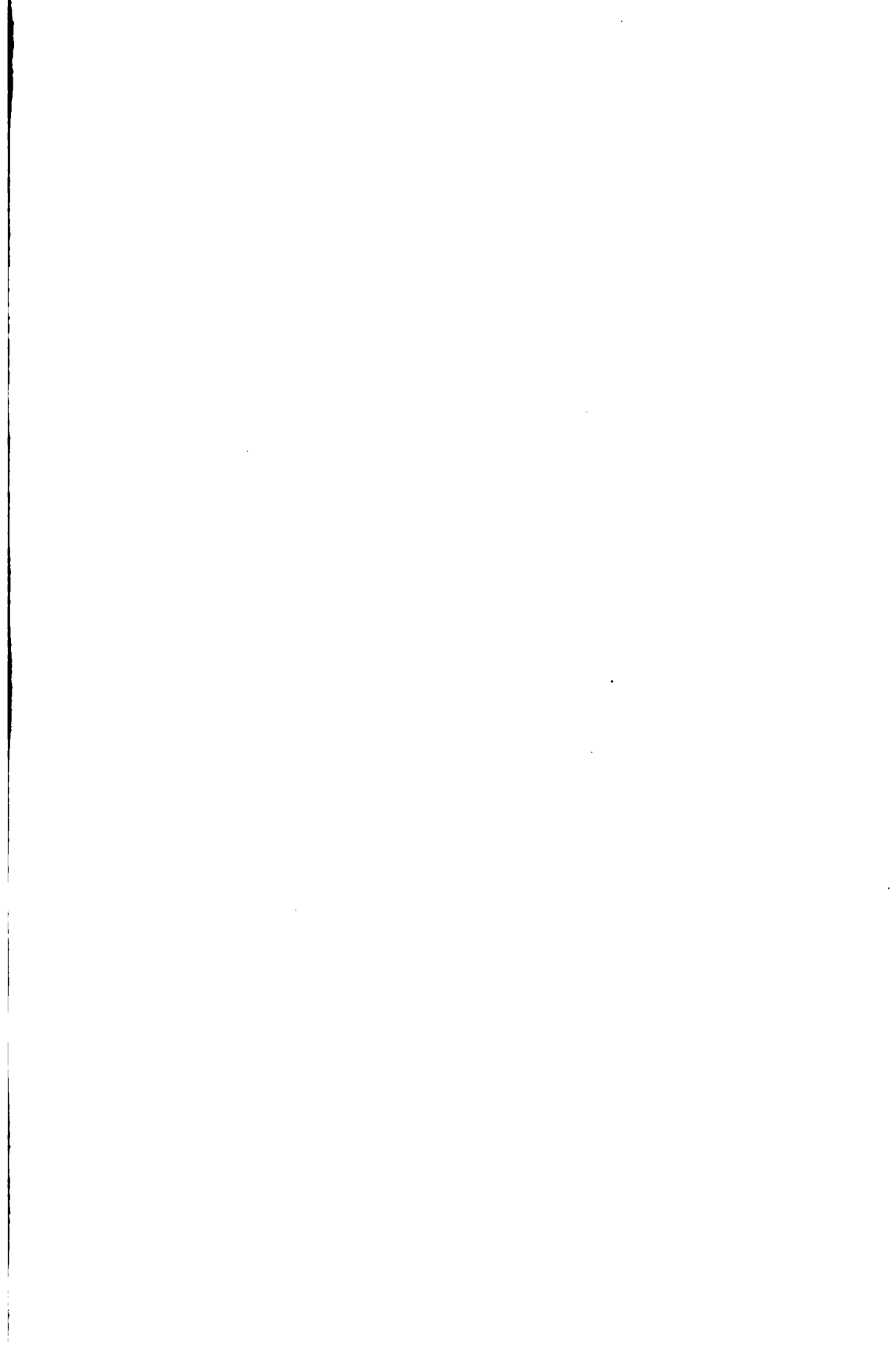
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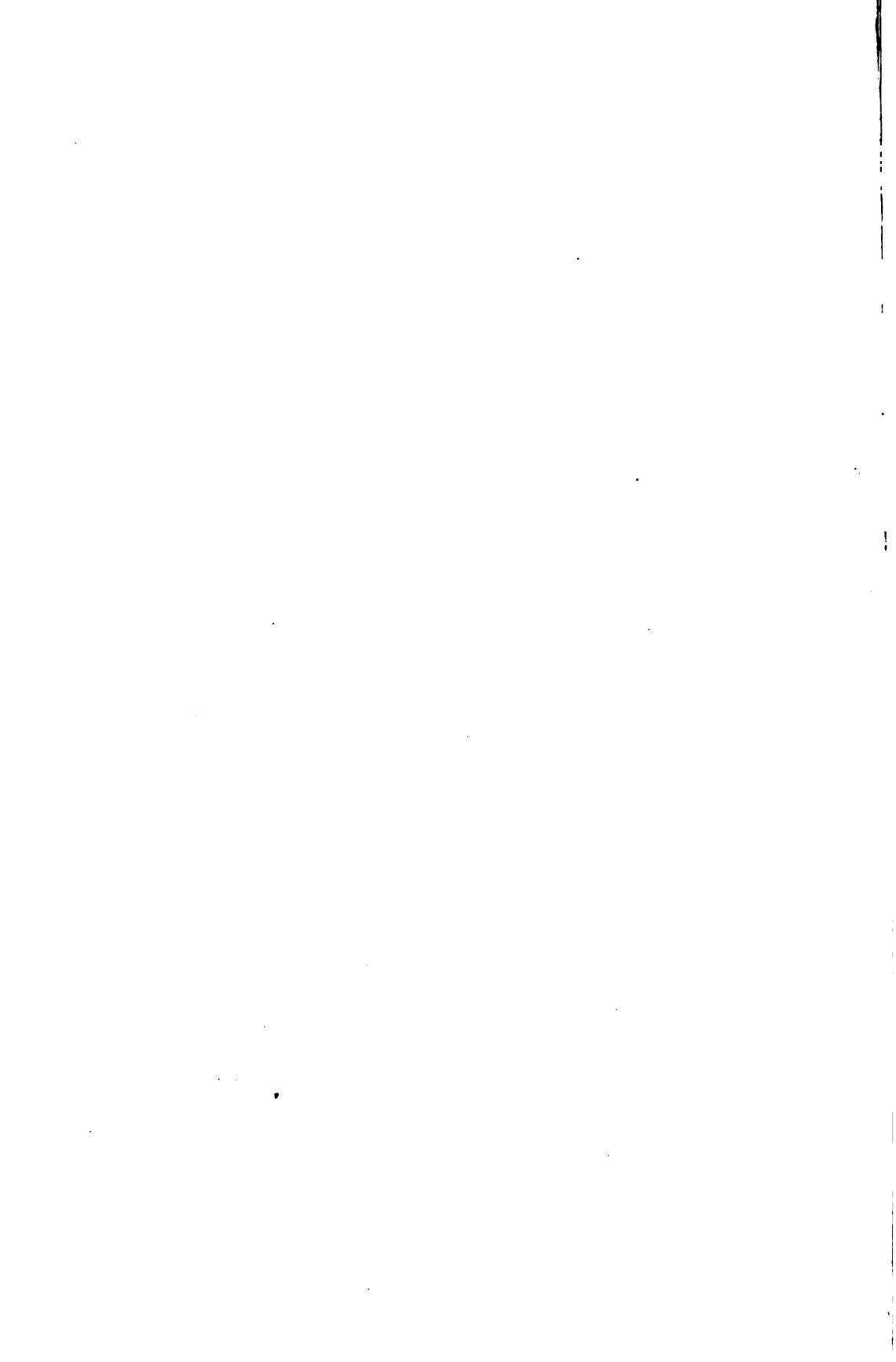
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# FORUM

*Founded by Isaac L. Rice*

**WORLD EMPIRE AND NATIONAL IDEALS**

**WARTIME SKETCHES**

**THE PARTITION OF ISLAM**

**MUST CHRIST AGAIN BE CRUCIFIED?**

**ETHICS IN HUNTING GAME**

**LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE**

**WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR STEEL**

**Vol. LVII**

**FORUM PUBLISHING CO.  
286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY**

**No. 1**



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# FORUM

Public Service

*A Magazine for Men and Women of Affairs*

FOR JANUARY, 1917

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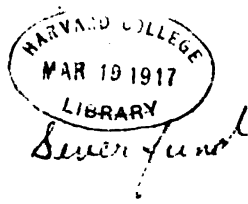
## FORUM for January

As we announced last month, 1917 is going to be a year of unprecedented progress for FORUM. New editors and new management have given the magazine new life, and it stands forth fearless and fully equipped to wage the battle for progress.

**WORLD EMPIRE AND NATIONAL IDEALS**, by Barton Blake, is the leading article of the month. It reviews the Armageddon of the past two years, and looks ahead—not altogether as some complacent citizens do. Mr. Blake is an idealist and has seen a vision. He has also sensed a danger, to America and to the world. The author, a prominent literary man and at present a writer for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, has travelled widely abroad and is thoroughly familiar with European ideals and aspirations.

**IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH.** Here is a most extraordinary short-story, which as a matter of fact it would have to be to appear in FORUM. It is by William Merriam Rouse, a young writer who already has begun to fulfil his promise. The theme is American unpreparedness, and the fearful catastrophe that our lawmakers' lack of foresight may bring upon us. It is a scathing rebuke and a clear, high minded call to arms amid a bedlam of dilly-dallying.

**WARTIME SKETCHES** is a group of vivid little Paris cameos, by Jay Campbell, who was in the French capital during the historic days of July and August, 1914. What he saw and heard and felt there he has told with uncommon skill. The account makes fascinating reading.



# FORUM

For January, 1917

## WORLD EMPIRE AND NATIONAL IDEALS

A New-Year Review and a Look Ahead

BARTON BLAKE

**A**S the War passes into its twenty-eighth month, and well-informed travellers returning from both of Europe's armed camps predict two years more of it, in spite of the growing odds against the Central Empires and the recent peace-babble, the overseas spectator finds himself losing interest in many of the conflict's minutiae, while adopting an attitude towards the greatest calamity in all times that may be called, for want of a better word, "historical." Passion aside, one examines Armageddon and its origins, not as a debater now, but as a most modest philosopher. One studies the principal characters in the tragedy, and the motives of those characters, as a pupil of Socrates might do; as students of literature have long been prying into the characters of Hamlet, or Don Quixote, or Tartuffe. And of the characters in the historical tragedy, the Emperor of Germany stands out as distinctly as Lucifer in Milton's poem.

The German Emperor, for his part, is said to have studied the career of Napoleon—meaning however, to improve upon the ending of that imperial romance. And, certainly, Napoleon thought to found an Empire of Europe

and all the Mediterranean coasts resting upon the military power of France, plus his own genius for conquest and administration. Napoleon came to Italy and was hailed liberator. Even when France had a despot, then, she was chiefly dreaded by the absolute rulers of Germany and Russia and Austria as an unsettling tendency towards freedom of thought and institutions—an influence jarring to ancient dynasties, intoxicating men, as it did, with notions of nationality and citizenship and liberty. What is the truth about the present essay towards the establishment of an Empire of Europe? Did the Kaisers, too, indulge their dream of something more than merely military dominion?

Austria's anachronistic Kaiser, a sinister relic saved from the funeral vault just long enough to descend into it ahead of his nation, could certainly be suspected of no such thing as liberal statesmanship. Many years ago, when Louis Kossuth was addressing a New York audience, the Hungarian patriot declared: "It is not common in history to find young princes so premature in tyranny as Francis-Joseph of Austria." The one thing to the credit of Francis-Joseph and his reign has been the working out of a system of Home Rule for the clashing nationalities which have been lumped under the Hapsburg dynasty and, despite Bohemia's discontent and Poland's triple martyrdom, it is true that the Austro-Hungarian system has worked more happily than ever the Anglo-Irish Union did. Francis-Joseph's prime aim was, however, to avert the disintegration of his Empire in his own lifetime. This has been the key to all Austro-Hungarian expansion.

The existence of free Serbia on the borders of a State where millions of Serbs were denied political freedom in Croatia was the Serbian "crime" which, rather than the mystery-veiled assassination at Sarajevo, precipitated the World-War. The jealousies of all the Balkan States and Germany's support of Austria made possible Francis-Joseph's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in flat defiance of the treaty of Berlin; but this extension of Austrian influence at the cost of the Slav was no statesman's triumph,

since it was but one of the factors which shaped events before 1914 for the tragedy of the actual War—Austria's Gethsemene. Not such as Francis Joseph see visions or dream dreams, and in the evening of his days, if the old emperor had any dreams of Empire, his dreams were nightmares.

It was otherwise with Wilhelm. The younger Kaiser, or at least those who stood round him and behind, did intend something more than the thunder of marching legions and the lightning of ten thousand cannon. As khaki replaces gold lace on the battle-field, and the battle-field itself is replaced by the trench, so is the sordidness of modern warfare made all the more evident by the transparence of its commercialism. The German madness was but the tragic shadow of an organization for trade conquest, a merciless system of repressive but smoothly functioning State Socialism. In shadow and reality alike there could of course be nothing of promise to the idealist—since the idealist rates a world ruled by Divine Right plus industrial chemistry rather a dull conception, and has no great admiration even for a Utopia richer in high explosives and aniline dyes than in individual aspiration or personal conscience. The German sprung pastor of a Lutheran church in Detroit, the Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, writes, from the theologian's standpoint: "The crime of the nation against the individual is, not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value." And yet the dream of Wilhelm did undeniably carry its lesson for Europe and *for all the world, if not for eternity.*

*The key to the puzzle of a Germany defying God and Man, justice and liberty; a Germany war-like even in peace, and so mighty when put to the test as to defy the resources of more than half the world and the armies of nearly all Europe and Europe's colonies—the key lay above all in the power of economic organization. Nothing too good for the German at home; nothing too evil for the enemy over the frontier: this was the formula. The evil of it consisted in the repudiation of human justice, the erection of the national*

*(like the royal) ego into a sin against the Holy Ghost, the surrender of the citizen's voice to a master instead of its individual expression.*

*Develop your resources, human and material, economize them, distribute them, balance them, centralize them: this part of the teaching is right—the rest is hideously wrong. Germany's internal organization was, at the opening of the World-War, perfect enough to shame all of us, whatever our heritage and our allegiance. But the end aimed at by this portentous organization was at once external and selfish. The German ideal admitted of neither liberty at home nor tolerance of other ideals abroad. The economic structure raised upon admirable foundations was one which could not stand without crushing out the life of Germany's neighbors. The over-stimulated conquest of foreign trade was in itself a guarantee of future war. And the German idea of Super-Nationalism was an idea which meant the reversal of political evolution, with the hands of the clock of progress set back three centuries.*

Our American sense of fair play has led us into some absurdly indefensible antitheses. Today, even, we say: "Yes, German submarines are dreadful engines in the hands of desperate men—but Germany was, at bottom, a peaceful trading nation. Possibly she was forced into war." Rubbish! *German antebellum commerce was no peaceful institution, crippled by the British blockade. Germany's carefully protected foreign trade, cartels and all, was as much a provocation of the conflict which long since drove the German merchant flag to cover as was the Kaiser's sword-rattling, or the aspirations of the feudal caste which, dominating German society, equally despised the British "amateur," the French "degenerate," the American "demokrat," and the rights of smaller nations.*

Had Germany been defeated, say a year ago, the sound good derived from this struggle might well have outweighed the evil; for whatever one's sympathies, one must confess that the world will never be the same again, and Britain and her friends have learned lessons from German social



and economic organization no less than from German methods of fighting; while for Russia's millions the War has been a new and a tremendous experiment in patriotism, in education, in power. From trench and German prison camp alike there will return to the uttermost villages of the great Russian Empire, as to Moscow and Petrograd, men who have seen, men who have heard, men who have suffered, men who have learned. The new Russia will be of their making. But for Germans too the War has many teachings. The lesson of French devotion and sacrifice ought to teach Germans something about democracy as yet unsuspected by the ruling caste and never more than half understood by the German Socialists themselves—"The Kaiser's Social Democrats," as comrade Gustave Hervé calls them nowadays with pardonable scorn. For war or for peace, the telegraph, the telephone, the ocean liner, the railroad, have been destroying distances, and making the world a small place, and even sometimes rubbing the corners from national frontiers. But in spite of the hatred it has engendered, the War also has brought the nations closer together—and of this the new treaty of Russia and Japan, the enemies of 1905, is only the most superficial of evidences.

The fearful carnage goes on—one would say that the life blood of Europe was drained to the lees but for the constant flow of new youngsters into the ever-ravenous ranks. The German people could end hostilities in a fortnight if they would make themselves masters of their own destinies: but the hope of this remains only a hope—and perhaps a fainter hope than ever. Goethe once said that Germany was a mere geographical expression. Today Germany is a great Empire—but not an Empire whose government expresses the uncompelled will of a free people. In the words of the proclamation with which the French aviator Marchal peacefully bombarded Berlin, the War must continue "till the people of Germany possess the right to decide for themselves on peace and war." We hear much of the German menace; but the true menace of Germany has been the fact that the unscrupulous ambition of those at the top, made powerful by the uncritical

loyalty of those at the base, have formed a combination too well served by technical skill, and not served at all by such ideals as make for free growth or tolerance or truth. In our age, at least, it is not safe for any nation to make better machines than men. And for all her technical perfection, Germany's greatness has been founded on the lie that arbitrary rulers should hold power of peace and war, life and death, over their own subjects, and over the destinies of outlanders as well.

It is proving a costly lie, but Europe must bleed until it is smashed. Peace talk is futile which does not recognize that certain results must be attained before peace can be a tolerable prospect for anyone but sentimentalists and German sympathizers. *That America is not sharing in the smashing of Germany's Great Illusion is to our immediate advantage only—and to the ultimate belittling of our national soul. Doubtless we shall survive and expiate our instinctive materialism, our natural shrinking from playing our part. That we are becoming more than ever necessary, economically, to all the world, less and less feared as a power with the ability and will to stand up for the right, is an obvious truth to every American who knows the Europe of 1916. There are two reactions to this situation: one sort of American looks into the future gloomily, and takes less pride than formerly in his American citizenship. The other type of citizen laughs and passes an observation to the effect that he should worry—which, precisely, he does not do.*

Meantime the War runs on and others than we are winning a great battle of the human spirit—a battle which will be followed by a reorganization of world-relations to the profit of those whose have shared in a costly but necessary sacrifice. We will be denied our natural place in the councils deciding the future of Europe, Asia, Africa,—yes, and perhaps South America. Besides, we are outside the sufferings of the War, and it is but just that we should be excluded from the settlement.

*Modesty and charity ought to be our favorite national virtues during the year 1917.*

# THE DRAB-COLORED SUIT

ROBERT M. WERNAER

**W**HERE are you going in this drab-colored suit,  
And with this gun?  
Your eyes are bright;  
Your steps are light;  
You walk with a young man's will—  
Going to drill—to drill?  
*My brother, tell me:  
If there be an enemy,  
If there be War,  
What would you be fighting for?*

"Our land," you say? Oh, yes, your're right—our land—  
Protect it well!  
These rocks and rills,  
These woods and hills,  
I'm glad you make a stand  
For this our land.  
*But, brother, tell me:  
If there be an enemy,  
If there be War,  
What would you be fighting for?*

You shake your head? Don't know? Oh, yes, you do—  
Your eyes tell me!  
For our Principle you would fight—  
Our Soul—in that dark night  
When the bugles to the battle call—  
Yes; more than land, than home, than all  
Of liberty is our very Soul:  
A human union, made whole  
And holy; a brothers' sacred bond,  
Binding heart to heart in fond  
Resolve to be a people of peoples free,  
A cosmic Democracy;  
Convinced that nature's human plan  
Will make the sleeping God in man.  
*Quick, brother, tell me:  
If there be an enemy,  
If there be War,  
Is it not that you would be fighting for?*

"A dream," you say? Oh, yes, a dream—it's true—  
 It always was!  
 "Our home," you say? Oh, yes, quite right—our home—  
 Our dear ones!  
 Our wives and children and mothers,  
 Our fathers and sisters and brothers.  
 Stand up with your might  
 In the coming fight!  
*But, brother, tell me:*  
*If there be an enemy,*  
*If there be War,*  
*What would you be fighting for?*

"For liberty"? Ah, now, you spoke the word—  
 Sweet liberty!—  
 I like your voice, my friend;  
 No doubt you know to what end  
 We are a land of the free,  
 Why we love liberty?  
*So, brother, tell me:*  
*If there be an enemy,*  
*If there be War,*  
*What would you be fighting for?*

And, then, this accursèd War—  
 It wrenched our Soul in two;  
 A new world it has made for you  
 And me. Yes, brotherhood—  
 It sounds so good.  
 Therefore, my brother, drill—drill,  
 In the *unseen* army, drill!  
 Many a great battle is to be won—  
 Battles without a gun.  
 Go, in your drab-colored suit, and drill:  
 It is the Country's call!  
 That is a higher duty still,—  
 In the brothers' army, drill—drill!  
 With your bright eyes and your young will,  
 To keep for your Country one great prize.  
 Through human service and sacrifice,  
 To be a Friend to all!  
*Then, brother,—then only,—the time may come*  
*When bugles no longer sound, no battle drum,—*  
*When there will be no War.*

# IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH

WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

**H**OWLAND POTTER ran toward the home of his people, fleeing from death. His eyes blurred as he swayed from side to side of the hard clay road. There was a taste of dust in his mouth and his knee joints seemed made of putty.

He passed a smoking heap that had been the Thompson farmhouse and came in sight of the bridge over the Bouquet river, flowing placidly with autumn sunlight upon its smooth waters. The thunder and rumble and bark of guns came at intervals. Off to the west ragged smoke columns hung in the air, black against a green and gold countryside.

Potter's road lay straight along the river. This was the last mile and, numb in mind and body, he had but one desire, to reach home. He thudded past the bridge and then, as a spot of red wavered in his uncertain vision, came to a wabbling stop. At the roadside sat a little girl, quite small. Her red dress had been torn away from one shoulder and a deep scratch ran the length of that arm. The other hand clasped the fingers of a woman, lying dead in the grass. A lance, thrust between the breasts, pinned the woman to the ground. To these details Potter gave no more heed than to register them in his mind, dimly. He was concerned with drawing in great gulps of air, and working his tongue, so that he might speak. It seemed minutes before he could form any words.

"Where are they?" he asked, bending over the child. Her eyes did not lift from the dead hand in her lap.

"Hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds," she droned.

"Soldiers—where are they?" Potter repeated the question impatiently.

"Hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hun—" The little girl's voice died away on the word.

The man stumbled and broke into his shambling trot.



He was past troubling about such things as he had just seen. The first and tenth and twentieth times he had stopped and tried to help. That was why death was now so close on his heels.

Almost at once Potter was in the woods where he knew every turn of the road, each tree that was distinguished in any way from its fellows. He tried to listen for sounds ahead but the pounding in his ears prevented. It was possible only to go on and hope that the way was clear. At last a slender marble shaft rose above the trees. Howland Potter saw it and thrilled, for it marked the family burying-ground where four generations of his forefathers rested. A few more steps to the next turn, and then home!

First he saw the big poplar at the end of the garden; then a section of white picket fence. And then the sweep of the grounds came into view. The house that had stood there, so solidly beautiful, was a snarl of timbers. One whole side lay flat upon the ground, its mortised beams showing. The rest was broken up like kindling.

"The big guns!" muttered Potter.

He walked now, forgetful of danger. At least the trees were left. Those oaks and maples and elms had been planted there by his great-grandfather. He stumbled to a section of fence left standing and patted it, sobbing without any tears. He knew that he had worn down to the breaking point, and did not care. Nothing mattered. Then he turned and looked up to the mountain. Old Crowquill still was there, frowning sombrely, a heap of grays and greens against the sky. They could not level the Adirondacks, these European butchers! And it was to this haven that he had come many miles, out of the crash of falling cities and the cries of his staggered countrymen.

Howland Potter set his face toward Crowquill, climbing up through the meadows. He passed the orchard and saw a clump of Rhode Island greenings shining among the branches of a tree. He put a few in his pockets, crossed the back pasture, and climbed the fence. Then, in the shadow of pines and hemlocks, following the old woodroad, he wound

upward until, from a wooded spur, he could look out over the valley that men of his blood had cleared and plowed. The railroad track on the other side of the river was torn up in places. As always, these days, there were smoking ruins; and far off to the west little gleaming specks moved in the setting sun. They were the helmets of the Invaders.

Potter turned with a groan and crawled in among some young pines. He stretched out on the moss and needles. This was what he had come for; to lie on the bosom of old Crowquill and rest. He slept.

Dawn grayed and the Adirondack peaks came billowing out of a mist-hung world. Blood red, the sun slid over the edge of that vast sea of mountain tops and, turning to gold, shot with light the uttermost valleys. Again the smoke of vandal fires rose plainly to heaven and myriad helmets flecked meadow and brown road with dazzling points. Howland Potter, watching, mechanically ate his apples. Rested somewhat in body, his mind yet refused to take hold upon the things that were. He was content simply to be there, on a granite spur of Crowquill with the smell of pines in his nostrils and the valley of his ancestors lying before him.

From above came a crackle in the morning stillness. Potter's ears, long dulled by cities, were uncertain as to that sound. He waited a moment, tense, and then crawled under the young pines where he had made his bed. A second noise, nearer, confirmed him. It was man, or other animal, coming toward his hiding place. Then a voice spoke.

"Come out of them trees, whoever you be, or I'll put a slug of lead into you!"

Potter felt relief, for he knew that those words could never spring from the guttural throat of the Enemy. He came out on hands and knees. A tall and bearded countryman, thick of shoulder and level of eye, was standing a dozen feet away with rifle pointed from the hip. His glance fell suspiciously upon the soiled but expensively tailored tweeds and silk outing shirt of Potter.

"What be you skulking up here for?" he demanded. "Why ain't you fighting with the Army, hey?"

Belligerence and a question like that were the last things Potter had expected. He was aghast, and angry.

"Great heavens, man, I might ask you the same question! Why aren't you with the *Army*?"

The other colored a bit, under his tan, and fidgeted.

"Godfreys mighty, I tried! Got captured once and shot twice—scratches. But us folks up here didn't sense what was going on till 'twas too late. Newspapers and telegraphs and trains stopped all to once and everything went smash in a minute for us. First we knowed they was airy-planes and then them jackanapes on hossback, with little spears. But I've killed a lot of 'em! I'll bet they ain't no one man in the *Army* killed any more!"

"Humph!" Potter fumbled in his pocket for some cigarettes that he had raided from a deserted village store. "I got two myself on my way up—came from the ruins of New York by trains, automobile, horse, and on foot."

"Ruins of New York!" The woodsman let his rifle butt thump to the ground. "But where's the *Army*?"

Potter groaned.

"Didn't you know that the United States never had a real *Army*? Five hundred thousand of the Enemy landed! They're flowing west like water, and there's another horde coming!"

"Godfreys mighty!" It was a whisper this time. "You don't mean to say, mister, that this country's going to get *licked*?"

Here was a specimen typifying millions, and Potter looked at him with the interest of the psycho-sociologist.

"The country is already licked, my friend," he answered. "Have you anything to eat? I breakfasted on greenings from my grandfather's orchard, and they'd have been much better three months from now."

"Hey?" Evidently another surprise had been injected into the man's mind. "You don't mean to say you're old Philetus Potter's grandson? Why, I earnt my first money working for him!"

"Yes—Howland Potter." A remembrance was stirring. "You must be Ben Freeman?"

"Gosh, I'm tickled to death!" Freeman had his hand in a finger-wrenching grip. "You come back to old Crowquill when they was trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I'm going to starve, Ben, if you don't scare up some breakfast," he smiled. "Where's your camp?"

"In the ravine east of this spur. Got a good-for-nothing city gal there that I found wandering 'round your house yesterday. Guess that's what made me peevish first off this morning."

"Indeed?" Potter was thinking of bacon and corn bread and coffee. He followed Freeman with his old swinging step and felt, for the moment, a lifting of the bitter sadness that was upon him.

Suddenly, under a thickly woven lean-to of cedar, he beheld the girl of whom Freeman had spoken. Her automobile coat spoke Fifth Avenue. She raised eyes that Potter imagined drawing men three-deep in a ballroom, and pushed away from them a tumble of brown hair.

"A gentleman!" she cried, and was on her feet. "You must take me away from here at once!"

He looked at her with no feeling save irritation that she might delay his breakfast. Pity and admiration and the emotions of a normal world had been wrung out of him in the days of blood and hate through which he had come.

"You may be very thankful to be where you are," he answered coldly, and turned to Freeman. "Where's the breakfast, Ben?"

The girl had stepped before him, in a flurry of anger and fear and outraged dignity.

"I am Mathilde Durand!" she exclaimed. "My father is Alexander Durand! We were going to Canada by automobile and yesterday we stopped down here while I went to the river for water. When I came back the car and father had disappeared! And—and I ask you to take me away from here at once, to my father, or the Enemy's headquarters, or somewhere!"

Potter wrenched his eyes from the cache whence Freeman was taking food. It was almost unbelievable that the girl did not realize, now, and yet he had met others like her.

"Miss Durand, the fact that Alexander Durand meant a hundred million dollars a few weeks ago has been absolutely blotted out. At this moment he is of less power than I because I am younger and stronger; and I am less than Freeman, here, because he has a gun. If you want to go to the Enemy, walk right down into the valley. The first young lieutenant of hussars you meet will make you his mistress! Freeman has saved you from death, or worse!"

Even as she shrank away from him with an incoherent cry, his teeth were in the hunk of johnnycake that Ben Freeman held out. He tasted, with joy, the smack of bacon fat instead of butter.

"That's what I been trying to tell her, but I didn't have the eddication to put it right!"

Potter, his mouth full, nodded and reached for a tin cup of cold coffee. The girl's sobs were in his ears only as so much sound. Pity had been nearly burned out of him. He knew it, and tried to regret it, but the johnnycake was delicious on his tongue. It was a week since he had eaten as good a meal.

When he could eat no more, Howland Potter sighed contentedly and reached for a cigarette. For the first time in many days something of peace came over him, and he remembered his rudeness to the girl. The desire for life, perfunctory before, pressed him to take thought.

"Ben," he said, "what's the situation here?"

Freeman, stretched out on the other side of the ashes that marked his last fire, looked up with a sudden flash in his deepset eyes. His forehead twisted into a frown.

"Burning, killing, and the rest," he growled. "Sometimes the officers tries to stop the women part and sometimes they're the worst!"

"I know all that!" Potter swept it aside with a wave of his cigarette. "Merely incidental to invasion. I mean the important things."

The girl shuddered, but Freeman seemed to understand.

"Why, first off we raised milishy—of course the reg-lar soldiers had been took away from Plattsburg barracks—and we done it quick. You know everybody 'round here can handle a gun. But I'll be durned! Them devils shot prisoners, because we didn't have *uniforms!* Now they're all around Crowquill, shelling every house where they find a gun. The milishy is *dead!* It's burn and shoot, burn and shoot, burn and shoot! Man, they killed Abner Hayes' hull fambly because Abner fired jest once!"

"Humph!" Potter was considering the movements of the Enemy from a strategic standpoint. "They're occupying the old water route to Canada—the Hudson, Lake George and Lake Champlain—and it's just as good strategy as it was in Revolutionary times.

"Revolutionary times!" Freeman caught the phrase and it fired him to sit up. "Godfreys mighty, I wish it was them times! What's Washington doing, I'd like to know. to let the country get licked this way?"

Howland Potter, slowly returning to something like himself, pitied the big, simple patriot.

"It's the American illusion, Ben, that ails you. In the first place, there isn't any more Washington. These chaps have burned it much more thoroughly than the British did. President Vanderhuysen killed himself and the Secretary of State is a prisoner. The 'country' was 'licked' before the War began! And there hasn't been any 'country' in the sense you mean, for a good many years! There has been merely a section of the North American continent, called the United States and inhabited by Bohunks and Dagoes and square-head Scandinavians, conceited Germans, wild Irish!—and so forth!"

Freeman was on his feet now, eyes blazing as though at a personal affront. Mathilde Durand was visibly frightened.

"Howland Potter, you'd ought to be ashamed to talk like that! Your grandad fit for the Union and his grandad fit the British! Godfreys mighty! Every time I think of

them bloody feet at Valley Forge I go down the mountain and kill one of them brown uniformed cusses! What's the matter of you, Howland? Think of Ethan Allen, walking right into Fort Ticonderogy like a lion, and saying: 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress—'

"Don't shout so, Ben, or your voice'll carry into the valley," Potter interrupted, although gently. "I grant there were some patriots then, and perhaps the beginnings of a country. But all that has passed into the Illusion. Ethan Allen never said: 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' He kicked on the British commandant's door and yelled: 'Come out of there, you damned old rat!'"

"Hey?" Freeman was jolted to momentary silence. The girl showed interest.

"That is a matter of record," continued Potter. "I happen to know because I did some research work in college."

"Howland, is that the honest truth?" The mountaineer suddenly looked his years, leaning forward earnestly.

"Yes," answered Potter. "I mentioned it merely to drive home that your really admirable patriotism is wasted. It's up to you and me to save our lives, and look out for Miss Durand. The country is a myth. North America has been taken by the Invaders, for their children's children."

"My God!" Ben Freeman whispered the words, letting his head sink down. Potter was deeply sorry for him, but if they were to maintain themselves on Crowquill, especially with the unwelcome girl, there was need that he give thought to something beside his long guerilla warfare.

"Mr.—Mr. Potter, what do you suppose will become of my father?" Miss Durand was well controlled now and Potter noted that her anxiety was not for herself.

"From what you said," he replied, trying to interpret her story in the most comforting way, "I think he must be a prisoner. Of course they'll learn who he is and handle him carefully in order to bring various interests to amicable relations."

"But it wouldn't be safe for me to go to him?"

“Not for a few weeks, until the country is pacified and the foreign authority established.”

“Foreign authority established!” She repeated his words. “I can’t realize that there is to be no more America—*no more America!*”

“It ain’t true! I tell you it ain’t true!” Ben Freeman’s hands were clenched. “I know you mean all right, Howland, but it can’t be that God Almighty’s going to let this country, that stands for men thinking and talking and acting free, be took by an emperor! I don’t believe it!”

There was the light of fanaticism in his eyes as he shook his great fists toward the valley.

“Nor I don’t believe that about Ethan Allen. The book was wrong. The great Jehovah will smite them murderers and they’ll go like dust in the wind! They’s hope for this country, yet!”

Howland Potter waited anxiously until the outburst had subsided. For several moments he had thought that faint sounds coming to him through the morning stillness were not those of the mountain and he wanted the aid of Freeman’s quick ears.

“Listen, and tell me if you hear anything, Ben,” he said, as the other stood with heaving chest and working lips. Instantly Freeman was alert. He whirled and snatched up his rifle.

“They’s another gun and a full cattridge belt under that flat stone that marks the cache!” he cried. “Get it and come with me, quick, onto the spur! Bring the gal!”

“What’s the matter?” she demanded. Potter saw, as he reached for the rifle, that she was not panicky.

“Sounds like a detachment of troops sent up to stop Freeman’s sniping, very likely! Come on, and hurry!”

She gathered up her skirts and ran beside him, ducking under the limbs of trees, as he followed after the woodsman. Breathing hard, they joined him in the clump of pines where Potter had spent the night. This was the tip of the spur, which rose like a giant shoulder of rock out of the mountain, and from it there was a clear view of the old woodroad, wind-



ing downward. In places where fire or the axe had thinned trees and brush, they could see even the stone and log encumbered surface of the road.

Now the sounds that Potter had heard came more clearly. There was the creak of leather, a gruff word or two, and occasionally the snap of a dead branch. As the three watched, one of the openings was suddenly filled with men, marching upward. There were perhaps two score brown uniforms blending with the woods, and they marched in columns of twos with a swaggering young officer at their head.

"Amen, Lord, amen!" Ben Freeman's thick brown fingers were opening and closing against the stock of his rifle. Potter glanced at him sharply. He was beginning to suspect that the woodsman had been driven more than half insane by the slaughter and burning and the lonely vigils of his single-handed war against the greatest power among the nations of earth.

"We'd better get out of here, quick, Ben!" he whispered. "If they know anything at all they'll find where you camped and then search the whole spur."

"The Lord has put 'em into my hands, Howland, for His vengeance! Freeman seemed not to have heard Potter's suggestion. "I'm a-going to break 'em up, Howland, and they're a-going to die like Abner Hayes' folks died!"

For an instant Potter was of two minds. He could flee with the girl while Freeman fought, for the old man would die hard, and this was the sane thing to do. But there stirred within him a rage that scattered all his philosophies. If this unlettered countryman could die for an ideal that had vanished from the earth, then Howland Potter would be shamed to live. There was the girl, however. He turned to her.

"Miss Durand," he said, searching her eyes with a keen glance. "It's time for you and me to go—if we're going."

Her face was shining with a light that seemed to have reshaped all the mouldings of Alexander Durand's hundred million dollars.

"What good is life going to be if there isn't any more

America?" she asked. "You aren't cynical—you're only sick at heart! Let's stay with him!"

Freeman already was moving silently away. Potter, swept by exaltation, seized the girl's hand and followed. Here on old Crowquill three of the last Americans would die. He was glad.

Swiftly and almost without sound Freeman's bulk climbed upward along the spur and then swung out in the arc of a circle. Potter, coming behind and helping Mathilde Durand when the pace was too fast for her, realized that they were making toward the head of the woodroad, a place well chosen for a last stand.

Ben Freeman evidently had divined or hoped that sooner or later a detachment of the Enemy would come seeking him by that way. For on the brink of each cliff there was piled a mass of stones, more than head-high and ready to topple over in a bone crushing avalanche. The stones were from the weight of a few pounds to rocks half as big as a man's trunk, and they were cunningly laid up so that the heavier were on top. In each case there was a keystone, from under which protruded an oak sapling for a lever.

Potter stood in silent admiration of that ambushade while Freeman listened, his eyes on the tree-surrounded mouth of the ravine. It was Mathilde Durand who spoke first.

"If only I had a gun!" she exclaimed.

The woodsman heard her. He hesitated and then drew an old army revolver from under his coat.

"You take that," he said. "I was saving it for the end but it's worse for you to be took alive than for me."

"Get down behind that stump, here at the head of the ravine," said Potter, as he appraised the value of their position. "Get the officer if you can, but save one shot!"

"They're a-coming!" Freeman's voice was drawn taut. "Howland, you take the left side and heave the minute you see my rocks tumble!"

He loped along the brink of the cliff. Potter held out his hand to the girl and smiled.

“ If we don't get them all, then good-by!”

She smiled back at him as her handclasp met his. Suddenly his heart was wrenched with pity for her. But there came the sound of many feet and he ran. He put his rifle close to hand and looked through an opening in the rockpile.

A few words of harsh command and then the young officer, sword drawn, appeared from among the trees. Behind him marched the column, the men's faces stolid, unquestioning, as he led them into the ravine. His eyes sought the walls, to right and left, evidently in natural expectation that the road pushed on through some other opening. It was not until he was within ten feet of the apex of the angle, with the pairs of bobbing helmets following, that he realized the cul-de-sac. He stopped and wheeled, precisely.

Then the scrape of rock on rock came to the ears of Potter, and looking toward the opposite brink he saw the avalanche there tremble to a fall. He grasped his sapling near the end and lifted with all the strength that was in his back and shoulders. The mass of stones grated within itself and yielded with a suddenness that let him snap upright.

There was a mighty double crash, pierced by sharp cries of fear. Then one scream, rising louder to a sudden break, cut through the medley of sound. After that commands, groans, and the bark of rifles mingled in a bedlam of war: and Potter was looking down, seeking a target amid the puffs of smoke and dust.

The rocks had fallen to a good end. Broken men lay or rolled over the moss carpet. Some wrestled beneath the weight that was on them. But the column, shattered, was reforming under staccato orders from the officer. And even in this moment Potter found himself admiring the peculiar genius of that people. Other troops would have run, either in flight or to cover.

Potter tried twice for the officer, and missed. The formation closed up. Suddenly, at the third shot, the young officer flung out his sword arm, whirled, dropped. In that instant the bond that had held the soldiers to their massacre broke. They ran, stumbling over rocks and bodies, while

death pursued from the rifle of Ben Freeman. The handful that was left plunged into the woods and the noise of their running came back through a stillness broken only by groans from the floor of the ravine.

When there was no longer a moving enemy in sight, Freeman turned away from the cliff. He walked in a swaying half circle, and then went down. His great body stiffened out. Potter was running toward him. At the head of the ravine Mathilde Durand rose up, blanched and shaking, from behind her stump.

Freeman's eyes were open when they bent over him.

"Lift me up," he whispered. "I hear guns!"

Mathilde, steadier now, sat down and Potter lifted the woodsman's head to her lap. Then it came to him that there were guns, bellowing and booming from every part of the valley. Even Crowquill trembled to their frantic roar.

"Go see, Howland, quick!" The old man strengthened his voice by a great effort. "Mebbe it's come—mebbe it's come!"

Potter ran to the end of the ravine wall and swung up into the branches of a big pine. Twenty feet from the ground he stopped and looked out over the wooded sides of the mountain. Something had happened. The United States had no army and yet a great battle was on, part of which was being fought out there in the sunlit valley of the Bouquet. And it was a strange battle, such as no man had ever seen before.

Big guns thundered everywhere and masses of smoke, sometimes thick and black, sometimes white and drifting, hung in rolling billows. Brown lines of infantry, thousands upon thousands of men, moved across the fields. But it was down from mountain peaks and from hovering aeroplanes that the wonder of this battle of battles came.

From these dropped thin shafts of light other than that of the sun. All the colors of the spectrum flashed and sparkled and shifted in the long bars that moved, now fast, now slow, and appeared and disappeared. One shaft traced the length of a marching column of soldiers, and those men

were no more. The column, also, burst into a dazzle of spectral colors and then there was no life where it had been. The shafts played here and there, beautifully, bringing annihilation to regiment after regiment. And the big guns thundered with folly, shooting at light.

Howland Potter watched for a full minute and then, remembering Freeman, tore himself from that grand and terrible vengeance. He saw answering although uncomprehending joy in the eyes of Mathilde Durand as she looked up and read his face. He knelt beside the old mountaineer.

"Ben," he said, "the Enemy is going like snow in the sun. They've brought the electron guns on from California, and tonight the country will be free!"

Fire burned up in the eyes of the dying man.

"I knowed it, Howland! I knowed it! What be they, them guns?"

"Svensen and O'Connell discovered the principle—Torelli and Steinhausen applied it. It breaks up any form of matter into its ultimate principle—the guns, for instance, send animal life to nothing in a flash of colored light. The guns were talked of weeks ago, but nobody believed in them."

"A Swede and an Italian!" The girl was speaking. "An Irishman and a German!"

Potter bowed, humbly acknowledging the rebuke. Then Ben Freeman found his voice again.

"It was true, Howland! The Lord smites 'em and they go like dust in the wind! And it was true about Ethan Allen, too, wa'n't it?"

"Yes, in his soul he said it!"

The big hand shut down convulsively upon that of Potter. Freeman's eyes closed but his lips moved.

*"In the name of the great Jehovah—"*

Death broke the sentence.

Howland Potter's heart grew big with grief and joy and pride and self-reproach. He looked into the tear-filled eyes of Mathilde Durand.

"In the name of the great Jehovah," he repeated, softly, "freedom still lives!"

# WARTIME SKETCHES

JAY CAMPBELL

## THE DRUM

“**N**OW, isn't this better than lying in bed?” she asked, as she tucked the blanket around my feet.

“If you only knew,” I replied, still panting from fatigue, caused by my unaccustomed ten-foot walk, “how I've longed to sit here, in this long chair, by the window, to watch the garden, and hear the people, in the street there, behind the hedge.”

“Well, here you are, and here are your books and the bell. Miss Anderson will take care of you. I go off duty now, and am going in to Paris.”

“Anything more you want, before I go?” she asked, backing toward the door.

“Would you mind asking Jacques again if the morning papers have come? The evening ones were so terrible: we must know today whether there's going to be war. I dreamed all sorts of horrible dreams about it all night. Today, everything is too quiet, even for Sunday, and the very silence seems ominous. Just now, somebody's motor backfired and scared me nearly to death.”

“That's only weakness,” she said, almost at the door now. “You'll be over that in a day or two. I'll bring you a paper out from Paris, this afternoon. I just asked about ours; don't know what's the matter with them. If there's anything interesting, in the meantime, I'll telephone it out to you. But you stop thinking about all the horrible things in the world, that will never happen, and devote all your energies to getting well!” (She had caught the door-knob the very first try.)

“Good-by!”—and she was gone.

After my long weeks of bare white walls, the trees and grass were very green and beautiful. The red geraniums, in the flower beds, positively glowed; but my mind was too

much occupied with the tragic rush of events in the papers of yesterday, with the possibilities for today. Finally, I lay back, eyes closed, while my imagination ran riot.

Suppose it did happen, what would it all mean, even for far-away America? It was too much to realize.

The honk of an automobile set me trembling all over, then that sinister, ominous silence settled down again.

*"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"*

A drum.

*"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"*

The patter of many rushing feet, like confused shadows, flitted past the hedge.

"Look, Maman!" yelled the voice of a child. "Hurry!"

*". . . Slower . . . God's sake . . . done for!"* panted a man.

A woman's shriek: *"Mon Dieu! It's the . . . !"*

They were growing fewer now.

A cab! No! The resounding clatter of a galosh-shod child.

*"Clack!"*—it stopped.

A hush, then silence.

*"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"*

*"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"*

"REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE," droned the voice of officialdom. "ARMIES OF LAND AND SEA, GENERAL MOBILIZATION.

"FIRST DAY OF THE MOBILIZATION, SUNDAY, SECOND OF AUGUST. . . ."

The rest was lost in the buzzing of the audience; but what did details matter? It had come.

The voice ceased. They were returning.

Slowly and sadly dragged the scraping feet. Voices sputtered, confused and excited.

*"Moi, I'm going as a volunteer!"* rang the confident tones of incipient manhood. *"This time we'll beat them, the dirty Germans! Vive la France!"*

*"Ah, mon Jean! You must go? But what will become of us, me and our little ones?"*

"Don't cry, chérie; it is for France . . ."

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!" roared the distant drum. "Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"

#### LE DEPART

"R.r.r.r....rip!" snarled the drums,—"*r.r.r.r....rip, r.r.r.r....rip..rip..rip!*" Then there burst in through the summer air, the fiery strains of the "*Chant du Départ.*"

In a moment, I was outside the door, in another, down the steps, into the street, covering, at break-neck speed, the two long Paris blocks, which separated me from the sound.

They were passing, the soldiers of France: youth and middle-age, peasants and millionaires, apaches and bank clerks—*Soldiers of France!*

Alike were they in their long blue overcoats, in their bright red trousers, alike in their heavy packs and long Lebel rifles, with tiny flags stuck in the muzzles, alike in their grim faces, in their grim strides, as their hob-nailed shoes clanked on the cobbles, alike in the song they sang, when they took up the words of the music.

Louder and louder it rose, till the street rang with it.

France was marching to War, and I knew that before she returned, she would remove the crepe from the Strassbourg statue, or go down entire, under the heel of the conqueror.

France was marching to War, and the France that must remain, the France that was, the France that will be, the France that must suffer, lined the sidewalks to see her off.

Some distributed flowers and chocolates to the soldiers, as they passed; and, every now and then, one would break into the ranks, to give a last embrace to son or husband.

Their cheers of "*Vive l'Armée!*", "*Vive la Patrie!*" were vibrant with suffering at their personal losses; yet also, with patriotism and their readiness, if need be, to give their all for France.

Soon, the soldiers passed and vanished into the sun-



set; but still the crowd waited on, gazing after them; and the women, being women, wept.

The music and footsteps grew fainter. People began to turn sadly homeward; but motionless still, one young woman stared on, with tragic, unseeing eyes.

Her world, her home was vanishing, with the soldiers.

I could almost feel their echoing feet tramp on her tense heartstrings; and the knell of her hopes seemed to clang with each mechanical wave of the tiny handkerchief gripped in her left hand.

Clinging tightly to the other, was a rosy little child.

"*Maman,*" she lisped, lifting up her great blue eyes.

"*Maman, cherie, when will he come back, Papa?*"

#### HARDSHIPS

"*Non. Monsieur,* he is not in, Monsieur Scott," said the hotel clerk,—“but he will return at six o'clock, which it almost is now. Will Monsieur wait?”

“Thank you, I'll wait in there,” I answered, turning toward the writing room.

"*Bien, Monsieur.*"

It was Paris no longer, the hotel writing room, but a little corner of America, of America helpless and frightened.

Men sat around in dejected groups. Wives and pretty daughters gazed beseechingly at husbands, who, having already unsuccessfully besought all things possible, looked merely foolish and beaten.

“But Father,” implored an alluring, very much grown-up miss of about sixteen years, looking up into his great coarse face, “it's my first time in Paris, and I do want some pretty clothes. You know it will be months before we find our trunks, and I've got to wear something.”

“Talk sense!” he rasped. “You'll be lucky to get food, much less clothes. You know I've tried every bank in this town and can't get a cent on my letter of credit. They laugh at me, *damn 'em!* . . . say they haven't any money . . . to come back in three days . . . then they're going to charge me ten per cent exchange. . . .

money's no good anyway, if you haven't got change . . . I tried to get lunch in four restaurants, on a hundred franc bill, and I had to come back here, before I could get anything to eat . . . they wouldn't change it . . . couldn't get a taxi . . . had to walk all the way . . . got lost . . . this damned language! . . . *um.m.m.m!*" he subsided, wrathfully.

"Yes, Nancy," chirped the sparrow-like mother, "do be sensible and let's get away from this awful War. We'll come back afte. . . ."

"*Get away!*" fairly roared the husband. "Haven't I been camping in front of steamship offices for three days, half the time in the rain, and all I could get within a mile of were booked up for two months ahead? I've done my best. Now you do something, if you're so anxious to get away . . . and Nancy had better get her clothes, if she can find the money; for, if ever I do get away from this damned country, you'll never get me back again!"

The three middle-aged men, around the desk next to mine, pricked up their ears.

All were of the type of successful business men, dragged abroad to wrestle with the languages and customs of Europe, by way of pleasure; and all, at the present moment, seemed very much depressed over the agonizing problem of leaving the country, a problem that both American dollars and brains had failed to solve.

One of them sat silent and hopeless, elbows on the desk, chin in his hands. The other two continued, listlessly, their conversation:

". . . and some blamed fool persuaded me to have all my money changed into German gold. The whole family's been lugging it around in money belts, weighted down like cart horses. Now, when I need it, I don't dare even mention the fact that it's in existence. The worst part of the business is that, besides, I've got only four hundred dollars to get us all home. I don't know what the devil I'm going to do.

"That—Carnegie!" suddenly burst out the silent one. "Ever since he started his fool peace business, we've been having wars!"

#### THE STRANGER

It was a long trip.

Taxis and cabs passed me disdainfully by. The street-car rails were already choked with dirt, and even the Métro, when I finally reached it, insisted on taking me a station too far.

As I walked back to his house, in the gathering darkness, I began to think of him and his life. I wondered what he could find to love in France, he, with his narrow ideas, his gross materialism, with his shiny bullet head, his beads of eyes, and his harsh, grating voice—in spite of his big heart, striking a note of discord in every scene of Paris life, during the five years he had lived here.

There he was now, at his piano, playing ragtime, while the hearts around him were bleeding for sons and fathers and husbands, snatched away only yesterday, into the terrible vortex of War.

I was not the only one who felt it. Gathered on the sidewalk, was a little group of his neighbors. Before I could reach his door, they were upon me.

"Will Monsieur have the kindness to ask his friend to stop playing the piano? One must not be gay like that: *France is in mourning.*"

#### THE POSTER

Leisurely, he set down his roll of posters and his bucket of sticky paste. Leisurely, he took up his brush and surveyed the billboard, with his same proud air of revealing a mystery, just as if he thought that these were ordinary times, the gruff, white-clad bill-poster, and that he could find people to read his posters, when everyone was fleeing to the trains for the south and safety.

There, behind him, as he worked, a terrified woman was dragging herself along, staggering under the weight of two

enormous hand-bags, after her, a man, Atlas-like, with the world in the shape of a steamer trunk. In the street, a decrepit taxicab was bearing one frightened family and its belongings; close behind it, a hay cart, with the bodies and treasures of another.

He couldn't think they would stop to read his poster!

Leisurely, he brushed it, doubled, against the shiny bed he had made for it, partly covering two old show posters, with the elevating titles: "Sans Culottes, Mesdames," and "Cache ton Nu." Leisurely, he opened it out and pressed it flat into place.

Yes, people *would* stop to read it. They would read it a second time. They would remember it all their lives.

It shone, white and clean, a symbol of the new France!

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF PARIS!

ARMY OF PARIS!

INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

THE MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC  
HAVE LEFT PARIS, IN ORDER TO GIVE A NEW IMPULSE TO  
THE NATIONAL DEFENSE.

I HAVE RECEIVED THE ORDER TO DEFEND PARIS  
AGAINST THE INVADER.

THIS ORDER I WILL CARRY OUT.

*Paris, 3 September, 1914.*

*The Military Governor of Paris,  
commanding the Army of Paris,*

GALLIENI.

The bill-poster grinned at me, while I read it.

"Pas bon, Monsieur?" he asked, when I had finished. "That, that's a job which gives me pleasure!" And gathering up his things, he started off down the street, with a last look back, as much as to say: *There! That will make them stop and think!*

And no one did pass without stopping, till, in a few moments, we had a crowd, whose faces, sad and dejected on arrival, were already beaming.

"I have no longer fear!" sighed a withered old woman, thankfully; and, as if to continue her sentence, the soldier with the bandaged arm murmured half unconsciously: "One could die for a general like that!"

"But you won't get Paris, Messieurs les Allemands!" shouted a radiant newsboy, and springing on his bicycle, he dashed off down the street.

Almost unnoticed, a cab stopped short, in full flight, and drew up at the curb, a rickety cab, piled with trunks and valises, and containing as passengers a self-effaced middle-aged woman and a dapper little white-haired man with a long red nose and a wonderful air of self importance.

He sprang out, hustled up to the crowd, and standing on tiptoe, peered over the shoulders in front of him. He spied the poster, and as he read, his chest expanded with each new word. Strange to say, however, instead of becoming cheerful, like the others, he grew angry, and angrier, and angrier.

Suddenly, he whirled around and dashed back to his cab.

One foot on the step, he waved his arms wildly at his startled wife, and sputtered:

"We go not! . . . I shall remain with General Gallieni! . . . you have not shame to wish to leave? . . . to make of me a coward?"

"But what is it that you have?" demanded the woman, frightened. "It was not me, it. . . ."

"But you were the cause . . . De retour, Cocher!" he shouted, jumping to his seat. "You understand not? . . . Imbecile! . . . A la maison! . . . from where we came! . . . and hurry!"

#### TEA AND TAUBES

There were people everywhere.

They thronged the sidewalks, the balconies before the windows were packed with them, and I could see many more overhead, on the flat roofs.

All were gazing expectantly upward.

I stopped and gazed too; but all I could see was the deep blue of a clear August sky, dotted by a few insignificant tufts of clouds, that could not possibly cause all that commotion.

Still, the people gazed.

With my American curiosity yelling for satisfaction, I began to look around for an oracle kind-hearted enough not to ridicule my ignorance of this thing that all the world understood.

Finally I selected him, a dignified old gentleman whose well-kept gray hair and mustache, whose immaculate clothes, with the red rosette of the Legion of Honor, and above all whose fine, intelligent features marked him for a person of distinction. Leaning slightly on his gold-headed cane, he was gazing, not at the sky, but at the crowd, with an expression of interest and appreciation that I liked immensely.

"Pardon, Monsieur," I asked him in my very best French, "but will you tell me what is the matter in the sky?"

He turned on me two kindly gray eyes, which twinkled amusedly, as he answered, in excellent English:

"You do not know, Monsieur? It is the hour for the taube."

"Oh, the German aeroplanes!"

"Yes, each day, at tea time, they make us a visit, and drop, or as the peasants say, spit their bombs at us, and notes, stating that the Germans are winning."

"But aren't the people frightened?"

"No, only interested. To me it seems another proof of the perversity of human nature, that when they attempt to terrorize Paris, even as she is, deserted by her Government, by nearly half her population, and with the enemy almost at her gates, they only succeed in attracting everybody into the streets to watch them. 'Je m'en fiche!', as you will hear them say. It has even reached the point where those whose homes command a good view invite

their friends to tea and taubes; and they are much disappointed if they don't get both.

"Really, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Germans for the taubes. This sounds ridiculous, I know; but, when to the tragic uncertainty of a son or father at the front, there are added the other uncertainties of a retreating army and an approaching enemy, it means something to be able to look forward to the excitement of the afternoon taube, and the possibility of seeing it brought down by the French aeroplanes. And they do very little da. . . ."

Above the bedlam of shouts and pointing arms, a tiny speck was buzzing its way across the sky.

"There it is now!" exclaimed my friend. "Listen to the crowd!"

"See it? No, but I hear it! Nom d'un nom! Look there! I see it! There it is! Oh, I see it! Is it a taube? I see the crosses! Vile bird! Bring down the dirty German! But he must be very brave to fly over Paris!"

On all sides began to pop every kind of contraband firearm, causing a shower of lead, much more dangerous than bombs from the taube could ever be.

"Stop firing!" suddenly yelled somebody. "French one!"

Sure enough, a French aeroplane did sweep into view, flying lower than the other, the tricolor concentric circles beneath the wings plainly visible. It followed the German behind the housetops, where, after several minutes of anxious waiting by all those who had not dashed madly after it, it reappeared alone.

"Oh, he didn't get him!" was the universal sigh of disappointment.

"Well, it's all finished for today," said my friend, "but if you will do me the honor to meet me tomorrow at five, at the terrace of the little restaurant of the Place de l'Alma, we will have our own party of tea and taubes."

"*Tomorrow!*" echoed a dozen voices around me. "Yes, and be on time!"

# THE PARTITION OF ISLAM

PHILIP CATZEFLIS

**T**HE one big outstanding fact of the World War in so far as Asiatic peoples are concerned is that Turkey is no longer the leader of Islam. No matter whether Turkey is eventually with the winning or with the losing side, the religious power which has permitted the Turk to hold together his conquered races is broken forever. Win or lose, the Young Turk has destroyed Turkey.

One does not hear much of what really is going on within the realm of the Star and Crescent; the only news is bad news, and that kind of news does not pass the German censor. I have been in Syria since Turkey entered the War. I knew the conditions thoroughly at that time and I am constantly in touch with refugees. My information is both timely and accurate.

The peoples throughout all Turkey are starving; in Syria alone 80,000 have died from starvation within the year. Men and women may be seen out on the hills trying, like animals, to exist on the grasses and shrubs. Belgium and Poland are lands of plenty in comparison with Syria. And Syria is only one of the parts of Turkey; the same conditions are everywhere. Revolution is smoldering and needs only a puff to bring it into flame; when the flame bursts forth it will be all consuming—and bloody beyond record.

The situation throughout the Turkish Empire, the control of the Young Turks, the refusal of the Sheik to declare a Holy War, the revolt of the Arabs, and the various other factors which enter into the situation are involved and complicated by racial and religious antagonism. Politics in Turkey fairly whir.

First look at the elements in the situation, and then at the situation itself. *The Turk is the most unpopular man in Turkey. He won his realm by conquest and he is still a conqueror, with all the hatred that goes with the name.*



The Arabic Mohammedans detest the Turkish Mohammedans, while the Christians are divided into many sects and races with as much disagreement among themselves as against the Turk. The term Turk must not be confused with Moslem. The Moslems are the direct descendants of the nomadic Arabs, of whom the prophet Mohammed was an offspring, and they still live in the deserts and still maintain the primitive traditions of their race, one of which is an abhorrence of the Turk.

The Mohammedan population is divided into three classes: the clergy, the soldiers, and the laymen; and it must be remembered that the government of Islam is based upon the Koran and that the Koran is written in such a fantastic and equivocal style as to be susceptible of varied readings. Therefore, the judge in a Turkish tribunal is always a high priest, and every action that the government takes must, of necessity, be justified by the *Sheik-el-Islam* who is in constant touch with the Sultan. The Turks themselves are converts to Mohammedanism and they have none of the sacred traditions of the faith; they profess an ardent religious spirit—only to keep in hand the other Mohammedan races under their rule and, more especially, the Arabs. The Turk's chief hold upon the Arab is found in a religious fanaticism. The preliminary of every war is a propaganda to the effect that the Christian nations intend to invade the holy cities and to trample out the rights of the faith. The soldier and the Sheik go hand in hand, the one with his sword and the other with his sermon.

There is no racial homogeneity in Turkey and the Turkish subjects have never had a common cause. It is an empire held together in part by tyranny and in part by religious fanaticism. We find Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Druzes, Nysiriat, Mitwaly, and Christians of all denominations. And there is everywhere the most profound distrust between the Christian and the Moslem. The Moslem looks back to Asia and the things that were, while the Christian is always a follower of some one of the European races. There is but one instance in history where

the Christian has shown anything like loyalty to the Ottoman ruler, and that was after the Declaration of the Turkish Constitution, when he imagined that a new era had begun. That delusion was short-lived. It was soon discovered that the Constitution was merely a kind of unstable varnish that had been put over the old institutions and the old hatreds.

*Why did Turkey enter the European War and why on the side of the Central Powers? The Entente had provided Turkey with every assurance for the safeguarding of her neutrality and for the preservation of her territorial boundaries during and after the struggle.* The interests of the Turks and the Bulgars are diverse, and it would seem casually that Turkey had everything to lose and nothing to gain by mixing in—especially since she was already bankrupt. To find the reasons, it is necessary to go back to the régime of Abdul-Hamid and Turkey's international position. Each of the present Entente Powers had an interest adverse to Turkey. France had Algeria and Morocco, and knew therefore that the strengthening of Turkey must result in a menace to her African possessions. Russia is the eternal enemy of Turkey so long as the Sultan holds Constantinople. England cannot permit a Turkish rise to power, for that would not only endanger Egypt and the Suez Canal, but might easily stir up the great Mohammedan population of India. The one country to which the deposed Sultan could turn was Germany. The Kaiser knew perfectly well how much the Sultan stood in need of him, and he also needed the Sultan, for the part that Turkey is now playing in closing Russia's communication with the Allies. Abdul-Hamid was the personification of cunning, and he wooed Germany by unlimited concessions. He was a thorough believer in the Turkish maxim: "Give thy neighbor whatsoever you may steal back from him."

Emeer-Ill Momineen, Prince of the Believers, resolved with the co-operation of Germany to rehabilitate his ragged armies, to keep pace with the development of the science of war, and to regain the ancient position of Turkey. The Kaiser found that the Sultan's intentions perfectly suited his

own plans. The German military schools were open to Turkey's officers. German generals, admirals, and army organizers took charge of the Turkish forces. German influence was overwhelming. When I last came in direct contact with the Turkish army, I found the native officers so Germanized that they used that language in their ordinary conversation. Inter-marriage with Germans was not at all unusual.

While Germany was thus creating a new Turkish army on Teuton lines, the German influence was becoming more and more apparent in political affairs. Germany helped Abdul only to destroy him. Germany was behind the so-called "Young Turk" movement which culminated in the Turkish revolution of 1908 and the dethronement of Abdul-Hamid. "Young Turk" originally meant a member of a society called "Young Turkey" or "Turkie-el-Fatat," with divisional headquarters in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. The most important of these centers were in Vienna and Berlin. When the Revolution finally broke out, it was headed by two lieutenants,—Enver Bey and Niazi Bey, both of whom were kindergarten products of Germany. Enver Bey, now Pasha, liked popularity, and he kept himself in the spotlight until he forced his way to the highest rank in the administration—the Ministry of War.

Official and military Turkey, being thoroughly Germanized, were ready to join with any force that might promise them realization of the Turkish dream—the reoccupation of Egypt. The Islamic world cherishes the memory of its conquest of Egypt, and it wants to make history repeat itself. There is no reason known to the true believer why victorious progress should not again be made through the African littoral of the Mediterranean and a vast land of the Koran again be established. The Pan-Islamic movement has already given England a very considerable amount of trouble in Egypt and, had not this war disrupted the faith of Islam, the problem would likely have been a serious one.

It will be remembered that just before the opening of hostilities, Khedive Abbas II left Cairo for a visit to Moham-

med V at Constantinople. During his stay, Turkey joined with the Central Powers, and they kept Abbas II with them in order that he might join in their contemplated invasion of Egypt. Abbas II is not at all popular among the Egyptians, and his deposition by England was greeted with local enthusiasm; he will be of no value to the Young Turks in their present campaign, and the action of England in giving the title of Sultan to Hussein Kamel has promised a national integrity to Egypt which will do much to counteract the Turkish influence.

When Turkey entered the War every Christian trembled, for it was believed that at once the fanaticism of the Turk in arms would revert to its historical habit. *War in Turkey is unlike that in any other nation. When fighting with a Christian nation, the Turks take out their spite upon the Christians within their boundaries,—not upon the men of military age, but upon the unprotected families, the orphans and the children whose fathers and brothers have joined the Army under the new Turkish law that every subject is bound to serve the colors.* Before the Constitution of 1909 non-Mohammedans were exempt from military service upon the payment of a fee.

The Turk has not as yet, however, shown any widespread symptoms of an attack upon Christians. But the Sheiks have often evoked the curse of Allah upon the infidels and the only thing that is keeping them from a bloody religious war is the hour. The hour is not yet come. But it is coming,—I expect that once Germany is threatened with defeat, or finds herself too fully occupied to care for her Mohammedan partner, the storm will break. Already, *there are many signs of revolt against German rule. Von der Goltz Pasha, the German Field Marshal, was shot by a Turkish officer who was himself at once shot by a German officer. There have been numerous murders of German officials, in various parts of the Empire, and it is admitted privately by the German officials that their lives in Turkey hang by a thread. When the revolt comes, and come it must, the German officers and the leaders of the Young Turk party*

*will be without question among the first to fall victims.*

There are several reasons for this feeling: the first is the restraint upon the killing of Christians; the second is the famine which is throughout all Turkey; and the third is the suspicion that Enver Pasha and his associates have led Turkey into war under false pretenses. The false pretense idea gained currency when the Sheik-el-Islam refused to declare Ell-Jahad or a Holy War. It was reported that a Holy War had actually been declared, but this is untrue. The facts are interesting as being the first indication of the break-up of the solidarity of Mohammedanism.

Ell-Jahad is the appeal to all Mohammedans to join the colors of Mohammed and fight. The word itself is derived from the Arabic word "Jahada," which means to struggle for and in a broader sense to declare a thing and at the same time uphold it. One of the most prominent features of the faith is the conception that persons dying in defending or expanding its teachings are carried away from the battlefield by the Malak to an everlasting paradise.

A green flag is the emblem of a Holy War. On it is inscribed in Arabic: "A victory from God and a conquest that is nigh; proclaim the fact to the believers, O Ye Mohammed." When this flag is hoisted it is the religious duty of every Moslem to flock to it and to fight for it.

The hope of Germany and of Enver Pasha was to gain the declaration of the Holy War which would have compelled every Moslem in every part of the world to fight for his religion. The Shereef of Mecca, the descendant of the prophet, is the only person who can declare Ell-Jahad.

Enver Pasha himself visited the Grand Shereef to request Ell-Jahad while the Christians of Turkey awaited his decision in terror. It was expected that the Shereef would approve the policy of the Young Turks. He refused, and thereby opened the eyes of all Islam. The greatest blow which Turkey could have received was this refusal. For it at once destroyed the fanaticism which is so essential to the fighting Turk. The reasons for the refusal are clear. Ell-Jahad cannot be made unless aggression is committed

against the religion. The fact that the ruler of Turkey is himself a Mohammedan is not enough to authorize him to declare a Holy War. And in addition Ell-Jahad can never be declared unless the ruler be an Arab of the sacred tribe of Koriesh, who are the descendants of Mohammed; and the Kaliph himself must lead the expedition.

These legal reasons might not have had weight, but the truth is that the Shereef and those who hold in their hand the religious power of Turkey are not in accord with the policy of the "Young Turks." The "Young Turks" are too modern; they are too self-satisfied, and they handle the Mohammedan traditions most carelessly when such suits their humor. The old rulers such as Abdul-Hamid were tyrannical, but they were also religious, and they were constantly showering honors and presents upon the dignitaries of the Mohammedan faith. The "Young Turks" practically ignore the leaders of the church.

The refusal of the Holy War is behind the defection of the Arabs. All the Arabs are now either in active revolt against Turkey or are planning revolt. They have come to the conclusion that the Turkish rulers are not true Mohammedans, and they are in a frenzy over the deception. Here is an instance which will illustrate the change in attitude. Last month a great mass meeting was held in the holy mosque of Ell-Amwy in Damascus, which is the city next to Mecca in point of religious fervor, having 173 mosques. The fanatics were assembled to discuss ways and means of destroying the Christians. Speech after speech was made calling for the destruction of every Christian, when finally the venerable Sheik X arose, and made this remarkable speech:

"By the name of Allah. There is no God but Allah. Mohammed is the prophet of Allah. Brethren, let me warn you against a great evil spirit that has taken possession of some of you as a result of bad advices and misinterpretation of our noble Koran. Our beloved Government has chosen to throw in her lot with the warring nations, and if Allah wills she shall come out victorious. What ails you,

good citizens of Damascus, to have assumed this hateful attitude toward your neighbors, the Christians? Is it they who are killing our soldiers? Is it they who are invading our territories? Is it they who are menacing our capital? No, and a thousand times no. These peaceful law-abiding Christians of Damascus are our brothers in patriotism, in nationality. Our national grief is theirs. Our calamities go to their hearts as quickly as to ours. If our homes, our properties and our peace are endangered, of course, their homes, their properties and their peace would be endangered. Besides, it is our religious duty to keep peace and harmony with them. Did not our prophet recommend them to our care and protection; did he not commend us to honor their faith and respect their churches and clergy? Yes, Salaam be upon him, he went still further to say that we must tolerate our neighbors even if they have offended us. But what is more important than this is the fact that we may have to pay with our own heads, with those of our children and those of our brothers perhaps as a penalty of our foolish barbarism. The memory of the result of the Christian massacre of 1860 is yet fresh in our minds. Remember how many Sheiks of our faith and how many personages of high rank and ancestry, yes, how many such victims of their short sight were exposed in public places dangling from the gallows. And pray, what was all this misfortune for? Because the Moslems of Damascus have heeded unto unwise advices and have followed the wicked path. Dear brothers in the faith of our prophet, Salaam be upon him, leave the administration to the administrators and the Army to its generals and soldiers, and let us cultivate a nobler sentiment that we may with the co-operation of our Christian neighbors unite our moral and material capacities to rehabilitate our conditions at home, letting matters of State remain in the hands of the Almighty, who said through his chosen prophet Mohammed—

“Blessed are thou, O God that dost give the power to whomsoever it pleases thee; that dost take away the power from whomsoever it pleases thee; that dost honor whomso-

ever it pleases thee and dost humiliate whomsoever it pleases thee; in thy hands lies the blessing; thou art over everything a master."

To one who knows the Moslem temper against Christians, this speech is epochal. It means that the strongest power for the preservation of Turkey has been broken,—the religious bond. *Whatever may be the result of the War, Turkey as an empire is broken. The religious confidence of the Arabs can never be restored.*

Now what would happen in a case of German victory? The Turks and the Germans have the militaristic viewpoint in common, and doubtless an association with Germany will give the Turks some efficiency. They are now using two means to try to keep the Turkish Empire together. The first is the gallows which has devoured many of the Arab leaders; the second is Enver Pasha himself, who is just as fatal as the gallows and whose eventual method of persuasion is a threat of death, followed by death. *I understand Enver Pasha has personally shot nearly one hundred men, who from time to time opposed him in policy.*

Take the other side—an Allied victory. Undoubtedly Turkey will be partitioned among the Powers. The Russians have occupied Armenia and they will never go out. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles will be denationalized. The Mesopotamian Valley will fall to the English, while Syria and Palestine will be occupied by the French. This division will be satisfactory to the peoples of this country, the majority of whom are anti-Turkish and many of whom are pro-Ally. For instance, France is the favorite European power of the Syrian, and among the better classes French is the language of general conversation.

*If Turkey should be victorious, her life would be short and troublous. But if she should lose, she would soon be only a name in history. Win or lose, the shadow of Islam has been removed from Egypt and India. Once more Germany has failed to understand a nation.*



# DAWN-HUNGER

CHARLES R. MURPHY

**Y**OU are out before the day is stirring,  
When things loom up at you from obscurity—  
From obscurity that ceases to be obscurity and becomes

*Grey twilight  
Filled with depths and cold distances  
From out of which keen breaths of air  
Strike upon your face.  
Over the sombre rampart of pine woods  
The eastern sky is blanching, grows yellow,  
And, before you know it, the dawn is seething  
Just below, ready in a moment to thrust up  
An eager sun;  
And the woods are changing momentarily  
From black to vital green,  
Are alive with multitudinous stirrings  
And timid venturings of song;  
And their perfume, released upon the air,  
Carries poignantly to you the affirmation  
That the new day is glad,  
And somehow deeply conscious  
Of this victory of birth.*

*Yet you are not satisfied;  
Even were you enabled to slake your thirsty spirit  
On the hidden essences of the beauty before you,  
You would not be satisfied;  
For there are other places that call you,  
Other familiar and well loved spots,  
In each of which you would live these precious moments,  
And in each  
Witness this miracle of dawn.*

*There are the pine woods in front of you,  
With their lonely roads  
Through interminable forest wandering toward the dawn;  
Some of them are sluggish with heavy white sand;  
Some are mere lanes through dense thickets of scrub palmetto;  
But most of them are smooth with fallen pine needles,  
Resilient and soundless,  
And they take their way unconfinedly,*

*Generously open to the life of the forest about them;  
 They are friendly,  
 Wistfully inviting,  
 And you know that at this hour  
 They would lead you to subtle, delicate,  
 Kindly visions of beauty;—  
 All except one  
 Which tricks you unsuspectingly  
 To the dismal verge of a cypress swamp  
 Where noon is sad enough  
 And sunset sombre and foreboding,  
 And where you feel sure that dawn  
 Would be heartrending.*

*You would be where the railroad  
 Cuts its way through a denser forest;  
 A thing not quite natural,  
 Yet grown with time to be almost so;  
 Carrying its zone of safety,  
 Sheer and uncompromising,  
 Through the divided land,  
 Untiringly,  
 As far as the eye can reach.  
 There would be frost on the rough-hewn ties,  
 And here you would not loiter,  
 But in the cool air would pursue  
 With exhilaration  
 The ever lengthening vista ahead  
 That grows clearer cut and bolder  
 With every step you advance,  
 Till, in a flash,  
 The sun has caught you,  
 And the black rails are for a time  
 Ribbons of silver.*

*And especially would you be on the river,  
 The river that is forever expectant,  
 Mysterious and luminous  
 Even in its sleep;  
 Pulsing its cool life along  
 Between mighty banks of sentient forest,  
 Feeding in sly and hidden ways,  
 Through reedy shallows,  
 Many a deep, tree-girded pool;*

*The river that is always the first to herald  
 The first faint paling  
 Of the sky,  
 And where the new day will be confirmed  
 By little puffs of dawn wind  
 Ruffling its surface.*

*Back of the house  
 There is a trail that you would like to follow;  
 From out a dense fringe of hammock  
 It emerges upon a new world of limitless prairie  
 Upon whose expanse  
 Little islets of tall, clustered palm trees  
 Are scattered haphazard.  
 Here you know the dawn would be  
 A thing of grey wandering mists;  
 And in the air would float the pungent odor  
 Of burnt grass,  
 Drifting from barren patches, smoldering still  
 From the hot devastation of the day before.  
 And you would come to the beginnings  
 Of secret waterways.  
 Tantalizing, they would call to you  
 And, in the timid fellowship  
 Of their furtive life of fish and bird,  
 Travel, with the great day overhead,  
 Toward the sunset to be and the hush of night.  
 You are not satisfied;  
 What if the serenity of dawn pierces to your heart?  
 You cannot realize it;  
 Only an intimation is yours,  
 An intimation of what might be  
 Should something be freed within you,  
 Something that possesses an almost unbearable clarity of vision,  
 Something that lies, helpless,  
 With bandaged eyes,  
 Within you.  
 Sometimes you nearly catch a glimpse  
 Of interminable possibilities,  
 Just as you may see a far faint star  
 By looking at it not directly,  
 But into the empty depths of the neighboring sky  
 Upon whose margin it will flicker  
 For an instant.*

# ZEPPELIN NIGHTS

MARY GAUNT

**E**VERY night we look out for the search lights. If they are showing between 10 and 10:30, we go to bed with peaceful minds. If there are none we are anxious, because we suppose Zeppelins are on the way and the search lights are not out so that there shall be nothing to guide them. But if we see the search lights seeking round the sky at midnight, then we do not go to bed because we know the Zeppelins have come and the search lights are looking for them. The curious thing is that those lights always seem to converge on the house one is in. North, south, east, west, the centre is one's humble dwelling place. Very pretty they look flashing across the sky; and when the bombs begin to fall and the shrapnel to be flung into the air, it is a most gorgeous display of fireworks. And behind it all is the creepy feeling that the grandeur and the beauty spells *Danger! Danger! DANGER!* Then, to emphasize it, comes the lumbering rumble, as of a thousand wagons, of the Zeppelin engines. I have been awakened by that sinister sound long before the search lights found and showed up the Zeppelin, a thin cigar-shaped silvery body hanging in the air at the end of a giant electric ray exactly over my house. If it is anywhere near, it is always over the house of the observer and the people. You may hear them, in this village, give a long drawn "Ah!"

"Shall we bring the children down stairs?" says the anxious mother.

"Nonsense," says the equally anxious father crossly, "no more danger than in crossing the old Kent road." He will keep the little ones sleeping, or at least amused and interested as long as possible.

But we all realize that though crossing the old Kent road in a stream of traffic has in it the elements of danger, the Zeppelins are distributing *death*, ghastly death, and we are deliriously excited when the great air-ship passes on and the search lights and shrapnel die down. In a Zeppelin raid,

there are two dangers. The danger from the bombs which may kill you, or worse—overwhelm you in the ruins of your house; and the danger of the shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns. I have said: I will run out into the garden, because I would rather be killed by a bomb than overwhelmed and smothered by bricks and mortar; and then I am reminded that where the bombs are falling there is also the shrapnel, and it would be the irony of fate to be killed by one of one's own anti-aircraft guns.

“Sit on the bottom step of your stairs,” is the village dictum, “with the front door open so that you can run out if a bomb does strike the house.”

We all propose to do that; but the bottom step of the stairs is not a good post of observation, so I at least must admit that I have never found myself there yet.

But then, the bombs have not so far fallen nearer than a mile or a mile and a quarter from my house. There they wrecked the small homes of three working-class families. In two were victims, but the owners of the third were away for a holiday. It was empty. The walls fell in and not out, so that a baby in its cradle and a little girl in her cot were exposed to the air in rooms without walls in the adjoining houses, were smothered in dust, scared but unhurt! Some way further off, in another town, two houses were utterly wrecked, so that no living thing could have survived; but, by the mercy of Providence, no living thing was there. The occupants, great friends, had gone for a picnic the day before; the trains had been stopped on notice of the expected raid being received; and, greatly to their chagrin, no doubt, those two families could by no manner of means reach the homes which before dawn were demolished.

How they took it, history does not relate; but I went down a long street on the outskirts of London the other day, just after a raid, and found the inhabitants calmly smiling in rows of houses in which not a single window was intact and not a front door would shut. Their view of the matter was that it had cost the Kaiser a great deal more to inflict the damage than it would cost them to repair it. There were

drawbacks, of course. Those doors that would not shut necessitated constant watchfulness, for sightseers came along, drifted in, and were apt to take anything portable they could lay their hands upon as souvenirs, regardless of the fact that it was some one's property. Curio collecting has reached fever heat in districts visited by Zeppelins. The children are out almost before they are gone, gathering bits of the bombs while they are yet too hot to touch; and one morning last week, after a raid, a woman without a hat was seen running a perambulator with a baby in it down the street while two small children clutched her skirts. Fleeing from a wrecked home? Not at all. Racing along to show the children the sights before everything had been messed up by sightseers and the police! Such is the temper of the English.

The other day we brought down a Zeppelin. Within a mile or so of it the glare and noise were so terrific that the trembling onlookers had but a vague idea of what happened; but here, sixteen miles away, the sight was magnificent. The burning Zeppelin, like a flaming world, came down, *down*, through the night sky. We could see each other's faces in the glare, and it was as if all the millions of London had joined in one rousing cheer.

That houses are wrecked and women and children are killed and maimed, can be of no military value to the Germans. But to the English, I think, it is of immense military value. In country and seaside towns, in villages such as the one I dwell in, even on the outskirts of London, with soldiers marching the streets every day, the people would have realized nothing of the horrors of war had not the Germans seen fit to bring it home to them. For every woman and child killed, for every poor home wrecked, a thousand, nay ten thousand citizens who ordinarily would be perfectly content to leave the issues of war and peace in the hands of the government, have been turned into active partisans who will endure all manner of hardships, give their last penny, give their best beloved, their stalwart sons, and say only, with deep-drawn breaths: the victims of the Zeppelin raids must be avenged! The Allies must win this War!

# THE GUARDSMAN

O. C. A. CHILD

'TIS very quiet now the ebb and flow  
Of battle's passed! How sweet the new grass  
smells

Beneath my face, like springtime, long ago,  
On peaceful lawns at home, unscarred by shells.

How often have I, weary with my play,  
Thrown myself down beside the white-lined court,  
While she sat close beside me, sweetly gay,  
Content to hear my mimic battles fought.

And then War came, and play was put aside;  
The Guards were called to lead the way to France;  
All London's streets were echoing to the stride  
Of chargers' hoofs—all bright with blade and lance.

Ah! How I hoped to win my spurs and bring  
My laurels back. It was a pretty thought  
That sent me marching, happy as a King,  
To fight that I might claim what I had sought.

I'll fumble in my jacket, ere I go;  
My lips would touch a silken strand of hair  
I've searched for oft before, and yet I know  
She must have sent it—that it will be there.

My hands are stiff; 'tis hard to reach my breast;  
I find but blood! Oh, stop, faint laboring breath!  
To her those dear love days were but a jest—  
At last, I know the truth. Come, kindly death!

# LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

BY A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER

(Continued)

## LETTER XVII

**O**UT of trenches again. I wanted to have written you yesterday to tell you about the bombing raid on our last night in. But we had a full day, and were not relieved till late evening; so I got no chance of writing till this afternoon. But I can tell you we came out with our tails well up this time, and "A" Company putting on more side than ever. I daresay "D" Company, our closest rivals, will put up something pretty startling when we go in again. They are very determined to beat our record in every kind of strafing; and I'm bound to say they do put up some good little shows. They've two more officers than we have now; and the Boche has discovered that they are very much out for business. Whether we get Bavarians or Prussians opposite us, it makes small odds; they've no earthly chance of a quiet time while we're in the line. The public at home read about the big things, and I suppose when they read that "The rest of the Front was quiet," they're inclined to wonder how we put our time in. Ah, well, the "Quiet" of the dispatches wouldn't exactly suit a conscientious objector, I can assure you. It's a kind of "quiet" that keeps Master Boche pretty thoroughly on the hop.

You will remember that opposite our extreme left I had discovered an S-shaped opening leading through the barbed-wire to the Boche front line; and so cut, no doubt, for the convenience of their patrols at night. We decided that we would make use of that opening for a little bombing raid on our last night in. Now, you must understand that one of the chief uses of the barbed-wire entanglements is to keep off the prowling bomber. The entanglements extend to, say forty or sixty paces from the trench. You cannot hope to make accurate practice in bomb-throwing at a distance of more than thirty yards. Consequently, on the face of it, to



shy bombs into the average trench the bomber must worry his way through twenty paces of barbed-wire entanglements. It is very difficult to do that without attracting the attention of sentries, and impossible to do it quickly, with or without noise. Hence you perceive the unpleasant predicament of the bomber when he has heaved his first bomb. He has offered himself as a target to the Boche machine guns and rifles at a moment when he is in the midst of a maze of wire from which he can only hope to retreat quite slowly and with difficulty.

Then why not cut a lane through the Boche wire by means of shells, just before dark, and use that to bomb from after dark? Excellent! Only, if you were the Boche, and we cut a lane through your wire one evening just before dark, wouldn't you quite certainly train a machine gun or two on that opening so you could sweep it with fire at any moment you wished during the night; and wouldn't you have a dozen extra rifles with keen eyes behind 'em trained on the same spot; and wouldn't you be apt to welcome that nice little lane as a trap in which you could butcher English Tommies like pheasants? Wouldn't you now?

You know, at night time it is not very easy to tell the difference between the explosion of a hand-grenade and that of a rifle-grenade. But, whereas the hand-grenade could only be lobbed in from among the wire, the rifle-grenade could easily be sent over from our trench, at that particular spot on our right. So we sent 'em over, at all kinds of confusing intervals. And then, when Boche opened machine-gun fire across the lane, under the impression that our bombers were at work there, we replied with bursts of machine-gun fire trained on his parapet opposite the lane, thereby, I make no doubt, getting a certain number of heads.

It was quite an attractive game, and we kept it going till nearly midnight. Then we stopped, dead, leaving them to suppose we had given up hope of overcoming their watchfulness. We arranged to reopen the ball at one-thirty a. m. precisely, with rifle-grenades and machine-gun fire, as might prove suitable; but with no end of a row, in any case.

At one o'clock I started from Stinking Sap, on our extreme left, with twelve of our best bombers, each carrying an apronful of bombs. There wasn't a glimmer of any kind of light, then. We made direct for the S-shaped opening, and lay down outside the wire there. In our own trench, before starting, we had of course made all arrangements. I had six men on either side of me, and each man knew precisely what his particular job was. The Peacemaker never tires of insisting on that principle; and he is right. Nothing is any good unless it is worked out beforehand so that each man knows precisely his job and concentrates on it, without reference to any one else, or any hanging about waiting instructions.

At one-twenty, we began crawling down the S-shaped opening in our proper order. At one-thirty, the first rifle-grenade ripped over from the extreme right of our line. Others followed in quick succession, and on the report of the sixth, we jumped to our feet and ran forward, extending to right and left from me as we reached the inside of the wire, and chucking our first bombs—thirteen of 'em—as we got into position. It was so close there was no possibility of missing; and I can tell you thirteen bombs make some show, when they all explode beautifully right inside a trench a few yards in front of you.

It was a delightful little show, and cost us nothing in casualties, except two men very slightly wounded, one in the right foot, and the other in the left hand and arm, from our own bomb splinters. But, as our good old bombing sergeant said, it "fairly put the wind up them bloomin' sauer-krauters." Incidentally, and owing far more to the fine behavior of the men than to anything I did, it earned quite a lot of bouquets from different quarters for your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S. Next day's report, as served up to you and the public in the newspapers at home, would, of course, and rightly enough no doubt, include our sector in the "remainder of the Front," which was "quiet." Or we might be included in a two-line phrase about "minor activities," or

“patrols were active on various points of the line”—as they certainly are, all the time.

### LETTER XVIII

The parcels from W——’s arrived all safe and sound, thanks to your careful arrangements, and we are in consequence living in the lap of luxury. The tinned fruit is specially appreciated, and very good for us, I have no doubt. By the way, you will be glad to know that the boiler-maker’s suit in one piece of waterproofed canvas is a huge success. I wore it on that last bombing raid. For patrol work, or wiring, for anything over the parapet, and in the trench, too, at night time, for instance, I don’t think there’s anything to beat it. There’s nothing to catch or get in one’s way, and it’s a great joy to keep one’s ordinary clothes clean and decent. On patrol it’s better than oilskin, because it is silent—doesn’t rustle.

I dare say you’ve heard that phrase—I forget who’s it is—about the backbone of the army being the non-commissioned man. I suspect it was all right when it was written, and goodness knows there’s not much the matter with the non-commissioned man today. Only, there isn’t the difference that there was between the N. C. O. and the “other ranks”—the men. The N. C. O. isn’t the separate type he was, because the N. C. O. of today is so often the man of yesterday; promotion having necessarily been rapid in the New Army. We had to make our own N. C. O.’s from the start. They’re all backbone, now, men and N. C. O.’s alike. And the officers are quite all right, thank you, too. I doubt if officers in any army have ever worked harder than the officers of our New Army—the Temporary Gentlemen, you know—are working today. They have *had* to work hard. Couldn’t leave it to N. C. O.’s, because, apart from anything else, they’ve had to make the N. C. O.’s out of privates; teach ’em their job. So we’re all backbone together, nowadays.

And when you hear some fellow saying: “The men are splendid,” you need not think he’s just paying a conven-

tional tribute or echoing a stereotyped kind of praise. It's true; true as death, as Harry Lauder used to sing; it's as true as anything I know. It's gospel truth. The men are absolutely and all the time splendid.

You know I'm not an emotional sort of a chap, and I'm sure before the War I never gave a thought to such things; but, really, there is something incurably and ineradicably fine about the rough average Englishman, who has no surface graces at all. You know the kind I mean. The decency of him is something in his grain.

You read about calling for volunteers. With our lot it is hopeless to call for volunteers for a dangerous job. The only thing to do would be to call for volunteers to stay behind. The other thing is simply a way of calling out the whole Company; and if it happens to be just half a dozen you want, that's awkward.

Then there's the matter of grouching; growling among themselves about this and that. You would be deceived about this until you got to know them a bit. It's a queer thing, and not easy to explain; but grouching is one of the passions of their lives; or, perhaps it would be truer to say a favorite form of recreation. But, mark you this, only when everything is going smoothly, and there is nothing real to grumble about. It would seem to be absolutely forbidden to growl when there's anything to growl about; a sort of unwritten law which, since we've been out here, anyhow, is never transgressed.

It's rather fine, this, and very English. So long as there is a little intermittent grouching going on, you can be quite sure of two things: there's nothing wrong, and the men are in good spirits and content. If there is no grouching, it means one of two things: either the men are angered about something, in which case they will be unusually silent; or we are up against real difficulties, and hardship involving real suffering, in which case there will be a lot of chaffing and joke-cracking, and apparent merriment.

Queer, isn't it? But I think it's a true description. If a long day of hard labor—clearing out a trench and building

up a parapet, we'll say—is on, and a man is absolutely undone and washed out, and, just as it is finished, a succession of Boche oil cans, mortars and general bombardment comes, which also lays out a few good men, and blows the next meal rations sky-high, so that there's the prospect of a long night's extra hard work where some rest had been expected, and all on an empty stomach—then you'll hear no grousing at all, but any number of jocular remarks:

“I tell you, the Army of today is all right!” “We don't get much pay, but my word, we *do* see life!” “Save me a lot o' trouble, this will! My fightin' weight was goin' up a lot too fast, but this'll save me givin' up my port wine an' turtle soup!” Then some wag pretends to consult his newspaper, and, looking up, announces that: “On the remainder of the Front the night was comparatively quiet.” “Yes,” says another, quoting further from the imaginary news, “and the banquet which had been arranged for ‘A’ Company was pos'poned till the following day.” “When it is hoped,” adds yet another joker, “that a number of prominent Boche prisoners will attend.” Elaborate winks and nods; and one man positively licks his lip as he mutters: “Gosh! If only they really *would* come over the sticks tonight; if only they would!” “Reg'ler bloomin' pacifist, isn't he,” remarks a student of the Press. “Longin' to welcome the gentle Hun with open arms, he is—not arf!” “We'll welcome him, all right, if only the beggar 'ld come. I'd like to use a section or two of 'em for buildin' up this bloomin' parapet. Be stiffer than these sandbags full o' slush.” “Shame! An' you a yewmanitarian, too! Why how'd our poor chaps ever be able to stand the smell of all them potted Huns, an' so close, too! You're too harsh, mate; reg'ler Prussian, I call you!”

So it goes on. It's a bitter cold night. They are up nearly to their thighs in half-frozen slush. Their day's work has been entirely undone in half an hour, and has to be done over again without any interval for rest; and the supper ration's gone West. You can hardly imagine just what the loss of a meal means, with a night like that ahead of you,

and occasional shells still dropping round the bit you must repair. They look awful ruffians, these chaps; four days' stubble on their chins, and all kinds of ribaldry on their lips. They love their ease and creature comforts at least as much as any conscientious shirker could; and God knows they are here as far removed from ease and creature comfort as men well could be—entirely of their own free will. And they will carry on all night, cracking their simple jokes and chaffing one another, and jostling each other to get to the front if one or two are required for anything extra dangerous. And the spirit that dictates their little jokes, isn't it as fine as any shown in bygone days by the aristocrats of France and England? If you told these fellows they were aristocrats, imagine how they'd take it! "'Ere, 'op it! Not so much of it! Wotcher givin' us?"

For sheer hardness and discomfort, there's nothing in the life of the poorest worker in England to compare with it. They are never out of instant danger. And the level of their spirits is far higher than you'd find it in any model factory or workshop at home. Death himself, they meet with little jokes. I mean that literally. And the daily round of their lives is simply full of splendid acts of self-sacrifice, generosity, and unstudied, unnoted heroism, such as famous reputations are based upon in civil life, in peace time. I feel I can't make it plain, as it deserves to be. I wish I could. But you must just accept it, because I say it, and love 'em all—the French as well as ours—because they've made themselves loved by your "Temporary Gentleman."

#### LETTER XIX

Rather to the general surprise, we have been moved into a new sector of the line, immediately south of what we called "our own." We have not been told why, of course—the Olympians do not deal in whys and wherefores—but, according to gossip, we can take our choice between the wish to make us all familiar with the general lie of the land round here, to be the better prepared for a push; and the undoubted fact that a new Division is being moved into

the line, and that our move southward facilitates this. Perhaps the real reason of the move is a mixture of both these; but, whether or no, the move itself provides striking evidence of the marked differences which exist between various parts of the line, and the extremely narrow and circumscribed nature of the knowledge one gets of the Front, while serving in trenches.

Our "B" Company is holding just now the sub-section which actually adjoins the right of the sector we used to hold. We are on the right of "B," and "C" is on our right, with "D" back in the support line. Even "B's" bit, though it does adjoin our old beat, differs greatly from that; and our present short line is hemispheres away from the sector we knew before. There is not very much of it—about half the length of the line we last held—but what there is, is hot and strong, I can tell you. The way in which "B" Company's bit differs is chiefly that it is in sandy soil, instead of all clay, and so is much dryer and cleaner, more habitable in every way, than anything we are accustomed to. But our bit, variously known as Petticoat Lane (why, I can't imagine) Cut-Throat Alley (obvious enough) and The Gut—well, our bit is, as the Peacemaker said directly he saw it: "Very interesting." I think that is about the kindest thing you can say of it; and interesting it certainly is.

To begin with, the greatest distance between any one spot in it and the Boche front line is sixty or seventy yards; and there is a place at which it's only half that. But the salient point in the whole sector is this: the half of our line that is sixty or seventy yards from the Boche line has between it and the Boche line a string of craters, the far lips of which are not more than fifteen to twenty paces from Fritz's sentries. These craters are sometimes occupied by the Boche and sometimes by us; but nobody attempts to hold them by day; they don't give shelter enough for that; and the betting as to who is to hold them on any given night is about even.

You might almost say: "But why should anybody want to hold the beastly things?"

The C. O. tells the Peacemaker he is so arranging things that no Company will get more than four days on end in Petticoat Lane, and then the other three days of the turn in trenches, in the support line, where Battalion Headquarters are. "A" Company, of course, takes glory to itself for having been the first to be sent in here, and I think this fully compensates them for the fact that nobody has had any rest worth speaking about since we got in. We shall probably do better in that respect when we have time to get used to the change. In fact, I can see a difference already in the men's attitude. But, mind you, the change is radical, from two hundred yards' interval between yourself and Fritz, down to fifty yards. It affects every moment of your life, and every mortal thing you do. More, it actually affects what you say. You don't make any telephonic arrangements about patrol and that sort of thing, here. We are learning German at a great rate. But it was very startling to our fellows the first night, when they found they could hear voices in the enemy line. It seemed to bring Fritz and his ingenious engines very close indeed.

But already the men have begun to crack their little jokes about it, and pretend to be very careful about settling down a canteen of tea or a bit of bread, lest one of "them bloomin' sauerkrauters lean over and pick it up, before you can turn round—hungry blighters!" I confess I'm conscious that the nearness represents a great deal of added nerve strain; but, thank goodness, the men don't seem to feel it a bit. They're just as jolly as ever.

Imagine! The first thing I laid my hand on when I got into a crater on our first night, after we'd bombed Fritz out of it, was the face of a wounded Boche; and he bit my little finger to the bone, so that I had to have it washed and dressed by the M. O., for fear of poisoning. It may have been brutal of me, and I suppose I shouldn't have done it by daylight, but I brought the butt of my rifle down on that German's face in a way that put the poor devil out of pain; and he'll do no more biting; but I mention it as an instance



of the savage primitiveness of this life at close quarters with the Boche.

There is simply no end to his dodgy tricks here. Three or four of 'em will cry out for help, from a crater, in English; and pretend to be our own men, wounded and unable to move, or Boches anxious to give themselves up. Then, if any one is soft enough to go over the parapet to lend a hand, they open a hot fire; or wait till we get very near, and then bomb. We had verbal warnings in plenty, of course, from the Company we relieved here. But it is experience that teaches; and, whilst they may not be brilliant tricksters—they're not—our fellows will at all events never allow the same trick to be worked off twice on us.

By his fondness for all such petty tricks as these, and, of course, they have dozens of dirtier ones than this, the Boche has rather shut the door on chivalry. Given half a chance, the natural inclination of our men is to wage war as they would play cricket—like sportsmen. You've only to indicate to them that this or that is a rule of the game—of any game—and they're on it at once. And, if you indicated nothing, of their own choice they'd always play roughly fair, and avoid the dirty trick by instinct. But the Boche washes all that out. Generosity and decency strike him as simply foolishness. And you cannot possibly treat him as a sportsman, because he'll do you down at every turn if you do; and here in Petticoat Lane, being done down doesn't just mean losing your money. As a rule you haven't any of that to lose. It means going West for keeps—*killed*. It is that sort of thing that has made Petticoat Lane life savage and primitive; and the fact that it is so close as to be pressing on you all the time; that is what gives the additional nerve strain.

It is, of course, a great place for little raids. The trenches are so close that you're no sooner out of your own than you're on top of theirs. And I take it as evidence of the moral superiority being on this side of the line, that we see very much more of their trenches than they ever see of ours. It is a great deal more difficult to repair trenches

here than it was when we were a couple of hundred yards away from the Enemy, because of the frequency of the oil cans and bombs. The consequence is that, from the point of view of the cover they give, both our trenches and the Boches' are much inferior to those we had before. But, curiously enough, we have some very decent dug-outs here; deep and well protected.

In fact, take it all round, we are not so badly off. And interesting the place most certainly is. (The Peacemaker generally means "dangerous" when he says "interesting.") There is something doing in the strafing line pretty nearly all the time; and strafing is, of course, a deal more interesting than navvying, pumping, and mud-shoveling. The chances for shows of one sort and another are more numerous here than where we were before. We have tried one or two already; and when we get back into the support line you shall have full particulars, from your somewhat tired but quite jolly "Temporary Gentleman."

#### LETTER XX

We were relieved in Petticoat Lane by "D" Company last night, and took the place they had held in the support line; "a corner of Heaven itself," of course, after The Gut. And I have had a most luxurious and delightful day today, out of trenches altogether.

Our O. C., the Peacemaker—you do remember, don't you, that the Officer Commanding the Battalion is the C. O., and the Officer Commanding the Company, the O. C.—is an awfully good chap. He didn't say anything about it, but I feel sure he put me on my job of today—chose me for it—because he thought it would be good for me. He was ordered to send an officer to arrange about billets for the Company in — ready for when we go out. Taffy's been a bit under the weather in Petticoat Lane, and is able to get a rest here in support. This meant rather more sticking to it for me in the front line, and, as a matter of fact, I didn't get an hour's sleep while we were there. We had little strafes going most of the time, and I was rather cheap when we

came out last night; bit shaky, you know; that's all. Two Boche mines were exploded in The Gut while we were there; both with extraordinarily little loss to us. But I was lifted out of the trench by one of 'em; and I suppose these things do indirectly affect one a bit, somehow, even when there is nothing to show for it; at all events, when they are combined with shortage of sleep.

Anyhow, I'm as right as ninepence tonight, and had a fine sleep after midnight yesterday. And today, with the Peacemaker's horse for company, I've been playing the country gentleman at large, fixing up billets for the Company; and I have done pretty well for 'em, too. It was something of a race between Grierson of "D" and myself for the best officers' mess and sleeping quarters in —, but Grierson hadn't much chance, really. He hasn't even my smattering of French, and his O. C. had not lent him a horse.

The good-wife at the place I've got for ourselves is a torrential talker, and in rounding up the boys and girls working on her farm, she shows a bit of a temper; but I'm certain she's a jolly capable manager, and she has promised to cook for us, which will mean a fine change from the batman's efforts in that line. Also, the billets themselves are good, those for the men being the best I've seen anywhere; dry as a chip, and thoroughly sheltered from the wind. We shall be in clover for our week out, especially as I think — is a bit too far back to admit of our being on trench fatigues at all while out.

I did enjoy the pottering about on my own, and the nearest firing being three or four miles away all the time made everything seem extraordinarily peaceful, after the roaring racket and straining watchfulness of Cut-Throat Alley; where one's eyes sort of ache from trying to look all ways at once, and one's ears and head generally get dead from the effort of recording the precise meaning of each outstanding roar in the continuous din. Also, I met two or three quite interesting people, including the Town Major in —.

I had some grub about one o'clock in a big estaminet; almost a restaurant, and it was most interesting, after the trenches, to listen to the gossip, and eat without feeling you had to watch out for anything. There are a number of French residents left in this place, and that makes it quite different from the village we were last in, just behind the line, where the inhabitants have practically all left, and the place is purely a camp, and partly in ruins at that. This place has a natural human sort of life of its own. And there are women in it, and a priest or two, and cows and sheep, and a town crier, and that sort of thing—something fascinatingly human about it all; though it is within four miles of the firing line.

The Café was simply full of rumors and gossip. Military gossip is, of course, taboo, with strangers and civilians; and rightly, since one cannot be sure who is who and who is not a spy. But I suppose there's no harm in it among people who can recognize each other's uniforms and badges. Anyhow, I heard quite a lot today; which may or may not have anything in it.

The things that interested me most, of course, were things about our own bit of front; and there were two definite reports about this. First, I heard that we are to throw out a new front-line trench to bridge the re-entrant south of Petticoat Lane. And then I heard we are to make a push to collar the Boche front line on the bend opposite us, because a few hundred yards of line there would mean quite a lot to us, in the straightening of our front generally, and in washing out what is undoubtedly a strong corner for the Boche now, because it gives him some fine enfilading positions. If this were brought off, it would wash out The Gut altogether, as firing line; and that in itself would be a god-send. Also, it would mean a real push, which is naturally what we all want. We think the fact of that extra Division having been fitted into our line rather indorses the report, and are all feeling rather bucked in consequence. The whole Battalion, and, for that matter, the whole Division, is just spoiling for the chance of a push, and I doubt if we've a

man who wouldn't volunteer for the front line of the push at this moment, and jolly glad of the chance.

I said in my last letter that I'd tell you about our little strafing stunts while we were in Petticoat Lane. But, really, this new prospect of a push, and the report about the new front line trench to be cut, makes them seem pretty small beer, and quite a long way off now, anyhow. You remember I told you there was a startling difference between the left of our present sector and the right of the one we were in before. It wasn't only the difference between clay and sand. It was that, whereas the right of the old sector was hundreds of yards away from the Boche—as much as six and seven hundred in parts—the left of the present sector runs down to sixty or seventy yards, where it joins Petticoat Lane.

That means a big re-entrant in the line, of course, and a part where our front runs almost at right angles to Fritz's, instead of parallel with it. The new trench would be to bridge the mouth of that re-entrant, and equalize the distance between our line and the Boche's right along. Apart from anything else, it would make any subsequent push much easier. It is a low-lying, wet, exposed bit, that re-entrant; but that wouldn't matter, if we were just going to use it as a jumping-off place, which is what we hope.

However, as there is no official news, one must not think too much about it.

It seems there has been some sickness at our Brigade Headquarters, which is a chateau marked large on the map, though out of sight from the Boche line. The sickness among the orderlies was attributed to something queer about the drains, and I suppose the thing was reported on. Anyhow, as the story I heard today goes, a tremendous swell arrived in a car to have a look at the place; an Olympian of the first water. No doubt I should be executed by means of something with boiling oil in it, if I mentioned his name. As he stepped from his car outside the chateau, two shells landed, one on the lawn, and one in the shrubbery. The Olympian sniffed at Fritz's insolence. Before he got into the

doorway another shell landed very near his car, and spattered it with mud from bonnet to differential. The august one is reported to have greeted the Brigadier by saying rather angrily: "This is obviously a most unhealthy spot, Sir; most unhealthy. Ought never to have been chosen!"

Rather nice, wasn't it? Those little shows of ours in Cut-Throat Alley were practically all bombing; but we did rather well in the matter of prisoners taken in the craters, and of Boches otherwise accounted for. Our own casualties for the four days were two killed—both in my Platoon, and both men with wives at home, I grieve to say; thundering good chaps—and six wounded, two only slightly. We reckon twenty or thirty Boches wounded, and at least ten killed; and there is no sort of reckoning needed about the eleven prisoners we certainly did take in the craters, and sent blindfolded down to Headquarters. I believe this beats the record of the Company we relieved, which, of course, knew the place better; and our C. O. is pleased with us. I have to go now, and tell off a small carrying party. Though feeling a bit shaky yesterday, I'm as right as right can be again now,—so mind, you have no earthly reason to worry about your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S. The Peacemaker has just got word from Battalion Headquarters itself that it is perfectly correct about the new front line trench to be cut; and it is believed "A" Company is to have something to do with it. So that is real news; and we feel sure it means a push to come.

## DEPARTURE

H. THOMPSON RICH

**T**HE air was cool with autumn, and the moon,  
Far in her last phase, glimmered wanly;  
The odors of a dying bed of rose  
Came drifting from the garden; and beyond,  
As from a plain some mighty distance off,  
The west wind murmured in the yellow wheat.  
You laughed a little wildly, bent and kissed me,  
And as the teardrops gathered, whispered softly:  
“ This is the happiest moment I have known,  
You are so near to me! And yet, and yet  
I think it is the saddest moment too,  
Tomorrow you will be so far away!”  
“ I will come joying back with June!” I promised;  
But at the words you only shook your head.  
“ Ah, no!” you cried. “ No, you will not come back!  
Summer will come again, as it has gone;  
But not the rose that scatters on the wind,—  
And not the wind, that knew the rose’s soul!”

# MUST CHRIST AGAIN BE CRUCIFIED?

A. MAURICE LOW

**D**AY after day men suffer and die. Snatched from home and family, they offer their lives in defense of home and country, made strong to endure by the spirit of patriotism. Millions have given their bodies to the bullet, suffered without complaint, and died without regret. To the belligerent nations, the War has taught self-denial, resignation, the supreme virtue of sacrifice. *Did the world need the lesson? Is it paying for knowledge a price greater than the experience is worth, or is it not worth any price for man to be able to look into his soul and on himself sit in judgment?*

At no time has the responsibility of wealth been taken so seriously as in the United States during the last decade. The rich have felt their obligations to those less favored, to the poor, to the suffering; the possession of wealth has imposed a duty which has been met gladly. The millions given in charity and spent in beneficent works, that have been devoted to the foundation and support of schools, colleges and institutions are, in the aggregate, stupendous; greater, it has been estimated, than all the riches of all the world when Rome was in the height of her glory and Christ drove the money changers from the Temple. Yet, curiously enough, *never has there been a time in the history of the world when there has been so much discontent, when great wealth has been so fiercely attacked, when those with little money or no money have felt so little gratitude to those who have given out of their abundance.*

I apply myself to discover the meaning of this paradox. The facts cannot be gainsaid. On the one side, we have this never ending golden stream which excites envy but does not quicken emotion; which covers the land and ought to bring its harvest in contentment, thankfulness, admiration; that



should choke down the weeds of envy and hate; that should make the poor, for whom there is biblical authority they must always be with us, and those only very little removed from poverty, believe this is the golden age. Never has so much been done for them. Never has man taken such a profound interest in his fellow man. Never were his body as well as his brain and his soul objects of such solicitude. Never was sympathy so quickly touched and the response so generous. Everywhere we see the results of this unselfish devotion. We see great institutions of learning that owe their existence to one man so that poverty shall be no bar to education. Not even the smallest city is without its storehouse for books so that culture may be widespread. We see men, supported by private endowment, laboring zealously to find the causes of disease so that sickness may be prevented and death held at arm's length; other men are trying to find the seed of poverty and misery so that the cure may be applied. And the material wants having been supplied, we see stately edifices rearing their noble proportions, their stones laid in the gold of the rich, so that man may find the spiritual comfort he craves.

Nor does this exhaust the catalogue, as we all know. In every community there are earnest men and women who give freely their services and money to good deeds. Men and women of affairs, prominent in their business or profession, to whom time is important and demands great, serve unselfishly on boards and committees of eleemosynary and other institutions, bringing to their care and management the same conscientious labor they give to clients and the interests confided to them, and for which they are paid large fees. Women especially are unwearied in their charitable work, supervising when supervision is necessary, raising money when money is needed, giving encouragement when the touch of human sympathy is the inspiration to the faint-hearted. And let there be a great calamity, an earthquake, a flood, a fire—and the response is instantaneous and amazing.

It is one of the peculiarities of modern social conditions, this impulse to share in the work of betterment. It is re-

garded as a pious duty, an obligation that cannot be escaped. In the same spirit the knight put on armor to rid the Holy Sepulchre of the infidel. It is living up to the motto of one's order, *noblesse oblige*. Members of the "upper class," whether they are ennobled by birth or money, cannot shirk their duties. Men are not satisfied to do good by deputy any more than women consider they can render their service to society vicariously. Rich men who live a life of ease and enjoyment are moved by a sense of responsibility to superintend the affairs of jails, insane asylums and poorhouses; and surely no man would voluntarily bring himself in contact with those sordid and depressing surroundings unless animated by a stern concept of duty. It is the same with women, whose lives the world believes are largely given over to pleasure. It is true they dance and dine and give much time to their clothes, but that is only one side, and because it is the spectacular it is the phase that has the public for an audience. But *the great majority of the so-called "fashionable" women are not the drones they appear, nor is enjoyment their sole code. In every community they are the leaders in works of grace and mercy.*

These being the facts, and their truth, I think, no one can deny,—*where can we find the explanation for the class hatred, the unrest, the bitterness, the feeling of injustice so generally prevailing?* Perhaps in America in a more extreme form than in any European country; and that this social and spiritual discontent exists, I also believe, no person who sees life other than superficially can challenge. It is the reason men of untutored minds talk glibly of "Socialism" and believe that "Socialism," without knowing what it means, is to bring them the justice they are convinced has been denied them. It is for the same reason that rich men, who are conscious of their rectitude and charity, use the term Socialist in such derision, although equally ignorant what it means; and to whom a "Radical" is held in contempt as denoting a half-witted creature who is honest according to his own lights but "impractical"; or a knave who is intensely practical when his own interests are concerned. It is the

reason that makes the demagogue always sure of a following. It is the reason that makes charlatanism profitable. It is the reason the loud-tongued orator with a panacea can always obtain an audience, and loses it the moment a rival orator with a voice twice as loud and a panacea twice as delusive sets up his tent.

In a word, *modern civilization has crushed out the belief in sincerity, that intense and deep conviction which was the faith to move mountains, the practice of personal sacrifice*, which is not only the foundation on which every religion is built but without which character cannot exist. The history of the world, the story of the development of man, is written in that one word sacrifice. The prophets, the martyrs, the hierophants, the reformers, every man in the past who brought to his fellow man the word of hope or encouragement, who lifted up the fallen or exalted the righteous, who put strength into the weak or gave courage to the meek, who led the revolt against tyranny or preached the gospel of self-denial and love, went forth expecting to be offered up as a sacrifice and willingly courting it. It is the dominant theme in all literature, classical, sacred and profane. Sacrifice—it is the corner-stone of humanity.

Society no longer crucifies its reformers nor burns its philosophers, and it has become the poorer in consequence. Society in becoming more tolerant and more humane has paid for it in a weakening of character. The man who preached at the risk of his life, he who opened the eyes of the ignorant to the laws of nature with the stake as his reward, the martyrs whose blood watered the seed of the church—these were men of extraordinary courage, of superb heroism; harsh, unyielding, unloving, perhaps, but firm in their faith; unswerving in their convictions, resolute; asking no recompense except that which they earned from their conscience. It was their blood, shed drop by drop, that kept the church alive; it was their example that recruited the ranks of the disciples. There was no vicarious sacrifice; the burden could not be shifted. *It was the agony they endured, the physical torture and pain, the sweat that ran from racked*

*limbs and scorched bodies, the sacrifice, always the sacrifice counted without cost, that inspired the faint-hearted and left memories imperishable.*

Our present day reformer no longer taking any risks has ceased to be heroic. There is nothing sublime about theatricalism unattended by danger, and the reformer no more risks danger when he becomes a crusader than the rich man risks poverty when he gives of his surplus. The public knows this and is left cold. The belief exists that to the public is being doled out a minor fraction of what has been wrung from it; that it is getting back only a tithe of its own. It is a belief for which there is no warrant, but it exists; its existence cannot be denied, and it is the cause of the present discontent. The highwayman who strips his victim of his valuables and in a spirit of sardonic pleasantry tosses him a copper so that he shall not go bare, evokes no feeling of gratitude.

Not long ago I read of a certain rich man who has given away so many millions that "he has only \$20,000,000 left." It was said in good faith and not with satiric intent. It was told how he had disposed of his hundreds of millions to worthy purposes and now in his old age he could face death serenely because he was absolved from the crime of dying rich, having only a score of millions to leave to his family. The recital did not move me. My emotions respond more readily when I read the story of St. Francis of Assisi, of the rich man's son who turned his back on pleasure and forsook luxury to go out into the wilderness, to know poverty and hunger, to companion suffering, to minister to the afflicted, to offer his body and spirit as a sacrifice. It is a fine thing that a man is possessed of a nature so generous that he can strip himself of his millions unto the hundreds, and yet his beneficence does not leave him only with rags to cover his nakedness, rather he sits clothed in fine raiment. If it be a crime to die rich—and is it?—may it not be even a greater crime to live rich? Is charity really charity that entails no sacrifice? Is charity without sacrifice compatible? A man may be the almoner of thousands or of millions and it

may mean nothing to him, it may affect his own character as little as it may set an example to the world. *To give out of abundance, to give and not to feel it even to the extent of having to forego the most trifling luxury, means nothing; to give at the cost of self-denial—that is the true magnificence of charity. The King's high almoner who sits in the palace and disburses the gold from his master's coffers, no church canonizes, but a certain poor widow who cast into the treasury two mites lives forever; for the rich did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.*

I hold no brief for poverty. I have no belief in the iniquity of riches. I accept the social system as it is, but I am impressed, as I think other thoughtful men are, by this curious twentieth century phenomenon that I have been discussing: the cynical attitude of the mass toward those who, according to their lights, are striving to serve the mass.

*Never in the history of the world, I think, was the world so poor in great men as it is today. Never did the world so passionately hunger for a great man—a great leader, great enough to lead in a great cause.* It is an age in the world's development when there are many men of extraordinary ability, men who perhaps in other times would have been accounted of rare talent, but the times demand more than that. What is demanded today is the Superman, the man who is so pre-eminently superior to his contemporaries that he towers over them as Everest dominates the surrounding peaks and fears no rival. *Ability is of little purpose, for ability is very common; talent serves merely its own end, and of talent the world is full; genius strikes no responsive chord, for the universality of education has made us all critics and destroyed the power of judgment; we detect the false metre but the soul of the singer escapes us.*

The Superman need not necessarily be cunning in words or tricks of speech, no more deft with hands or brain than other men, but he must be willing to make a sacrifice if sacrifice is required, to prove his sincerity by the faith that is in

him, not alone to have faith but to have works, "for faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

"Everyone loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards," was the denunciation of the prophet, and equally true is it today. *To what purpose shall men exhort when their hearers know that their words are not winged but coined, that they have their market value in money or power?* Whether one thinks of Christ as the Son of God or son of human father and mother and the greatest of all reformers,—can one, with all due reverence, think of Christ charging an admission fee to those who would listen to his preaching, who preached so that He might be elevated above the multitude? But today the would-be great, the aspiring leaders, always talking about their sacrifices and their devotion to the cause, sacrifice nothing but add immensely to their gains. That is why the public is cynical; that is why the emotions of the people are not deeply stirred. They see the unknown reformer living off husks; and *as he gains ascendancy they watch him convert his zeal, his piety, his devotion, his courage into the handiwork of the fashionable tailor and a high-power limousine*; they know that the poor man who has been given leadership does not have to pay in greater poverty for the honor; they know how quickly profits can be realized. In the past men swayed their fellow men and molded the thought of the world, but it brought them no recompense in gold or servants to tend them. *Then a man was willing to die for his fellow man; today he lives off him.* The venerable Latimer, when by God's grace he lighted a candle that should never be extinguished, was of the type of martyr willing to lay down his life for the glory of mankind; *our modern martyrs, when they light their farthing rushlights that so quickly flicker out, take good care the fire shall not singe them. Not only do they pass through the flames unscathed, but they incorporate the performance, sell the moving-picture rights and make an auto da fe yield them dividends.*

Foolish as the masses are, their ignorance easily played upon, slow to read character and to distinguish between honesty and insincerity, always seeking for the unattainable and

eager to follow the false prophet, whether it be a Cagliostro or a John Law, for to their simple intelligence magic is no more impossible than that sunbeams can be extracted from cucumbers; yet Lincoln's wisdom is unimpeachable. Some of the people may be fooled some of the time, some of them may even be fooled all the time—which is the reason the gold-brick industry, commercially, socially and politically, is so prosperous—but not all the people can be fooled all the time. And the saving remnant is at last beginning to understand what so long has remained obscure. It recalls the tales of its childhood, the stories of men and women who practiced self-denial; who gave up all, asking nothing; who endured privation and suffering; who counted the most precious of all their possessions—life itself—as dross weighed against duty; who gave no thought to the morrow, for the obligations of the day were all sufficient.

Compare that with our modern and over-refined civilization, and is it to be wondered that the world listens but spiritually remains unquickened? For that is one of the most striking phenomena of our time. The diffusion of knowledge, the general increase of intelligence, the means of disseminating information, the printing press, steam and electricity, have given to the preacher and the teacher not a handful of disciples to ponder words and slowly spread them but the whole world as audience. But no spark is struck. The distinguished and the celebrated, the notorious even, draw their hundreds and their thousands, but we go to hear them as a show, not as the Romans in the time of Nero went to the arena, and as they watched the sand crimson knew that for their faith men had died, that the sacrifice had again been made and the seed planted anew. Peter the Hermit might preach and millions would read him next morning at their breakfast tables, but how many would enter the camp of the *paupers*? General Coxe led his ragged host to Washington—and paid them; Henry Ford, wiser than the ancients, secures the golden fleece before his argosy departs.

It may be argued that the universal spread of education has made man more intelligent, and in developing his intel-

ligence it has restrained his emotions; he reasons now, whereas formerly he acted on impulse; then they not only revered the hermit Peter but they worshiped the ass on which he rode. But I am not so sure man has gained through the control of his emotions by the pure light of his intellect—if it is true, which is to be gravely doubted. In subordinating his emotions to intellect, man has become a creature of calculation; he has gained in cunning at the cost of his simplicity. Deep-seated emotion is more rare now than it was, for it was the passionate stirring to the depths that made martyrs and caused martyrdom to be endured; but the superficial emotions, those transient gusts that ripple over the surface of humanity, are born with each passing breath and leave nothing to mark their flight. It is true the crowd no longer worships the ass on which Peter sits—it is too sophisticated for that, too arrogant in its intelligence to do honor to such a contemptuous thing; what it does is to mock the patient beast and glorify the mountebank who rides; *and between an honest ass and a dishonest man may not the animal be more worthy of respect?*

Fervor has gone. Zeal no longer exists. Faith has been destroyed. Devotion has given place to indifference just as tolerance has succeeded intolerance, and with our catholicity of opinion has come a carelessness that makes us take life lightly because we shrink from tragedy. That marks the difference between the past and the present. Then the tragic was ever uppermost and men lived in its shadow; now we laugh because we fear death and are too cowardly to welcome it. We have bartered the real meaning of life, the one thing that makes life worth its pain, for its pleasures.

It was the force of example that, in the past, sustained the world, that saved it from itself, that gave men strength to carry on the struggle. It made character. It is an example, a terrific example, that the world today needs. It wants a man, or a woman—and those women who are crying for equality may see their opportunity—willing to do what men and women did when civilization was young and human nature, in its primitive passion, accepted the doctrine of



personal service and sacrifice, which made every man or woman no less a leader than a follower in a great cause; sacrifice, that was no less the penalty than it was the crown of service. *The world craves a messiah, but messiahship can be gained only by service with sacrifice always to be courted*, no messianic leadership can be purchased or gained without devotion in its truest sense. So long as fame means money, wealth, power, position, the easy things of life,—so long will leadership be merely transient, the world will be unconvinced, it will still wait with longing and despair for its messiah.

*Has not Christ again been crucified in every village of France and Flanders? Are not the shattered spires, the ruins, the newly made graves,—are not these things the stones over which He has again borne the Cross? They scourged Him and gave Him vinegar to assuage his thirst, but He invoked forgiveness and not revenge. That tragedy at the place of the skulls was the beginning and not the end. It taught mankind the meaning of sacrifice, that the greatest thing a man can do with his life is to give it for another. Selfishness and luxury made the teaching almost forgotten; almost but not quite has the fire been quenched, for now the millions have carried their cross to Golgotha, in their agony they have been lifted up, and the spirit has descended upon them. May it not be the slaughter is not in vain, the suffering is not wanton? May not all that seems so purposeless have a meaning, and the world watching by the tomb, as the woman did waiting, see the promise of the future when it will be saved because the lesson of sacrifice has again been learned?*

# HUMANITY—THE INTENTION OF THE UNIVERSE

W. W. BREDIN

*"The human body including the brain and nervous system, an instrument of action only, a sort of telephonic exchange, bearing the same relation to spirit as the wire does to the transmitted message."*—BERGSON.

**W**E are still pondering and groping for additional light and further revelations concerning that ever fascinating and divinely mysterious problem, human intelligence, with its smiles and tears, its loves and sympathies; the blossom and fruit of that profound secret which has made its way up from the very beginning through the grand stairway of matter, trembling and quivering, as it were, with the joy of its possibilities in every atom of the roots and trunk, branches and leaves of the Universe, whispering on its journey through sunlight and darkness, summer and winter, mountain and valley, rivulet and torrent, forest and flower, plant and mineral, the promise of humanity. I do not hesitate to utter the conviction that every trembling atom of the Universe has for its object the production of human thought. The electrical current of an all-permeating intelligence streams through the nebular masses, condenses them into solid spherical purposes; methods of expression, which, when rightly translated, the daybreak will appear—and the highest summits of human thought will be brightened by the beams from another sun where mankind was already planned.

There is no more bewildering problem to the human mind than its own living, conscious, active self. The questions, "when did we begin? when shall we end? what rational interpretation can we put on our present mysterious surroundings?" are still unanswered, but the boundary line of our intellectual horizon is gradually widening. Let us continue to seek. One by one the explanations are coming in. Like the new-born infant, armed with its rudimental functions of touch, taste and smell, eyesight and hearing, we

have much to learn, many conclusions to arrive at; we have still a long and rugged journey before us, full of suffering, bitter struggles, false conclusions, and sad mistakes, before we shall have arrived at that summit from which we can look calmly down and comprehend fully the lessons of infinite love and wisdom, the enchanting beauty, which, with a clearer vision, shall stream forth in all their brilliancy from every round in the ascending scale of creation—from the nebular mass, onward and upward, through mineral, vegetable and animal—to the sublime product of human consciousness, which has emerged, laughing and singing, thinking and acting, loving and marrying, into a universe of thought with infinite possibilities of expansion, wrapt in human garments which represent the ever-bewitching, the ever-entrancing individualized epitome of every stage of growth through which they have come.

It is true, perhaps, that the mystery of ourselves we can never fully understand, but there are certain self-evident propositions which we can all readily grasp. One is, that intelligence cannot exist without the conditions to create it. These conditions, from their very nature, demand from us an investigation. The product of that investigation is INTELLIGENCE. The great principle that governs the law of gravitation, molecular attraction, chemical affinity; the phenomena of heat, light, and motion, have crystallized into conditions. These conditions are around and about us; we breathe them; we eat them; we are born in them; we are continually handling and stepping on them; our very existence is inseparably connected with them; they constitute the planet on which we live, a great spherical purpose as it were,—*they constitute the Universe.*

They are profoundly interesting, but ever perplexing because their meaning is occult; they are a symbolic language expressed in matter. The great function of matter, therefore, is to reveal the intentions of its own cause, and our only hope of ever being able to comprehend the underlying intention lies in our earnest effort fully to comprehend the lessons taught in the infinite revelations of matter.

Given then the conditions of matter, in which is contained the promise of a coming intelligence, what is the next revelation we are to look for? The fulfillment of the promise; an individualized life to appreciate and enjoy. An ear to hear, an eye to behold, a sense to catch the perfumes, and a taste to enjoy the viands, as well as a touch to complete the course of instruction. The beauty of earth's great panorama of clouds and sunshine, mountains and valleys, must have an admirer before the secret cause of its presence shall be content. A thirst, too, must be quenched by the cool waters of the bubbling fountain before their sweet intentions can meet their reward. The delicious perfumes of the flowers of the valley must be inhaled before they are satisfied. The lips of lovers, too, must touch, before matter has reached its final destiny; those sweet strains of music must fall upon a human ear before they find an answer; and all those enchanting revelations must cluster themselves into a human heart, a human form, and a human understanding, before the story of their love is complete.

It is enough. The problem is solved, and the secret is out. The promise has been fulfilled. HUMANITY is here, and it can see, touch, taste and feel it all. The banquet has been prepared and the guests have arrived. They were contemplated from the beginning, and they have come up through a beautiful labyrinth of veiled intentions in which they were prophesied in every step throughout the whole journey. They are the eternal complement of the conditions which produced them, the bride and the bridegroom; they cannot be separated, they cannot outlive each other. *If the conditions are eternal, humanity is eternal.*

Then every atom of the Universe is human in its tendency, because the aggregate product of the motive which actuates it is the only condition upon which humanity can be produced. *If the conduct and properties of every atom of matter in the Universe is not the result of a previous existing intention, then why does not the acorn become a maple tree instead of an oak? Why does not the beechnut become an apple tree instead of a beech? Why does not the seed of a*

*cucumber become a turnip?* And so we might continue to question, but throughout the whole Universe fixed purpose confronts us at every step of the investigation. With time and proper environments, the apple seed will always explain in its own peculiar way its own peculiar secret. It will always take the same methods to express it. Its language, it is true, is a little difficult of comprehension—until it finally arrives with the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, and bearing in its outstretched arms and hands its blushing red secret, with the modest announcement: “I have brought this to you. I gathered it from the earth, sunshine and moisture. I knew you would like the perfume and flavor. Side by side, you and I have come up from an infinite past. I represent the conditions that have made you possible. You are here because I am here, and I am here because you are here.”

This is the grand chorus of every verse of the divine song of the Universe. It is wafted to us upon the winds in the perfume of myriad flowers; the refrain is caught up and sent back to us from the cattle upon endless hills; we catch it in the music of every brook, and in all the songs of the birds. We can see it in the bright beams of the morning sun, and those beautiful tints upon the western clouds, as they receive the last vanishing kiss of the evening light, repeat the words of that joyous chorus: *You are here because I am here, and I am here because you are here.*

It takes a planet with its environments to make intelligence possible. We cannot think unless we have something to think about. We cannot conceive of the pleasure or the mental structure that grow out of the faculty of seeing without objects to see. We must have the surroundings that contain in them the possibilities of hearing, seeing, tasting, touching, smelling; and we must have a living form with the possibilities within itself to receive, personate, individualize, and enjoy the impressions created by these conditions—otherwise the self-evident intention of the conditions is lost. Music without a listener, a home without an occupant, a banquet without the guests, beauty without the admirers, love without the lovers,—these things are impossible.

If there is a creative or primary cause, which, I believe, is conceded today by all eminent thinkers, then we are forced to the conclusion that in that same cause lies the cause of matter, as well as all its properties and manifestations. It follows then, as a self-evident truth, that the presence of matter—including all the secrets therein deposited—is the direct product of a primary intention. Matter, then, is undoubtedly a means to an end; a method of expression in which are revealed the motives which have produced it. Step by step, when we are ready to hear, the grand story is told.

Let us begin with the chemistry of the rocks, those stone documents in which are contained the theology of an infinite past, and the guarantee of a coming humanity. Let us ponder over the rock, or inorganic world. Perhaps we may be able to induce it to give up its secret. If not all, it may perhaps yield to us a part, an intimation, or at least some clue that will lead us to some intelligent conclusions.

The inorganic world is represented by the naked and apparently speechless planet, but herein is contained the whole secret; though, like the apple seed, it takes its own time to unfold its bewildering story. *The great primary intelligence, through the instrumentality of what we call chemical affinity, molecular attraction, and gravitation, has rolled up its intentions in a spherical mass, every atom of which has a distinct and separate mission; and the aggregate product of their labors is a condition, and individual intelligence is the ultimate and only purpose of that condition. I believe this to be the only rational interpretation that can possibly be put on our present surroundings.*

Let us return to the mineral world. Here we find, according to our present knowledge, something in the number of sixty-eight elements. The more closely we study the nature of these elements, the more firmly we shall become convinced that they have a purpose in view, as we watch in silent wonder their mysterious conduct toward each other. Here we find ourselves in a world of attractions and repulsions; elemental unions; marriage and intermarriage, as it

were. This is the great workshop; this is the great laboratory, where the possibilities of human intelligence and civilization are brought into existence.

There are two great workers in this infinite laboratory that I want to talk to you about. Science has made us somewhat familiar with the labors of both. I allude to molecular force and chemical affinity. What is molecular force? It is that power which enables fluids to become solids; which enables elementary bodies to assume definite shapes and forms. For example, iron, tin, copper, gold, silver, and lead, in fact, all bodies that have assumed the solid form, have been brought into that condition by molecular force. Let us pause a moment and contemplate the expansion of intelligence that has grown out of simply those solids I have mentioned, not to allude to others that are the direct product of molecular force. Is molecular force an accident? If not, then it must have an intention. Let us contemplate for one moment the influence which any one of those solids has had in the development of human progress. Remove, for example, the effect which iron alone has had upon the development of thought. You would almost blot out the machinery of the world; you would almost destroy the possibility of the production of literature; navigation would be reduced to its primary condition; existence itself would be imperiled; all the channels of thought which have been created in turning it into the various uses to which it has been applied would never have been opened. It would seem then to be almost a self-evident proposition, that the function of molecular force is to assist in creating conditions that must ultimately result in the expression of intelligence.

To molecular force and chemical affinity, acting upon the various elements, we are indebted for this solid envelope underneath our feet in the shape of the earth's crust—this infinite webwork of concealed intentions, this grand kaleidoscope of expressions from the rock to the human face, which has been in the process of preparation from the beginning. The human face is no new gospel. It is simply the old one rearranged. The same chemistry, the same elements which

enter into its composition, build the hills. They are moistened with the breath of a primary intelligence, and commissioned with an incomprehensible power of rearrangement, which has led them on step by step until they express the wondrous story of smiles, tears, love, friendship—and all the other human feelings and emotions. *It takes the chemistry of a planet to express one individual human face and what it represents.*

This fact alone seems to me sufficient insurance that humanity will never be extinguished. *The human form is a complete resumé of the mechanical forces which build the Universe; its early life, like the nebular mass which is the childhood of planets, is simply a little microscopic world of seething, eddying, rushing life—a bundle of molecules with their final purpose as yet all concealed and undefined. But behold, in this apparently meaningless clot, the future Shakespeares, Darwins, Napoleons,—all the literature that has ever been produced, all the inventions that have come to light, all the cities that have ever been built—in a word, the whole fabric of human civilization.*

What is this clot when chemically analyzed? It is carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, endowed with the affinity to enable it to combine with all the other elements necessary in the construction of the human body—all identical in every respect with those found in what we call Nature. Of such is the human form.

With microscopic vision, let us approach embryonic life in the form of a bundle of moving cells, and with earnest reverence endeavor to catch a glimpse, if possible, of that invisible power which shapes the future man. Behold the marshaling and grouping of those infinitely small particles of matter around the living germ; see it like a master builder arrange the material for its future structure; and after having arranged the necessary constituents in a manner best suited to its future interests with itself in the center, see it then, with an intuition stamped with divinity, select from among those constituents those which it requires for the construction of its grand purpose, and reject those which are prejudicial



to its life. Step by step, the great chemical compound assumes the human form, and upon the constant and daily renewal of the elements that I have mentioned in the way of food, does that form depend for its life and existence as well as its ability to think; and the more vigorously it thinks, the greater will be the waste of certain of those elements which are more directly engaged in the production of thought.

I am simply stating to you well-known facts, which, if we think at all, we are compelled to look fairly in the face. Let us view them honestly and reverently, without prejudice or dogmatism. We need not fear the loss of our cherished idols. These views are perfectly consistent with the most profound religious thought. Certainly, as the matter stands, there is no possibility of escaping the conclusion that the only condition upon which human thought can be produced is the sacrifice of the molecular life of the brain. *It transmits the message.* Our possibilities are outlined by the perceptions received from matter through the molecules of the brain; the connecting link between mind and matter. Here the matter of this planet has evidently reached its ultimate end, its final destiny. *The rock has given up its life that our forests and meadows may live. They, too, have given up their life that it may be found again in the flocks and herds of the plains. They are all on their journey to the molecules of the brain. They too die, that you and I may think, act, live. It would seem, then, to be a fairly rational conclusion, that humanity or human intelligence was the ultimate intention of the Universe.*

“ That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,—  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.”

In a short article, such as this must necessarily be, I cannot do more than merely approach the outskirts of this infinite theme. I am simply submitting to you the product of a few scattered hours of reflection. I have already alluded to that law which is expressed in the force which we call

chemical affinity. I wish to call your attention still further to this strange, invisible reality—this mysterious fondness, as we may justly call it, that the elements have for one another. In attempting to define it, we can simply say that it is the power which enables two elements to unite and become an entirely different substance from either of the elements that produced it. It is a marriage, as it were, in which the individuality of both husband and wife is lost in the production of a new form of matter. To this peculiar fondness or predisposition on the part of each element to unite with some other, we are indebted for all the compound forms of matter that enter into the composition of this planet. Each element has an individual energy of its own; all these individual energies have coalesced to accomplish a final purpose.

Let us proceed to examine some of the work that is accomplished by the individual energy of a few of the elements. Let us begin with oxygen and carbon. They are both elements. Oxygen is fond of carbon, and carbon is fond of oxygen. Whenever they are brought together under conditions favorable to their union, they will unite. With what results? The formation of heat. Let your mind run along the line and grasp if you can this great factor in the development of human thought and civilization, and then you may awake to a partial realization of what must have been contemplated when oxygen and carbon were endowed with a disposition to unite. In that disposition lies the promise of the product of millions of industries; the promise of the present great system of the world's commercial arteries, both by sea and land; the promise of homes and firesides. Yes, and the promise of the throbbing human heart itself.

*Did it ever occur to you that every thought of our existence is dependent on the fact that oxygen has a liking for carbon? All unconscious, the heaving human breast responds to the ebb and flow of atmospheric oxygen as it rolls in velvet waves into the millions of minute cavities of the lungs, washing with a touch of infinite delicacy one side of the microscopic membranes which form these cavities. Just here upon the opposite side of these delicate cavities the dark*

*molecules of carbonated venous blood, after having spent their oxygen, which means their life and energy among the tissues, along their journey from the extremities, meet the fresh atoms of oxygen; they pause a moment, standing cheek to cheek, and mouth to mouth, while the atoms of oxygen whisper the glad secret of renewed life to the weary travelers who, redeemed and exhilarated with fresh vigor, hasten back to the heart to again begin their oft repeated journey, distributing as they go elasticity and strength to the limb, the glow of health to the cheek, the expression of vice or crime, or the winning assurance of goodness and intelligence to the face.*

This is the same oxygen, remember, that has been hinting a higher purpose in thousands of other formations that enter into the composition of the earth's crust. The same carbon, too, that forms our coal fields and builds our forests. They are two great factors in shaping the conditions through which they—with all the other elements—could finally express the thought with which they are burdened from the beginning; which they have at last personified in ends, motives, passions, affections, likings, loves, and virtues.

Yes, blood and water, breath and air, light and sight, have been complements of each other from the beginning; they have long been lovers, so much so, that we cannot conceive of the one without the other. *The highest destiny of matter is the exhibition of intelligence. The investigation of its methods is our highest mission, because in that investigation, we will be brought closer to the spirit that produced it, and closer to one another.* The unfolding of the unlimited possibilities for the expansion of intelligence that are contained in the laws which generate the Universe, has simply begun. Humanity, however, will be slow to recognize the fact that the same laws which enable it to think, are constantly constructing the material which makes thought possible. The very identical laws that digest, assimilate and convert into reflections and activity the annual harvest, weave that harvest from the opening bud to the ripened sheaf. The commingling and conjunction of the life of the molecules of

the earth with the molecular life of the apple-seed, as they express themselves, first, in the bud with its delicate leaves, then in the trunk with its branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit, is equally as mysterious as the conjunction of the molecules of the brain when they exhibit the profoundest thought.

But let us pass on, after having already referred to the individual energy of two elements, and having called your attention briefly to the part played by their combining energy in the production of the human form, and the development of human intelligence. Let us now introduce a third—hydrogen, for example—one more link in the grand chain of evident purpose. What about hydrogen? Why, it too, has a liking for oxygen, and oxygen has a liking for it. What think you is the product of this silent, mysterious friendship on the part of these elements? The ocean, lakes and rivers; the water of the planet; two-thirds of the weight of the human body itself. Ponder for a moment over the uses and possibilities present as well as future that lie coiled up in this, the offspring resulting from the union of these two elements, and tell me, if you are still in doubt, that the construction of humanity was contemplated when these two elements were made one? If so, I ask you to watch that gathering rivulet on yonder mountain side, as it quenches the thirst of the weary prospector; murmuring and chattering on its journey to the thirsty valley, telling the glad story of its purpose through flower and forest, flocks and herds, meadows and orchards, telling it again in yonder weeping cloud, as it wanders on its mission of mercy emptying the only hope of vegetable life into the hungry soil; and watch it, still in the interests of humanity, as the strength of its elastic force is heard in the rumbling machinery of a million industries which it pushes into action, and as it hurries over the thousands of miles of national arteries, the necessities of life to the expectant nations, announcing in the grandeur of its latent might, "*I have humanity in view.*"

The present circumstances will not permit me to continue longer on this inexhaustible theme. I stated to you in the beginning that humanity was the intention of the Universe;

in other words, that we, ourselves, are the final product of the individual and combined energies of every element on this planet. I have only referred to the conduct and evident intentions of a few; but there is not a single law that is engaged in the construction of this planet that is not represented in the construction and maintenance of the human form. *There is not a single element found in the human body that is not found in the hills and forests and in the lower animals.* The same all-pervading intelligence that infused life into the whirling atoms of the nebular mass, enabling them to assume the form of this solid spherical planet upon which we live, has enabled them to assume the form and uses of this beautiful vegetable world of ours, with its countless charms of color and fragrance—this same intelligence has enabled them to assume the form of the creeping insect, the beast of the forest, the cattle upon the plains, as well as the divinely impressive human face, which has been expressed in duplicate, the one, the sweet tender complement of its more rugged brother,—the same element throughout the whole journey, governed by the same laws and endowed with an incomprehensible capacity of rearrangement and expression.

*We have at last arrived. When did we begin? We began in the mind of the great inscrutable, unnameable First Cause; and HE has constructed the Universe through which, and by means of which, HE has expressed us. We are the fruit of that tree whose roots are nestled in the bosom of the Infinite One. In HIM and through HIM we live, breathe, move, and have our being. When shall we end? When HE shall end. Let not our hearts be troubled. This stupendous fabric of individualized thought is here to stay, and when the last kind, sad offices of the dying bed are finished, and we instinctively prepare, with kindly tears, to lay the body in the bosom of its mother, from whose breast it has received its morning, noon, and evening life, we must remember that matter has simply done the work it has been commissioned to do. Here its functions end.*

*The question naturally arises, whence does matter spring? Our answer is, from out the bosom of God.*

# “PATIENCE WORTH” AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

CASPER YOST

*“Flesh doth fall unto naught, and yet that that setteth the tung for to speak still remaineth. Then look ye! I be me, even as thou art thee. For what be me be the all of ye that be ye.”—Patience Worth.*

**W**HETHER a belief in the immortality of the soul may be established or strengthened by the case of “Patience Worth,” is, of course, entirely dependent upon the opinion one may form of that intelligence. If “Patience Worth” is a product of the subconscious operations of Mrs. Curran’s mind, as the result of external impressions, or as the outcropping of stored inheritances, the case has, perhaps, no direct bearing upon the question of immortality. It is simply an amazing and beautiful phenomenon of psychology. But if “Patience Worth” is a separate and independent personality, using Mrs. Curran merely as a medium of transmission for her words, then, indeed, it becomes a matter of tremendous significance in relation to the problem of soul perpetuity. If “Patience Worth” is what she claims to be, an inhabitant of a region outside of and beyond human consciousness and human life, she is positive evidence of the existence of such a region and such a habitation, and her assurances are worthy of acceptance. I cannot conceive any neutrality of position in this matter. She is either the one or the other; she is either Mrs. Curran or she is not Mrs. Curran. I freely concede that there may be, and doubtless is, a sort of twilight zone wherein it is difficult to distinguish between what is mind and what may be spirit. But the personality of “Patience Worth” is too sharply defined, too vivid, for place in this shadowy region. She is not a phantom in a fog.

Subconsciousness is the usual naturalistic explanation of such phenomena as this, and in my own limited acquaintance with psychic or spirit matters I have found it, or have thought that I found it, quite sufficient. But it does not explain “Patience Worth.” Mrs. Curran’s reading, education, and associations give not the slightest foundation for such a production. Her education did not touch English literature; her reading has been almost exclusively current; her tastes and ambitions have always drawn her toward music rather than toward books. She has read nothing of an archaic character, none of the older poets or prose writers, no books upon English literature of the past. Her father was a newspaper man, but his literary interests, too, were contemporaneous. She lived during a few years of her childhood in a small village in the Ozarks, near St. Louis. There she

was in the midst of a rude and somewhat illiterate people, but their language is no more archaic than that of the rural population of some parts of New England, New York, Virginia, and many other states; and although I, also, spent my youth in the Ozarks and am familiar with its idioms, I have been unable to find a single one of its verbal peculiarities in the speech of "Patience Worth." In short, there can be only negative responses to all inquiries as to the circumstances of Mrs. Curran's life that might be supposed to have a bearing upon the subconscious theory of production.

Subliminal genius might account for the literature, by a great stretch of one's credence, but how may one explain the language and the knowledge? Here is shown not merely an acquaintance with literary English of a past period, but with many dialects of England. "Patience Worth" changes her form of speech and writing at will. Each of her important prose productions is dialectically different from the others, and yet it is always unquestionably Patience Worth who writes them. Whatever the dialect of each may be, it is consistently maintained throughout the work. She has written, and is now writing, four long stories. The first was "Red Wing," a story in dramatic form. The second was "Telka," a novel in the modern sense. The third, on which she is now engaged, is a tale of Judea in the time of Christ, which she calls "The Sorry Tale." The fourth is a humorous story of medieval England, tentatively entitled "The Merry Tale," which she is writing apparently as a relief from the intense seriousness and profound emotion of "The Sorry Tale," the composition of the two stories proceeding simultaneously, or, rather, alternating. Often she works at both stories in the course of an evening. The language of "Red Wing" is quite different from that of "Telka," which in turn bears little resemblance to that of "The Merry Tale." All three are in colloquial English, but each one is in a dialect that, taken as a whole, was, in all probability, never spoken, and certainly never written. Each seems to be a composite of dialect words and idioms of different periods and different localities of England. The characteristics of "Telka" are mainly southern—the region of Wessex; but it contains many words peculiar to northern counties or to Scotland. The language of "The Merry Tale" is distinguished by some of the inflections of middle England of three centuries ago. But "The Sorry Tale" is not in dialect, in the sense in which the word is applied to the others. It is a literary tongue somewhat resembling the language of the King James version of the Bible in form and style, but with the unmistakable verbal peculiarities of "Patience Worth."

The knowledge displayed of material facts is equally mystifying. Some evidence of her familiarity with English life and customs has been given, but "The Sorry Tale" takes her into different lands and

different times. She enters the Palestine of 2,000 years ago and reveals a knowledge of the minutia of its life that is simply amazing. The social customs of Romans, Greeks, Jews, and Arabians, the dress, the household furniture and implements, the religions, and religious observances, the commercial methods, the relations between the ruling Romans and the subject Jews,—these and innumerable other details are depicted with intimacy and verity. Time after time have I searched through many volumes to verify a statement of fact of a nature not to be found in histories, and invariably her accuracy has been proven whenever I could discover any authoritative reference to the subject.

If contact with old English could be assumed to account for the stories of England, how is one to explain "The Sorry Tale" by subconscious operation? If there is anything in the theory of "stored inheritances," can such inheritances accumulate through 2,000 years? What is the difference between a naturalistic theory that complacently accepts the miraculous, although spurning the word, and a belief in the supernatural?

Most of us are disposed to jump sideways when the word "supernatural" is mentioned. None of us know exactly what it means, but we have a feeling that it isn't proper to have any association with it. I have that feeling, and I shall not attach the term to "Patience Worth." Neither would I willingly apply the word "spirit" to her, because, in the first place, I do not know what a spirit is, and have my doubts about the knowledge of other people; and, second, because it is commonly used as a synonym for ghosts, wraiths, spooks, and other shadowy creatures unpopular in good society. It is true that "Patience" has several times humorously referred to herself as a wraith. A friend sent her an ancient spinning wheel which greatly delighted her, but she insisted that a spinster and a spinning wheel required a tabby to complete the harmony. It must be a brindle tom, one that would arch its back and "spit" when aroused. Cats of that character seemed to be scarce in St. Louis; and in the absence of anything better, an exceedingly emaciated feline was accepted on the theory that it could be developed to the specifications. But, alas! after a few days it died. And Patience exclaimed: "A wraith of a cat for a wraith of a dame!" I do not recall that she has used the term seriously.

But whatever the terminology, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that here, at least, is something outside of human personality, something definite, consistent, intellectual, compelling attention. Whatever we may designate it, it seems indubitably to be something that has lived in the flesh and that yet lives when the flesh is gone. It knows the flesh, its sorrows, its joys, its weaknesses. It reveals a most intimate knowledge of humanity, and it has in itself the emotional



and spiritual attributes of humanity. May we not then call it a soul!

But, it will have been noticed, she is little concerned in the direct evidences of her personality. She relies upon her words to prove herself. Words are a form of proof that can be spread before the world, that can be examined and analyzed in the calm atmosphere of the study, and that may be preserved indefinitely. She has a definite and steadily maintained plan of action. All her works have a purpose; first, to establish the certainty and genuineness of her personality; and, second, to deliver a message. By presenting a body of literature in linguistic form, or forms, absolutely unique, which no man would be likely to attempt, and which none, perhaps, could execute, she undoubtedly expects to prove that "I be me." The reference here is primarily to compositions that are yet to appear in print. "Patience Worth" is a continuing phenomenon. The first book about her is merely introductory. The larger literature is to come. When she has confirmed the independence of her personality by means of this literature, when she has proven by it that she is a soul unconfined by flesh, then the message that she is delivering, the assurances and the promises of another life, may find acceptance. For the present it is enough to know that she is the tenderest, most lovable intelligence that has spoken from out the Beyond in twenty centuries.

## CHALLENGE

SIDNEY AUSTIN WITHERBEE

“**F**ULL many a flower is born to blush unseen  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air—”  
 Mr. Gray was wrong I ween—  
 There is no desert, if a flower is there.  
 Where 'er you find a flower there is a bird;  
 Where 'er you find a bird there is a stream,  
 And where there is a stream, there's always heard,  
 Rippling music—as in some sweet dream.  
 There never was a flower that blushed unseen;  
 For if they blush where man has never trod,  
 Full many a bee consorting with its queen  
 Has glimpsed their sweetness by the grace of God.  
 I know the deserts well, empty and bare—  
 Like empty hearts, there are no flowers there.

# IMMINENT CONSTITUTIONAL SHAMS

MALCOLM H. LAUCHHEIMER

**T**HE present epoch of social legislation has thrown upon the courts a heavier burden than was formerly their lot. The economic delinquencies of the laissez-faire theory of state inaction have been fully appreciated by present-day communities, and strenuous efforts have been made in the direction of economic readjustment through legislation. Beginning in the real spirit of German social reform, although England broke the laissez-faire ice, this social legislation has spread over the whole civilized world. However, in Germany and in England and especially in the Dominions, this legislation has had its greatest stimulus and its furthest development. It is an interesting fact that most of these experiments in economic readjustment have been tested in countries where there is no constitutional check on the legislating body; where, as Professor Burgess would say, there is no well-defined sphere of personal liberty.

These experiments seem to have worked well in the above countries. Within the last quarter of a century, the American States have seen that this legislation is good and have slowly adopted it for their own. But in the United States there is always one more difficulty in the way of any legislation than there is in most other countries, the constitutional difficulty: *we have a written Constitution enforced by a most powerful Supreme Court.*

That was the hitch! The courts would be confronted with an economically desirable law backed overwhelmingly by popular opinion, but rather startlingly opposed to the letter of the Constitution. The inevitable happened. Our Constitution was made for all time. The courts construed the Constitution liberally and elastically. They interpreted it in the light of reason and of contemporaneous thought and not as an immutable God-sent revelation. They interpreted it as a statement of fundamental policy, not as an iron-clad rule. More bluntly but more truthfully, the written Constitution tended under the continued assaults of the social reformers and through the elasticity of judicial opinion to approximate the unwritten constitutions of England. *But only tended.* The judges are a conscientious lot representing the best, though perhaps the most conservative, type of American mind; they are entrusted with the guarding and the preservation of the Constitution; and sometimes they resisted the too vigorous showings of the reformers. Then the outcry; then the criticism; then the constitutional amendments. But the showing continued and the courts had

to give way a little more unless there was devised some counter tendency, some counter philosophy with which to resist the legislatures. These counter tendencies, however, were themselves often made use of to support a radical movement, and the Constitution would be again besieged. Thus it can be said that in certain respects our constitution is tending toward an extreme elasticity, almost toward an unchecking convention. This is especially true of the "due process of law" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and of the commerce clause—though this evolution is by no means confined to these clauses. In this paper, I have attempted to trace briefly this constitutional tendency in the interpretation of these two clauses in social and industrial legislation, especially by the Supreme Court of the United States; and, though not presuming to champion the courts, to present at least a rational description of this development.

The "due process of law" clause of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments is usually traced back to the *per legem terrae* of the Magna Charta and even beyond; but, as a rule of substantive law, its development is very recent and practically entirely American. No sooner, however, was this doctrine evolved upon its substantive side than it was found to be too stringent a limitation upon the legislative power for present day needs. Almost immediately, therefore, there were conceived exceptions which almost removed the proposed legislation from the restriction of the Constitution. The power of the state over its governmental institutions and over corporations, except as limited by the Dartmouth College case, were ready at the hands of the jurist, and the doctrines of businesses tinged with a public interest and of the inherent police power of the state were quickly evolved to limit the limitation. It would be interesting to discuss the exceptions to the due process of law clause discovered by the courts in each of these doctrines; but, for the purposes of this paper, a study of the extension of the police power will lead to the desired end.

For it must be understood that practically all labor legislation—quite the most interesting of social legislation—has been justified under the police power. Laws insuring the safety of employment were, of course, clearly within the police power of the state to provide for the health and safety of its citizens. Naturally enough, also, laws requiring the sanitation of places of employment were upheld. The next step was the sustaining of laws regulating the hours of employment in certain industries dangerous to health or safety in various ways. This was rather a big step in that direction of development—in truth, it was a step bridging a chasm. But the courts approached this legislation from another angle than solely as an extension of health and safety legislation, and they were somewhat helped in this by the chronological order in which the laws were brought before them. Really, the first labor

legislation was in the nature of a protection to women and children. Now, the common law itself recognized these two classes as entitled to some protection so that these early enactments did not tax the imagination of the courts. Gradually, they were led along this line of legislation at the same time that they were upholding safety and sanitary enactments; so that, when the time came to declare constitutional a reasonable regulation of the hours of employment of men, women, and children in certain noxious employments, rather as a matter of course, though there was backfiring and hesitation in certain ill-considered and now discredited cases, the courts gracefully accepted the laws. Yes, a chasm was bridged; for, in order to uphold these laws, the public welfare had to be considered worthy of the protection of the police power.

The next step was the acceptance of laws regulating the hours of employment of women and children in all occupations, with a few exceptions on account of administrative expediency. This is the present water-mark of the Supreme Court. Subject only to the constitutional check of reasonableness—and a measure must be very unreasonable for the courts to question the sagacity of the legislature—the legislature may regulate the conditions of employment of women and children. It would seem, also, that the same thing might be undertaken for men. Not that I am endeavoring to prophesy as to constitutional questions—and, moreover, it is hardly likely that such a law will be enacted—but a logical development of the police power would naturally justify such legislation.

Of more practical importance is the question of minimum wage legislation for women. A case testing the constitutionality of such a law has been before the Supreme Court for over a year and the decision is greatly in doubt. However, one court, from which this appeal is taken, has sustained the law. It upheld the law very logically on the ground that it was a just exercise of the police power; for, if laws regulating the conditions surrounding the workers are proposed safeguards for the state to erect around its citizens; if laws regulating the hours of labor perform a proper service in conserving the health of the workingman—why is it not possible to show a reasonable connection between the minimum wage and the health of the worker in order to justify state interference here? The Oregon court did this and the Consumers' League has done it in an elaborate brief filed by it in the appeal before the Supreme Court. Of course, these laws are a serious restriction upon the freedom of contract; but that is a question of policy and expediency for the legislators, not a question of law. The courts have established the police power and have willingly refused to define or delimit the term. In the gradual evolution of ideas, this exception to potentially one of the most stringent constitutional limitations has served as a justification for act after act of labor legislation,

and it is hard to see that the minimum wage laws entail a more serious extension of the police power than do laws fixing the hours of labor.

Some, however, are inclined to argue that the police power has been extended to its utmost and even beyond. They view rather with alarm the minimum wage laws, but they absolutely outlaw the recent social product of the legislatures, the workmen's compensation laws. These acts are, it is true, more of an incursion upon the "due process of law" clause than any other labor legislation and do bring up a new phase of the matter. The typical American law imposes upon every employer covered by the act a vicarious liability, without reference to fault, for every injury, except wilful self-injury and those caused by drunkenness, happening to an employee within the course of his or her employment. Frankly considered, it is a taking of property from one class, the employers, and handing it to another, the employees, upon the happening of a contingency. The pure compulsory compensation law has been squarely before only one court which found it unconstitutional, but slightly adulterated laws have been rather generally upheld throughout the country and the decision of this one court was quickly repudiated by an amendment to the state constitution. Yet, as far as fine, technical law is concerned, this opinion of the New York court is the best treatment of the compensation movement. The opinion was merely too narrow, it did not fairly meet the question. No consideration was given to the police power and it is under this power that the laws must be upheld.

The legislatures, after careful examination, have determined that there is a close relation between the safety and welfare of the public and an indiscriminate compensation for all accidents happening to workmen; they have seen fit to charge this compensation entirely to the industry and not, as abroad, half to the industry and half to workingman, or by some such arrangement. The American acts have gone further than most of the foreign acts, but they have merely added another implied term to every contract between employer and employee; they have merely further limited the freedom of contract; and, since their provisions are intimately connected with the safety and welfare of the people, it would certainly seem that a logical extension of the police power would justify them.

It is the gradual, logical extension of this exception to the constitutional limitation, this gradual elimination of the Constitution which incited the remark earlier made that our formal written Constitution is approaching in many respects a merely conventional constitution. Many lawyers argue very brilliantly that a certain social reform is unconstitutional though, they concede, economically justified: they say that we have tied our hands by a written Constitution and must abide by it. Not so the courts. Their attitude is well expressed by Justice

Holmes in *Noble State Bank vs. Haskell* (219 U. S. 104), when he stated :

*"It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."*

The courts are very slow to press the words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a dryly logical extreme and to read into the Constitution a *nolumus mutare* as against the lawmaking power.

Viewing the constitutional provision in this light, we must admit that one line of cases dealing with labor laws unpleasantly demands some attempt at reconciliation with its environment. Many, indeed a majority, of the states have passed what may be termed anti-black-listing laws prohibiting either the discharge or the non-employment of laborers because of their membership in a labor union. Yet, in spite of this "strong and preponderant opinion" of the necessity of this legislation, the courts throughout the country, even including the Supreme Court, with only one minor exception have declared these laws unconstitutional. It is easy enough to criticize the courts for their action in these cases, to remind them that it is not for them to exercise a veto on legislative policy or to declare that it is not public policy to place the labor union on the same rank as the state militia when the legislature has declared such to be its interpretation of policy. But there is perhaps an explanation of this action of the courts, which would not necessitate such vociferation as usually meets the mention of these cases.

The wedge being driven by social legislation has been forced by the reformers at an increasing rate of speed. The courts have had to swallow many a law which did not seem exactly legal. "Have had to," I say, for *the courts are sworn to uphold the Constitution, and they naturally do not look with pleasure upon the gradual whittling away of that instrument.* Moreover, we must give them credit for foreseeing where the present road of constitutional extension will lead. They are, therefore, endeavoring to develop a counter tendency of constitutional limitation, which will, when fully conceived, serve as a check upon state encroachment. For those who believe in unionism rather than socialism, the *Coppage* case is an unfortunate decision. It is natural, however, that the courts, which have been compelled to advance as far towards socialism as the minimum wage through the inherent logic of their own decisions, should attempt to establish the wedge of limitation by their opposition to the legality of state-aided unionism. It is not the intention here to defend the *Coppage* decision; it can only be viewed with equanimity as a mere eddy which will soon be wiped out. The

attitude of the courts to the Fourteenth Amendment is a liberal one and the extension of the police power alone is fast relegating the "due process of law" clause to the realm of political shams. The antagonistic attitude of the courts to the anti-blacklisting laws should not be considered a reactionary tendency pure and simple, but more in the nature of a recoil before a new and unfamiliar kind of legislation as in the Bakeshop case.

The commerce clause has had a very different development. The same tendency towards a convention rather than a strict Constitution is evident here as well as in the "due process of law" interpretation, but at the same time this tendency as to the commerce clause furnishes some interesting contrasts. Instead of a startlingly rapid development, the commerce clause has gone through a series of gradual and often imperceptible changes, although, to be sure, the greatest change here too has been within the last quarter of a century. The gradualness of the development accounts for most of the differences between the evolution of this clause and of the "due process of law" clause and especially for the comparatively even growth of the commerce clause. Its development is unbroken by such decisions as the Bakeshop and Coppage cases, or rather, if these decisions ever occurred, they have been assimilated by time into the full evolution. This tendency too has manifested itself in two parallel lines of cases, one extending the power of the federal government over the economic affairs of the country, and the other not exactly curtailing the federal government but extending the power of the state government over interstate matters.

The first manifestation of this tendency has been evident for so long and has been so often set forth that it is not worth while to dilate on it here except in the broadest outlines. The growth of this country from thirteen separated colonies to a unified nation has necessitated the development of some federal control. Not only has the importance of interstate commerce increased astoundingly and the modes of commerce become unbelievably numerous, but the interrelation of interstate commerce with the internal trade and industry of the State has demanded that some centralizing influence exert itself upon these internal affairs. Congress has usually heeded the call; and the courts *ex necessitati*, though of course they do not rely upon this argument, have upheld the legislation.

Until the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, the courts were rather inclined to limit than to extend the commerce clause. But this law, so innocent and indeed seemingly so unimportant in its primary conception, has gradually itself grown to gigantic proportions; it has, moreover, prepared the mind of the country as well as the judiciary to receive most naturally new evidences of federal control. This law is, of course, an obvious exercise of the commerce power, and indeed none

of its amendments except perhaps one extension of the rate-making power of the Interstate Commerce Commission contains any revolutionary developments. Closely following upon this law was the Sherman Anti-trust Act. This law, too, was innocent enough on its face; the early interpretations confined the act to commerce and excluded industry, or manufacturing, from its operation. But this restriction was soon repudiated and under this law and its recent reenactment, the federal government has intermeddled with many state manufacturing businesses whose merchandise was later to become articles of interstate commerce. Of course, ostensibly the government has only legislated against combinations in restraint of interstate commerce, but this was merely a blind to protect the sham inviolability of the distribution of powers under the commerce clause. Under the Commerce Act, moreover, the federal government through the agency of the Commerce Commission can now practically regulate rates on State railroads, for, under the Rate Cases, a State-fixed rate cannot operate to vary the effect of a federally fixed interstate rate. And with the full growth of the Federal Trade Commission, it seems that we are on the verge of a thorough federal control of the big industrial problems through the agency of the commerce clause.

Closely connected with this growth of the federal control over industrial problems is the attempted, if not yet accomplished, extension of the power of Congress over labor conditions within the states. This is an extension of the police power of the central government over interstate commerce which has manifested itself in the outlawing from interstate commerce such articles as diseased cattle, adulterated food, and explosives. Such an exercise of this power was perfectly normal, but when the Supreme Court upheld the lotteries act, the door was opened for an extension of this power much beyond the strict limits of the Constitution. A logical development of this power was made use of when the vice commissions startled the country with their report of the extent of the white-slave traffic, and now this power has been naturally turned to introduce uniformity in the legislation of the states against child labor and even against tenement-made goods.

There is hardly any doubt of the value and desirability of this legislation and increasingly less doubt as to its ultimate constitutionality, though there will have to be a stretching of precedent to uphold it. As there is a demand for the legislation the courts are not inclined to deny the validity of it when it can be upheld. But in allowing this legislation, the constitution must give way and, in these instances, the commerce clause must be stretched beyond recognition. This clause still has some vitality but the line of decisions and laws just considered testify that it too is becoming more of a convention than a written limitation.



This tendency is equally as manifest in the other line of decisions centering around the commerce clause which rather protract the commerce clause by giving to the States more power to be self-sufficient and to establish their boundaries as a protection of their own interests. This line of cases is a rather short line, to be sure, but yet very significant. Their result is to authorize the delegation by Congress of part of its power over interstate commerce to the states. These cases, though the legal reasoning<sup>1</sup> upon which they are based is perfectly valid, seem absolutely opposed to the spirit as well as the letter of the constitution and were only justified by the courts by circuitous reasoning. They differ from the line of cases just considered in that they violate a fundamental maxim of constitutional law; whereas the other cases merely expand a power after the natural tendency of constitutions to expand. But it is not the purpose of this paper to criticize, and these cases do illustrate the tendency of the commerce clause to disappear.

Beginning back as far as the first half of the nineteenth century, the Supreme Court has been justifying the attempts of the states to regulate interstate commerce incidentally in the exercise of their inherent police power. In fact, it was in these cases that the concept of the police power first made its appearance. The states were moreover able to impose inspection duties upon articles of interstate commerce as long as the duties were merely for inspection purposes and were able to prohibit the importation of any harmful articles. But, if the articles were not *deleterious per se*, the states could not legislate against them in the absence of Congressional action, for Congress by its silence implied that the interstate traffic in these articles should be unconstrained.

Thus to recapitulate, *there is very evident in recent decisions, and even more evident in recent laws, a tendency to relegate the "due process of law" and the interstate commerce limitations to the limbo of constitutional shams.* Social legislation is needed, and it is quite as proper to entrust the constitution to the care of a representative legislature as to the courts. Of course, this is a change, a fundamental change, in American political theory and reactions must be expected; but it seems a change inevitable in the face of our comparatively unamendable constitution. Whether the change is for the better or worse, I leave to the debates of the political theorists.

# PREPAREDNESS—AND WOMEN

FRANCES WENTWORTH CUTLER

OF all the ironies of war, none is stranger than this—that it should grant a woman's wish. Yet so it is. From women who have seen their age-old tasks seized by machine industry has arisen the demand to share again their heritage of common work. "We claim all labor for our province": so these women, in the words of Olive Schreiner, have challenged a man-made world.

Today it is the world that challenges women. Seldom has a wish been more literally granted. Unwarned, unprepared, the women of Europe have been plunged out of their idea-tight sphere into the vast province of all labor. What they have claimed has been thrust upon them. What will they do with it?

Some of it they will surely keep. Many of the new opportunities are those which women were already winning, slowly but inevitably. The forces of custom and prejudice which war has shattered at a blow were gradually weakening before their irresistible advance. Governments may rule that these doors to wider service and opportunity shall again close to women after the war. But there are those who prophesy otherwise. What an Englishwoman writes of the share of the women doctors holds true for other professions: "Their real advance will be found in the openings—never to be closed again—that they have gained." Harriet Stanton Blatch, writing of the conference of the Union of Women Workers in England, says: "There was no doubt in my mind that Englishwomen desired to enter paid fields of work, and regarded as permanent the great increase in their employment." The conclusion of these women workers has been echoed by men of science. A committee of the British Association appointed to investigate the replacement of male by female labor "found itself in entire disagreement with the idea that the increased employment of women was a passing phase."

We may share these beliefs, although we recognize that many of the new tasks are but temporary. We read the story of the woman munition maker with admiration for the spirit, endurance, and skill which are actually winning her not only economic independence but a higher social status. A recent letter in *The Nation* declares: "The sense of direct patriotic service associated with the making of shells and cartridges has distinctly raised the social grade of the munition woman worker, who is now quite able to hold her own with the operatives in the cleaner and erstwhile more genteel occupations of

making fancy articles and jewelry." Yet we cannot wish that woman should hold provinces into which she has been thrust by the nation's sore need rather than by her own fitness.

But if the war-worker were content simply to assert her claim to her new tasks, she would ere long lose this greatest of her opportunities. For the future of woman's work rests on her ability to keep by her power and fitness what she has gained through the world's catastrophe. Hence the significance of her demand in Europe today not only for equal place and equal pay, but for equal preparation for work. From every warring country the demand echoes. In Germany it comes from the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine, which, not content with mobilizing the housewives of the empire to meet the food crisis, is working for continuation schools and vocational training for every girl. In England the Central Committee on Women's Employment, organized to provide for the unemployed women in the vanished "luxury trades," is more and more devoting itself to training these women for better work at fitter tasks. The women's unions are working toward the same end; and the Committee of the British Association already quoted goes on to recommend improved technical training for girls as well as for boys. And this is England, where before the war women were excluded from all but a few skilled trades! But war has worked strange changes in the British heart. One statesman, Mrs. Fawcett tells us, who has always asserted that woman's place is in the home, is now "using all his eloquence to encourage women to come out of their homes in order to save them, to serve their homes by working in the fields or munition factories!" Even the government, so slow to utilize or organize its potential woman power, has learned from dire emergency. The Ministry of Munitions has established nearly seventy free training centers where its women recruits are prepared for their part in munition work. The French government, with greater foresight, had already thrown open its technical schools to its reserve army of women workers.

New opportunities for work and for training—opportunities that must carry social and political recognition with them—are two veritable gains for women, though purchased by untold anguish. But even with these she cannot meet the challenge of tomorrow's demand unless with them comes a third and greater gain—a truer sense of values in her work. No need is deeper than this among women—those who have never known the joy of useful work, and those who boast of a civilization that permits women to be boiler-makers! We are realizing that the woman at home, freed from her household bondage by the bakery, the laundry, and the factory, must find new work to fill her days and her mind. But is the idle parasite a greater evil, to herself or her children, than the unprotected, underpaid sweatshop-worker? Where

is our sense of life-values when we vaunt the right of women to be exploited?

Yet the lesson is even now written for those who will read. *War, which has tested so many of the values of our civilization and found them wanting, is weighing women's work in its merciless balance.* When hostilities broke out it was the "luxury trades" (which claim so much of the unskilled, sweated labor of women) that were the first to vanish. Today much of this unproductive work is unmissed. The reason is not far to seek: the women for whom these luxuries existed are living for larger ends than dressing and shopping.

*But this quickened sense of values, born of the necessity of war, does not stop with the checking of woman's useless work. It has given a new reason to her oldest "sphere." The endless drudgery of home work has been lightened by her new aid—to do "her bit." For even statesmen are recognizing that expert housekeeping may be her greatest contribution to the national service. Separation allowances are proving to the soldiers' wives that "their work as housewives and mothers has a value recognized by governments in hard cash."*

The National Woman's Service, which is teaching cookery and food conservation to the German peasant women; the Anti-Waste Campaign which Englishwomen are waging—these may prove to be national defenses stronger than Zeppelins and submarines. For such movements do not end with the conservation of material resources. *They are turning the isolated, wasteful drudgery of housework into purposeful, creative work. Greater than waste of wealth is waste of work; for waste of work is waste of life. War, that drives men to destroy life, is forcing women to do and to value aright the work that conserves life.*

But is all this nothing to us? Shall we women of America look on unmoved, or roused only to the immediate tasks that relieve needs but stifle imaginations—to making bandages or marching in preparedness parades? Shall we sit unseeing while the women of Europe wring from their war-toil the power for larger service, the knowledge of the values of work?

*A leader of Frenchwomen has said that the future of European nations will depend largely upon the attitude which women now take toward their new obligations.* At any moment those obligations may be upon us. Three times in as many years we have seen our country brought to the verge of war. Are we prepared to do our part, to enter our province of labor?

*Perhaps not, while our old provinces are still unconquered; while women work in tenements as dangerous as trenches; while others throng around bargains that may have cost the health and joy of the makers; while more waste energy in unintelligent house-drudgery.*

*What could we do, with purpose quickened and vision clarified by this war? We could insist on an educational system that should develop the individual, that should fit him, and her, for expert service rather than for industrial exploitation. And while thus making ready for the new demands that are pressing upon us, we could see to it that our shops, our factories, our kitchens, are fit for the women who work there. We could resolve so to live, so to shop, as to lessen the useless work of others; and we could perhaps lessen our own useless work—the tidies and doylies with which we clutter our homes and our hours. We could, each one of us, do our work with the will to realize its latent life-giving values.*

Here is the promise of a real Preparedness for women.

## BROTHER

HENRY LEVERAGE

**G**IVE me the sky and let me see  
 The star on high that's guiding thee;  
 Unbind mine eyes so I can praise  
 The God I knew of other days.

Recall His love, for hate is not  
 And ne'er can be my earthly lot,  
 When the same God who bade me live  
 Died so that He would me forgive.

If you in Him have found your trust,  
 Recall that I, not you, were thrust  
 By every circumstance and fate;  
 And I went wrong and you went straight.

If faith you'll keep with Him above,  
 Unbind my bonds with hands of love;  
 For if I'm sunk in deepest shame  
 To save is sweeter than to blame.

Lend me your arms if me you seek,  
 Strengthen my faith for I am weak;  
 Lift me up so that I can see  
 The star on high that's calling me.

# ETHICS IN HUNTING GAME

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund

**M**ILLIONS of American game birds and mammals have been killed because of the rotten ethics of the hunting field. Yes, I am aware of the fact that "rotten" is a rough and jarring word; but in the whole wide range of the English language there is no other that adequately expresses the truth of this situation.

Out of the 3,000,000 men and boys of America who own guns and kill wild things, it is a safe guess that 2,500,000 of them do not know the meaning of the word "ethics," as it should apply to the shot-gun and the rifle. It is therefore very much in order to quote here the language of the Century Dictionary; and we hope that it will somewhat clarify a very murky atmosphere.

"Ethics.—The science of right conduct and character; the science which treats of the nature and grounds of *moral obligation*, and of the rules which ought to determine conduct in accordance with this obligation; the doctrine of *man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others.*"

During the pioneer and frontier days of our country, the hungry and needy citizen, who "struggled mightily with his environment," shot right and left, in order to live. He killed game at all seasons. He killed female deer; he killed fawns, and ate them. He potted quail and grouse on the ground; he killed water-fowl with swivel guns; he fished in and out of season, with nets, gang hooks, spears, and snares.

For years the needy backwoodsmen slaughtered and slew, without let or hindrance; but because his numbers were few, he made little impression upon the general stock of game. His rifle calibers were small, and his powder was black and scarce. He did indeed early exterminate the elk and buffalo from the whole region eastward of the Mississippi; but the remainder of the game held its own.

Finally, with the rise of fat cattle, hogs, wheat and Plenty, there came a great increase in people and guns; and then it occurred to the few that the game was "going, too fast." Certain legal brakes were put on to check the killing. But the game laws of fifty years ago were not devised for the lofty purpose of giving the game a square deal, and a sporting chance to get away from the hunter; not by any means. We are sure that the sole object sought was the retarding of the slaughter of the deer, and the birds then shot as "game," in order that they might not be exterminated too soon.

But another great change has come. Twenty years ago the "frontier" and the "pioneer" passed away from the United States, forever. High-power rifles and shotguns began to flow from the gun factories, by the hundred thousands, and cartridges were turned out in hundreds of millions.

Simultaneously, a few sportsmen scattered here, there, and yonder began to preach and to practice the doctrine of a square deal to the remaining game. In my opinion, the universal fight under this head began in the United States in 1897. At that time there entered the field the New York Zoological Society, Mr. George O. Shields with *Recreation Magazine*, and the New York and Massachusetts State Audubon Societies.

To my mind, the year mentioned saw the real beginning of the present wide-spread effort to establish a universal code of ethics and statute laws to govern the hunting of American game. On this point, however, there will be more opinions than there are different kinds of firearms; which is saying much. Curiously enough, it was in 1894 that the Bird Protection Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union solemnly "asked to be discharged, the need for such committee being considered no longer urgent, of late its functions having been merely advisory, and its services not often required!" (The Auk, Vol. XI, page 87.)

In 1897 Mr. Shields editorially coined the word "game-hog"; and he used that harsh and jarring term with such fearful effect that tens of thousands of hunters who were hit by it immediately began to salve their soreness by hating the author and user of the word. And, strange to say, thousands of men who were not themselves game-hogs became deeply sympathetic in behalf of their friends who were; and they joyously joined in hating the author of their friends' woes, until very many American sportsmen and game-hogs finally met on that common ground! It is, however, a satisfaction to record the fact that Mr. Shields has survived and held his own, latterly on the lecture platform, before which the great Common People hear him gladly.

We repeat that during the past twenty years of concentrated effort in game destruction and game defense, millions of valuable game mammals and birds have been wrongfully slaughtered because of the absence of ethics in hunting. Even down to the present hour, the various states of our nation form a veritable crazy quilt of good game laws, indifferent laws, bad laws, and shameful lack of laws. In every state with imperfect laws, the underlying and outcropping reason for that condition is a lack of personal and state sense of honor and responsibility in dealing with defenseless wild creatures. This in turn is based upon two things: ignorance and selfishness; and there is always a line beyond which selfishness becomes a crime.

A state or a nation can be ungentlemanly or mean, just the same as an individual.

For example: When Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin stop spring shooting, and Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois sullenly refuse to do so, it is worse than bad state ethics. It is indecent; and everywhere in civilization indecency is a crime. Of course the reason is very plain. The spring-shooters of Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois want all the dead ducks they want, when they want them; and to them, ducks killed in the breeding season are just as good for their tables as any others.

In 1914 a majority of the people of California, in spite of an immense majority on the right side in Southern California, voted to continue the sale of game, for the cash benefit of a small, utterly selfish but financially and editorially powerful class. It was disgracefully bad ethics on the part of Northern California.

Up to this date seventeen states have raised their ethical standard to the height of sternly prohibiting by law the killing of female deer.

These honorable states are the following:

Vermont	Wisconsin
New York	Oklahoma
Pennsylvania	New Mexico
New Jersey	Arizona
West Virginia	Utah
Georgia	Idaho
Alabama	Oregon
Mississippi	California
Missouri	

Two other states, Florida and Texas, have the "buck law" on their statute books, but I am told that neither of them enforce it and so I must omit them from the roll of honor.

But on this point, take the case of the Adirondack guides, and the last legislature of New York, as vicious examples.

For reasons of their own, but none of them good, the guides of the Adirondacks demand the privilege of killing female deer. They do this despite the fact that at least 95 per cent of all the people of the state who know the deer situation are strongly opposed to that reprehensible practice. In the spring of 1916, despite the vigorous opposition of nearly all the game-protecting bodies of New York State, a doe-killing bill was slipped through both houses of the legislature, in the last foggy hours of the session, and was sent to Governor Whitman. In a ringing message, Governor Whitman saved the good name of the state by vetoing the bill. That bill was passed by bad ethics, of course; and in the enlightened year 1916, its success was



shameful and disgusting. However, a good governor is better than a great politician.

The remissness of American sportsmen in the framing and promoting of adequate codes of ethics to govern the taking of wild game on a basis of gentlemanly sport, is really remarkable. A few laws for the prolongation of the supply of killable game date far back; but so far as we are aware, the first serious attempt at the formulation of a code of ethics for the purpose of giving the game a square deal irrespective of laws, was that made by the writer in 1908. The result was first published on April 17, as "A Sportsman's Platform." In 1909 it was formally adopted by the Camp-Fire Club of America as its official "code of ethics," and later on was adopted or indorsed by various other organizations of sportsmen, including the famous Shikar Club of London. In 1913, the Camp-Fire Club, in seeking a motto to be cast in iron around the rim of the Club's camp-kettle, adopted this:

#### KEEP THE FAITH, THOUGH I GO EMPTY.

In the "Sportsman's Platform," the following planks particularly relate to the ethics of hunting game at this time:

6. No man can be a good citizen and also be a slaughterer of game or fishes beyond the narrow limits compatible with high-class sportsmanship.

7. A game-butcher or a market-hunter is an undesirable citizen, and should be treated as such.

8. The highest purpose which the killing of wild game and game fishes can hereafter be made to serve is in furnishing objects to over-worked men for tramping and camping trips in the wilds; and the value of wild game as human food should no longer be regarded as an important factor in its pursuit.

9. If rightly conserved, wild game constitutes a valuable asset to any country which possesses it; and it is good statesmanship to protect it.

10. An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, fine country, and a *very few* trophies per hunter.

11. In an ideal hunting trip, the death of the game is only an incident; and by no means is it really necessary to a successful outing.

12. The best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the least, and leaves behind him no wounded animals.

13. The killing of an animal means the end of its most interesting period. When the country is fine, pursuit is more interesting than possession.

14. The killing of a female hoofed animal, save for special preservation, is to be regarded as incompatible with the highest sportsmanship; and it should everywhere be prohibited by stringent laws.

15. A particularly fine photograph of a large wild animal in its haunts is entitled to more credit than the dead trophy of a similar animal. An animal that has been photographed never should be killed, unless previously wounded in the chase.

At this point I would like to ask every American sportsman this question: How many game laws can you count that have been enacted for the purpose of giving the game a square deal in the struggle for existence, regardless of the killable supply?

I do not believe that there are, in all the statute books of our forty-eight states, and over the nation at large, one round dozen of game laws that have been placed there solely on ethical grounds, to give the game justice and a square deal. Every law of which I know that affects killable game owes its existence to the sordid purpose of preserving today in order to have something to kill tomorrow!

We have laws for the protection of women, children, and men; dogs, horses, cats; sheep, swine, and song-birds, from oppression and from cruelty. We have societies for the protection of the aborigines, to the utmost corners of the earth. We prevent the slaughter of gulls and terns, the defacement or destruction of the wonders of inanimate nature, and we have a series of national monuments for the prevention of vandalism in cherished places.

But *do* we protect *any killable game* for the sake of giving it a square deal, and a fair chance to win against us in the chase?

Has any state ever forbidden the use of telescopic sights on game rifles? No; not that we can remember.

Has any state ever forbidden hunters to fire at big game at a greater distance than 200 yards? Emphatically, no! What an idea! A sporting magazine of June, 1916, contains a picture of a small mountain sheep "killed at a distance of *one mile!*" And great be the glory of the gallant hunter, who, so we must infer, was not a sufficient mountaineer to stalk within fair gunshot of his game.

Do the sportsmen of New York, or any other state, who with sad faces and tearful voices sometimes tell us of the freezing and starving of quail in bad winters, ever refrain from quail hunting during the next open season out of pity for the half-starved remnant? Not on your life. And do the quail laws of any state provide for a season of immunity after a season of winter-killing? Show me one.

But there are sportsmen with cheeks of brass who will look you squarely in the eye, and tell you that "since the hard winters kill more quail than the sportsmen do, five-year close seasons are unfair, because

the quail can't live here anyhow, and they might as well be shot as left to freeze, or starve to death."

If anyone can find more decayed ethics than those, we would like to know whence they come, and what they look like.

The measures that are taken for the prolongation of game shooting,—let us not insult helpless wild animals by saying "protection" of game,—are as follows:

*For game quadrupeds:* A limit to the number that may be killed ("bag limit"); a restriction to adult male specimens; observance of close season limits, excluding the birth-and-rearing period; and prohibition of the sale of game.

*For game birds:* Shooting only in the non-breeding season; bag limits; in two states, no automatic shotguns to be used; in various states, no motor or sail boats are usable against wild-fowl, nor swivel guns, nor gang shotguns, nor big-bore guns; nor baiting of the birds; nor shooting before sunrise nor after sunset; nor sale of game.

In the hunting and killing of mammals, the only limit on weapons is what gamblers call "the blue sky." No other states than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts have any restrictions whatsoever upon the weapons with which deer are killed. Pennsylvania and New Jersey bar all automatic rifles; and Massachusetts permits her deer to be killed with shotguns only,—to conserve *human* life.

In each and every one of the other 46 states you can hunt big game with anything from a .22 caliber rifle up to a howitzer on wheels. You can use telescope sights, smokeless powder, cordite, Maxim silencers,—whatever you choose. You are not required by law, or by state codes of ethics, to give the game the slightest show to escape you. Any high-power rifle (and now nearly *all* are that) will kill a deer, an elk, or a grizzly bear at 400 yards, and farther if the hunter is sufficiently lucky or expert.

In a recently published book on big-game hunting in Africa, the author-hunter describes an attack on a leopard, with a Mannlicher rifle fitted with a telescopic sight and a Maxim silencer. The distance (measured) was 675 yards. Three shots were fired. The leopard heard *no sound!* The first shot threw up dust under the animal. The second hit a front leg; but the leopard had no idea of the source of the hurt, and did not think of running away. The third shot was fatal. Between the long-range rifle, the telescope, and the silencer the animal was robbed of every chance for the detection of the hunter, and of escape. It might as well have been shot with a cannon and shrapnel.

Have any states in our country legislated against the sale and use of the silencer? Yes; New York. It was done because of the undetected killing of *men* in New York City by the use of that death-dealing device. How the devil must have laughed when a patent was

granted for the silencer! Each state will wait until a certain number of its citizens have been assassinated by it, and then they will legislate against its sale and use; but not until then. It is the American way to await the call of Calamity before we rise and act.

Possibly this world will endure until man, the meanest and deadliest of all the predatory animals, will have progressed upward in ethics to the height that the majority really will desire to give the wild creatures a square deal. That time may indeed come; but long, long before it does, the game of this earth, great and small, will be dead and gone,—everywhere outside the hard-and-fast game sanctuaries, and their immediate environs.

I regard it as absolutely certain that fifty years from now there will be no large game to be shot, anywhere in the United States or in Southern Canada, outside the regions that surround the game sanctuaries, national and state.

Here are the curses that rest upon American game:

1. The general absence of ethics in hunting.
2. The 75-per-cent-of-hunter sentiment that it is necessarily and ethically right to kill "all the game that the law allows," regardless of its scarcity, or its impending local extinction.
3. The annual salving of 3,000,000 consciences with hunting licenses costing the princely sum of \$1 each.
4. The reckless disregard for extermination of species.
5. The actual extermination of game "according to law."
6. The totally false idea that saving game today in order to kill it tomorrow is "game protection," or "conservation."
7. The indifference of hunters to the balance of game increase and decrease which is indispensable to the maintenance of a continuous supply.
8. The unwillingness of 75 per cent of the hunters of today to make the serious sacrifices that are absolutely necessary to maintain this continuous supply.
9. The prevalence of greed and selfishness in hunting, which wants to kill the full legal limit, if it be possible.
10. The impatience of law when it runs counter to desire.

There are, fortunately, many men and boys who will do right by wild life when their duty becomes clear. There are men to whom six birds are as sufficient as sixty, and who stop without reference to the legal limit. There are three times as many more who want what they want, when they want it, who kill to the limit if they can, and who yield no hunting privilege save under compulsion. The spring-shooters of Missouri serve to point a moral, but their doings would come a thousand miles short of adorning a tale. Because they

cannot kill in the autumn months and during December and January as many ducks and geese as they would like to kill, they demand of the national government a special privilege to shoot wild-fowl in spring, up to March 31, or else the repeal of the entire federal migratory bird law!

Now, it happens that in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, wild ducks of several species begin mating in February and March, and go right on nesting and rearing their young throughout the whole region described wherever conditions are suitable, and they are *not driven away by shooting!* (Dr. George W. Field.)

In view of spring breeding conditions, it is not right that the states named should have the right to kill ducks and geese later than February 1; and therefore the federal regulations fix that limit. For two years the Interstate Sportsmen's "Protective" Association of Kansas City and St. Louis has been fighting the federal migratory bird law, and has made numerous and noisy appeals to its members of Congress, either to secure for them a special dispensation, or destroy the law.

As an example of shortsighted selfishness and bad ethics, we will match the Missourians of the Interstate Sportsmen's Protective Association against the world. Naturally, Congress steadily refuses to accede to the Missouri demand, which is "even to the repeal of the law"! Even during 1916, both houses have voted by large majorities to sustain the federal migratory bird law, by means of the usual annual appropriation of \$50,000 for its enforcement.

The human prize-ring bristles with rules based on ethical principles. The fighter must not bite, kick, gouge, strike below the belt, nor do an Indian war dance upon the anatomy of an opponent. In hunting we have not progressed one-half so far as that. Our hunting ethics now forbid us to kill female goats and sheep, lambs or kids, and the young of birds. A bird must not be shot on her nest. Seventeen states forbid the killing of female deer and fawns; but it was only last spring that Governor Whitman resolutely saved the state of New York from nation-wide disgrace by vetoing a law that had been trickily slipped through our legislature during its last hours, providing for a return to the killing of female deer, at the demand of the guides of the Adirondacks. And this in the state of New York, which for five years has led the van of game-protecting states!

While our national, state, and individual sins against wild life are as the sands of the seven seas for multitude, we are not by any means totally depraved. If the Men of Ethics were only more numerous, and more determined, our wild life could be saved on a continuing basis; but we are short-handed.

There are thousands of American sportsmen who do believe in the square deal for wild life. They scorn to shoot in any breeding season. They sell no wild game, and despise those who do. They kill no female hoofed game, nor young animals. They stop when they have two or three head of game, no matter how much more their hunting licenses offer them according to law. I know a big-game sportsman who went sheep-hunting all the way from Detroit to Montana; and when the only male sheep that he could find proved to be a three-year-old ram, he refused to kill that immature animal and went home sheepless. A sportsman with a code of ethics shoots no birds on the ground, despises gang hooks and big rods for small fish, and glories in small, breakable rods and lines for "the big game of the sea." He kills and eats no bobolinks as "game."

Some of these men have laid aside their 12-gauge shotguns, and taken up the 16, the 22, and even the 28-gauge, because those weapons "give the game a show," and call for superior skill in the man behind the gun.

In the ethics of fair and gentlemanly sport with the shotgun, the automatic shotgun is like a pair of scales for the weighing of men. As a separator of sheep from goats, it has few equals and no superiors.

One of the greatest battles for correct ethics in the killing of game ever waged in any country was the fight against the use of those machine guns for bird slaughter. They are of seven kinds; and the energy, the persistence, and the shamelessness with which they are bought and used on game, in the United States, is positively amazing. When a ragged and emaciated Florida cracker slowly walks past us with a \$35 automatic on his shoulder, we are not surprised, save by the evidence that he had the price; but when members of alumni associations and clubs, "even as you and I," stand up and vigorously defend the machine guns, and also use them in hunting, it phases us. The stock argument is: "If you enforce the bag limit, the kind of gun used doesn't matter!" That is a mere subterfuge, employed in weakly dodging the real issue.

Now, the fact is, it matters a great deal; because the value of the automatic gun,—and the love for it,—is based very solidly on the fact that it gets about 50 per cent more game per gun than is gettable with a gentlemanly double-barreled shotgun! The Winchester and Remington Arms companies make and sell the goods *because of its superior game-getting habits!* But for that, no man would want either the automatic or the "pump" to use on game.

The use of automatic and "pump" shotguns, shooting either 5 or 6 shots without removal from the shoulder, is a shame, and a disgrace to 46 of our 48 states. Only two states, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, have purged themselves of this disgrace by passing laws for-

bidding the use of the slaughter guns in hunting; but I believe every province of Canada has barred them by law.

Strange to say, the anglers can teach the hunters a great deal about the ethics of sport,—but in tackle only. In bag limits some of the anglers are just as great game-hogs as any that I know of, any where. With many, their ethics seem to stop at the rod and line, and not at the weight of the creel. There seems to be no way in the world to curb fish slaughter, and to conserve a continuous supply of game fishes. But for the fish hatcheries there would today be mighty few game fishes in any of our freshwater streams and lakes.

The grown men of today, as a mass, are hard to influence in behalf of wild life. They do not know what it is to make real sacrifices for real conservation unless compelled. In places like Missouri only a hardwood club produces a result. Fortunately the minority which defends wild life, being eternally in the right, can through legislation secure many and great results; but they must work that field early and late.

Ethically the Congress of the United States has a perfect record in wild-life conservation. Congress never has voted against wild life! No reasonable and good measure for the better protection and increase of the nation's stock of wild creatures ever has been fairly placed before that body and voted down! In the ethical treatment of the millinery-producing birds of the world, we are the most envied of nations.

The one great place in which to teach ethics in the treatment of wild life is in the nursery and the schoolroom. To teach "nature study" alone is not enough. The aggressive and militant *defense and protection* of the harassed wild creatures must also be taught, regularly and persistently. The National Educators' Conservation Society, of New York, has been founded for the express purpose of showing the plain path of duty to all the teachers of America. Its task is a gigantic one; and it needs and must have no end of support,—financial, educational, and political. Its foundations have indeed been "well and truly laid," and we expect great things of it. Through it all the teachers of America,—a mighty host,—are called upon to do their duty by the nation's wild life.

If the school children and college students of today can be taught their duty toward wild life, they may be relied upon to perform that duty tomorrow. Manhood is stiff-necked, hard-headed, and unyielding; youth is open-minded, kind-hearted, and chivalrous. We must firmly curb the average man with statute laws; but if we educate youth aright, the wild life of the future will receive a square deal. On that basis, it can continue to exist.

# WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR STEEL

GEORGE WEISS

**U**NPRECEDENTED prosperity has been the War's windfall to the American steel industry. Mills all over the country are running to capacity. For the first time in its history the American steel industry has really become international in its scope. The world today is depending on the output of American steel. War is being waged with American steel. Neutral countries are continuing the ordinary pursuits of commerce with American steel. An industry that formerly feared European aggression, that was always importunate for protection against foreign production, has now not only obtained the trade formerly held by England, Germany and France in South America, the Orient and the Antipodes, but is also supplying the steel requirements of these steel producing countries.

New steel plants are being built by the score. The United States Steel Corporation is spending \$250,000,000 for improvements. Schwab is spending \$160,000,000; Corey, \$75,000,000. Plants that long ago were discarded as being obsolete have been rehabilitated and are again converting ore and steel scrap into new ingots. Within a space of three years, the steel industry has been through a famine and is now in the midst of a feast. Carnegie years ago declared that it was either a case of "prince or pauper"; and this striking term can be fittingly applied to what has happened since a fanatic caused the eyes of the world to be centered on the hitherto unknown town of Sarajevo.

Production of steel has risen to levels beyond the fondest hopes of the leaders of the industry. No process of manufacture is being overlooked. Crucible steel, bessemer steel, open-hearth steel and electric steel are being produced at the rate of 43,000,000 tons a year. Despite the tremendous tonnage that is coming from furnaces of every known description, the demand for steel has not been satiated. There is no fear of over-production. The increased output has not checked rising prices. This alone indicates that the production is insufficient. Mills are rejecting more business each day than they obtained in weeks before the War owing to inability to handle the tonnage that buyers are seeking. Steel has had boom periods in the past, when production and prices put new peaks on the charts; but never before have output or prices reached the levels that are now prevailing.

## HOW STEEL BEGAN TO RISE

The story of steel's rise from poverty to prosperity can never be fully told. Up to the time that Fate again descended upon the house of



Hapsburg, the American steel industry was suffering from a depression caused by the lowering of the tariff walls. The new Democratic Administration took steel out of the infant class and removed the protective duties that barred foreign steels. This resulted in the closing of mills. Production of steel dropped. Then came the spark that set Europe aflame. This was regarded as a signal for further depression. Who in July and August of 1914 would have thought that a titanic war in Europe would bring prosperity to United States? All industries suffered. A period of world-wide disturbance to trade was anticipated. Trade internal and external was at a standstill. The civilized world stood aghast as the reports were received during the tense days of August and September describing the progress of the German advance through Belgium and France. Then, the world knew that something was wrong. The rushing of the British troops to Mons and their subsequent retreat back to the Marne indicated lack of power to halt the onflowing army of von Kluck. Out of a clear sky came the indications that England, France and Russia were stalling for time. The Entente troops gave ground slowly, inflicting what damage they could by rear guard actions. Finally the invasion was halted and thrown back. A breathing spell arrived. England had settled down to war. The enormous gold resources of the Bank of England were called upon. Kitchener began gathering his now famous Army. Buying agents were sent to all parts of the world to arrange for the materials needed to equip these millions of men. Orders began coming in for horses and clothing. The Allies still had in mind the type of warfare that is now obsolete. The old method of warfare overran the enemy by sheer weight of numbers. Finally it dawned upon them that a new era of warfare had arrived. Men were the minor factors. Steel was the dominant factor.

### SCHWAB TO THE RESCUE

The great arsenals of France and England were insufficient. Cruesot, the armorer of France, worked heroically. The great Woolwich arsenal of England set out to accomplish what Germany had prepared for years in advance. To understand German preparedness for war it must be recalled that every industry in Germany had its pools or associations. There was a great steel association divided into groups according to the article manufactured. Price-fixing by combines was an art in Germany. When the order for mobilization went out from the General Staff on Wilhelmstrasse it did not simply mean the gathering of troops. It also meant the mobilization of all industries. Like a flash industries changed from normal pursuits to the plans that were made years before. The world knew of the great Krupp plant but it was not aware that every other steel plant in Germany would change overnight into a cog of the war machine.

Charles W. Schwab was the first to see what was going on. Schwab was known as the champion steel salesman of the world. What he did in the early days of the war justified his title. While other American steel companies were planning to handle war trade, Schwab slipped across the Atlantic. He sailed on the *Olympic*. As the great liner neared the Irish Coast, the battleship *Audacious* was sunk. The *Olympic* rescued the crew. The Admiralty, desiring to keep the news from spreading, ordered the *Olympic* to stay at sea. Schwab was furious. He was being delayed. He wirelessly contacted Jellicoe and a torpedo boat was provided to take him ashore. He rushed to London and was quickly closeted with Kitchener. Three days later the *Olympic's* passengers were landed. In that time Schwab had negotiated contracts that made Bethlehem Steel stocks rise from \$45 a share to \$300 a share inside of three months. Schwab came home with contracts galore. He beat every other steel manufacturer. Incidentally he pried the lid off the secret of the ineffectiveness of the Allied troops in France. Shortage of shells and guns had caused the inglorious rout.

#### THE SCRAMBLE FOR SHELLS

Then started the scramble for shell orders. Plants engaged in the manufacture of locomotives, cars, automobiles, typewriters, watches, tractors, all began pouring their crack salesmen into New York and London. The Allies sent a purchasing commission here. Competition for shell orders will never be forgotten by those who partook in the feverish rush for contracts. The methods, often insidious, often laughable, that were used to wheedle shell orders from the buyers may be woven some day into an interesting romance. Day and night the offices of the purchasing commission were besieged. Everyone was heard. No opportunity was allowed to pass without being given consideration. Orders for shells were placed profusely. General French, then in command, called for shrapnel. Kitchener was assailed for sending explosive shells. Shrapnel was needed. Parliament rang with bitter comment on the shortage of shrapnel. Plants receiving an order for 3,000,000 shells did not become appalled at the size of the contract. Such an order was small. The guns spread out from the Channel to Switzerland used millions of shells in a day. With characteristic American energy arrangements were completed for making them. Demand for machine tools was tremendous. Second-hand machinery dealers jumped their prices to double what new machines cost and then lamented that they did not advance them more because the buyers paid the inflated prices without protest. Up in New England the machine tool-makers dropped the manufacture of intricate machine tools and started producing single purpose lathes, tools that were designed for manufacturing shells. The boom had arrived.

Orders for rifles, cartridges, cannon, automobiles, copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, horses, clothing, buttons, water bottles, began pouring in. Everything that was needed to outfit a soldier was being bought in the United States. Plants that never before had manufactured an article for war purposes adapted themselves for the manufacture of shells, time fuses, and rifle parts. Workmen and engineers who never before had seen blue prints of these death dealing instruments of war quickly familiarized themselves with their manufacture. Factories were overhauled in record time. New plants were built. In some cases, three thousand men were employed to put up a factory in fifteen days where ordinarily three months would have been good time. Up in New England, the Remington Arms Company built the largest war factory in the world in an incredibly short space of time. Down at Eddystone, Pa., more large factories sprang up. Near New York on the Jersey swamps, buildings were erected. Unemployment in the United States gave way to a scarcity of labor. Hundreds of thousands of people were given work.

#### SIGNS OF THE PROSPERITY IN STEEL

To gauge the extent of the prosperity in steel it is necessary to see at first hand what is going on at the steel centers. Take a trip to Pittsburgh! See the smoky city smokier than ever before! Smoke is belching forth from many stacks day and night. Workmen are unloading raw materials; the furnaces are busily smelting the ore; the pouring ladles are teeming with the white hot metal; the rolling mills are breaking down ingots into billets. The finished material is being loaded on cars and rushed posthaste to the seaboard. Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Middletown, Sharon, Chicago, Gary, Indiana Harbor, further East in Pennsylvania at Johnstown, South Bethlehem or out West at St. Louis and even far away Colorado, the mills are going at capacity. The populations of these steel mill towns have increased wonderfully. The banks are reporting tremendous increases in deposits. New homes are being built to accommodate the influx of workingmen. For instance at Gary, Ind., that wonder town of the United States Steel Corporation, five more newspapers and four new banks have started in the last nine months. Here is a town less than ten years old that now has ten banks and eight newspapers—three of the papers being dailies.

Whoever would have predicted that some day American steel mills would turn out over 40,000,000 tons of steel in one year would have been regarded as a visionary. Schwab predicted that the day would come, but before the War everyone thought that Schwab was simply bubbling over with optimism. In 1914, production of steel in the United States amounted to 23,510,000 tons. In the year now closing, the production will approximate about 43,000,000 tons and when all

the new capacity that is now building is started the United States will be producing steel at the rate of 45,000,000 tons a year and possibly 50,000,000 tons. Prices on steel products have increased two fold, three fold, in some cases five fold. Three distinct wage advances of 10 per cent. each have been granted to over 450,000 workers in the steel mills in the year now closing. Up in the great Mesaba ore regions, the steam shovels are working against the season when Nature will close traffic on the Great Lakes. Stocks of ore are being piled up at the mills to provide over the winter months when the inadequate railroad facilities will be the only avenue of supply from the wonderful ranges. Over 60,000,000 tons of ore have been carried down the lakes up to the first of December.

Despite the tremendous output of steel, new plants are being projected. The Worth Brothers sold their famous plate manufacturing mills at Coatesville to Corey at a fabulous price and are now re-entering the industry with a new monster plant at Claymont, Del. New capacity is being built with such a reckless abandon that in after-war years the United States Steel Corporation will not be able to maintain its standing as being a larger producer of steel than all the other plants of the country combined. Gary, Schwab, Farrell, Corey, Replogle, Butler of Youngstown, Donner of Buffalo, these are but a few of the many stellar names of American steel makers, who have put enormous amounts of money into new steel plants. First, they are aiming to supply war requirements, and then, when peace is restored, to furnish steel for the reconstruction of devastated France, Belgium, Poland, and Serbia.

Steel plants that were bought by the United States Steel Corporation in the days when it was eliminating competitive factors and which were allowed to remain idle, have again been restored to activity. Not that these plants are producing steel as profitably as the modern ones, but even when the cost is twice as much as in the new plants, it can still be sold profitably. Plants that were relics in the days when Carnegie and Frick were battling with the late J. P. Morgan have been rehabilitated. Plants that outlived their usefulness, plants that were such in name only—are again turning out steel. At Wilmington, Del., there was a plant abandoned in the days when Diamond State Steel Company was active. For eleven years, this plant never turned a wheel or had a fire in its furnaces. Now this obsolete plant is producing 100,000 tons of steel a year. Up at Buffalo was the old plant of the New York State Steel Company. William H. Donner took it over, rushed the work of reconstruction and is now turning out 150,000 tons of steel a year. The United States Steel Corporation started furnaces on Neville Island near Pittsburgh which were abandoned years ago because of their inaccessibility. Furnaces that were dropped because they

produced only 200 to 300 tons of iron a day and could not compete with the modern stacks that turn out 500 tons and more a day, are again being charged with coke, limestone and ore and twice a day the fluid iron is being tapped and cast into pigs which are being sold at prices one hundred per cent. above normal. At St. Louis was an old steel plant that went into disuse over 15 years ago. The Mississippi Valley Iron Company was organized and started this plant which is now enjoying capacity business. Down in Texas, where there are ore deposits in Cass County, a \$5,000,000 steel company is being formed.

### UP, UP, UP, HAVE GONE THE STEEL PRICES

Back before the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, competition in the steel industry was ruinous. Carnegie did many things that irked certain interests in Wall Street. It was a battle of giants which finally ended by the Steel Corporation paying Carnegie \$480,000,000 just to get him out of the way. It was Schwab who engineered the deal. Schwab was Carnegie's right hand man and when the day came that either Carnegie or Morgan must take the lead it was Schwab who went to Morgan and proved to him that Carnegie's price was not excessive.

Back in 1901 the price of \$28 a ton was set as a standard price for Bessemer rails. When the open hearth rails came into use, the price was set at \$30 a ton. For years rails held at \$28 and \$30 a ton. No one ever thought of disturbing the price of rails. When steel prices were low the railroads paid their \$28 and \$30 a ton just the same. When prices were high the same level was maintained. Rails at \$28 and \$30 a ton were profitable and formed a fine back log in dull times. Now there has been a change. Last April, Wall Street rang with reports that rails were to be advanced. With billets selling at \$60 a ton, the \$28 price of rails represented a distinct loss in profits to the mills, especially as all of the ingots devoted to rails could be used in turning out higher price products. So last May, the price of rails was advanced \$5.00 a ton to \$33 and \$35. Before the advance in price, the railroads were told that it would be advisable for them to place their orders for their 1917 rails, it being the practice to buy rails a year ahead. A flood of rail orders ensued. In one month no less than 1,300,000 tons of rails were purchased.

Steel prices continued to rise during the summer and autumn and when the mills found that they could obtain \$80 a ton for steel billets and bars and \$90 to \$120 a ton for finished products, the \$33 and \$35 price of rails did not meet with the approval of the mills. The mills were losing the difference between rails at \$35 and bars at \$80 a ton. Rail orders each year amount to about 3,000,000 tons. Last October some steel mill managers met and discussed means by which rail

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business for 1918 could be restricted so that more steel could be devoted to higher priced products. Another advance was suggested. With rails selling at \$40 a ton, the roads will not buy so freely was the belief. So in November, rails were again advanced \$5.00 a ton, putting Bessemer rails at \$38 and open hearth rails at \$40 a ton. It is not certain whether even this price will stop rail buying. As I write, orders for 600,000 tons of rails were placed between November 25 and December 2 at the high price. Rails at \$30 a ton furnish a good profit in normal times when steel billets sell at \$18 a ton; but just now the price is not attractive.

### MANY PROBLEMS HAD TO BE SOLVED

Although production of steel in the United States was larger than that of any other country before the War, it is a fact that American steel mills depended greatly on raw materials from other countries. Germany supplied tungsten needed for the manufacture of tool steel. India and Russia supplied manganese ore required for the hardening of steel, while England formerly was the chief producer of ferro manganese. Many problems had to be solved when the war disrupted commerce, and the rapidity with which these matters were adjusted is an achievement of no small proportions.

Very little manganese ore is mined in the United States. The best manganese ore comes from India, Southern Russia and Brazil. Cuba is a producer of low grade manganese ore. Before the War, the important American steel interests who converted their own manganese ore into ferro manganese brought their ore from India or Russia, while the lesser steel interests purchased ferro manganese from the English makers. Ferro manganese is needed for hardening steel. Without it, steel could not be made for shells, in fact for any purpose requiring great strength. The beginning of the War seriously affected American steel interests. Southern Russia was cut off by the Turks. The voyage from India was too long. Brazil had deposits of this ore; but the Brazilian railroad system did not possess facilities for sending ore to the seaboard in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of American steel mills. The United States Steel Corporation acted quickly. It arranged to buy the bulk of the Brazilian output. Steamers were chartered at enormous rates to bring this ore here. Other steel producers were not, however, so fortunately fixed. The English put an embargo on exports of ferro manganese; but later when American steel mills pointed out that they could not supply the Allies with shell steel unless this alloy was allowed to be shipped by English makers, the embargo was removed and exports regulated by a system of permits. English ferro manganese makers realized the plight of American steel mills and the price jumped from \$39 a ton to \$300 a ton. This

stiff price was paid. Finally some American interests set out to manufacture ferro manganese. At the time it was stated that no one could produce an alloy equal to the English product. American ferro manganese came out on the market. Some of the more daring steel mills resolved to give it a trial. It not only proved equal to the English product, but even better. Today production of ferro manganese in this country has increased to such an extent that the business held for many years by English makers has been seriously undermined. The price dropped to \$165 a ton.

No nation can defend itself without steel. If the United States were entirely isolated by an enemy its plight would have been serious before the European War; but now it can face such a condition with but ordinary concern. Our steel industry is no longer greatly dependent on outside sources for raw materials. We are more self-contained. The War spurred business men to compete in lines where formerly they feared to compete. While we still depend on the outside world for manganese ore, we now at least know how to make this alloy.

Tungsten is another metal that was sadly needed in the early days of the War. The Germans controlled the world output of tungsten. England possessed the countries where the ore abounded but the Germans were the best makers of the alloy and no other country essayed to wrest the trade from her. But with Germany blockaded, the emergency was met once more by Americans. Tungsten deposits existed in Colorado and California. Early this year tungsten went sky-high touching \$80 a unit. The Pacific Coast was in the throes of a tungsten boom. Everybody who thought he had a tungsten deposit was ready to put himself in the millionaire class. High-speed steels cannot be manufactured without tungsten; and without high-speed steels, the appliances for shell-making lathes could not be manufactured. Armor plate also requires tungsten. Tungsten production in the West jumped forward and the Eastern plants showed their ability to turn the ore into alloy. Today, the United States leads the world in the production of tungsten ore and the manufacture of tungsten alloys.

During the past session of Congress, a bill was enacted for the construction of a Government nitrate plant. It was proposed to extract nitrate from the air. It is true that we are dependent on Chile for nitrates and that a blockade of the United States would have affected the United States, but science has evolved a method whereby we need not fear isolation. To extract nitrates from the air requires the expenditure of enormous energy and unless water power is available the process is not practicable. In Norway the extraction of nitrate from the air is practiced on a large scale because the numerous waterfalls give ample and cheap power. When Secretary Daniels had Congress

enact this legislation, he ignored an improvement in the manufacture of coke that fills the void in our production of nitrates. We are no longer wholly dependent on nitrates from Chile. Nitrate is required in the manufacture of explosives.

The War brought a demand for benzol, toluol, ammonia, naphthaline. The demand started production. Steel mills for years knew of the by-product system of manufacturing coke; but as long as the demand for the by-product was small, they preferred to continue using coke produced in beehive ovens. In the manufacture of coke in beehive ovens all the gases go to waste. The by-product coke ovens, however, turn these gases into tar, ammonia, benzol, toluol and other materials as well as producing the coke that the steel mills require. Trinitrotoluol, the most powerful explosive known, is made from toluol which is obtained from the coal gases. Nitrate is obtained. Hundreds of by-product coke ovens have been built in this country since the beginning of the War. In 1915, when the development of the by-product coke oven was being undertaken on a large scale, we produced no less than \$28,000,000 worth of tar, ammonia and benzol products.

#### IT IS A WAR OF STEEL AND NOT MEN

Germany's remarkable resistance to the combined assaults of England, France, Russia and later on Italy, Serbia, and Roumania, these six powers possessing numerical as well as financial superiority, lies in its resources of iron and steel. Krupps, the armorer of Germany, and the Skoda works of Austria, have been the backbone of the powerful Teutonic military strength. The long days of preparation on the part of the Allies, the stalling for the time when they would take the offensive, was due to their unpreparedness in the matter of steel. Throughout Germany, the steel and iron industry was pooled. Each trade had its pool. The world was told that these pools were designed to foster export trade. The world now knows that these pools were designed to foster German military power.

Years before the German hordes spread over Belgium and Northern France, their guiding hand at the Wilhelmstrasse planned just what they should do. The guiding hands knew that steel was to be the greatest individual factor in the war. Deprive the enemy of steel and his surrender would be inevitable, was the strategy of the German war lords. Swiftly obtain possession of the steel and iron districts and the treaty of peace would be written in London, Paris, and Petrograd before six months had elapsed. So when the War began the German troops were guided to the capture of the important iron deposits in northern France. In the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans took over the tremendous iron ore and coal fields in Alsace-Lorraine. France still possessed the basin of Briery. German troops quickly overran



Briery. The French steel industry was paralyzed. Before the War, Germany saw to it that the iron ore fields in Southern France were German owned. The Thyssen group of German steel makers leased the rich ore fields in the departments of Calvados, Manche and Orne. Thus with the Briery basin controlled and the southern fields German-owned, France was stricken. The Thyssen fields were sequestered by France; but the output from these mines has not been sufficient to supply France's greatly increased war needs.

Before the War France had 116 blast furnaces producing about 420,000 tons of pig iron a month. The Germans captured territory containing no less than sixty furnaces. France with only 56 furnaces available is now producing only 120,000 tons of pig iron a month. Contrast this with the output of American furnaces, which is running close to 3,000,000 tons a month. These figures show how near the German army came to the accomplishment of the schedule set out by the high war lords.

#### SOME THINGS LLOYD GEORGE HAS DONE

The greatest man in England today is Lloyd George. How often this remark has been made by American bankers and journalists upon returning from abroad. What this quiet man has done for England can never be adequately told in printed words. The business man who is confronted with tremendous problems can probably form an estimate of Lloyd George's achievements; but the layman will never obtain any idea of the stupendous task that faced Lloyd George when he accepted the portfolio as Minister of Munitions. Today no less than 4,000 firms are working for the Government in England. This immense total is feeding the army and navy. Of this total 95 per cent had never produced a gun, shell or cartridge before the War. In ten months these 4,000 plants produced more shells than all the Government and private arsenals the world over.

What the major proportion of the world produced in the form of munitions before the War is only a small percentage of what England is now turning out each week. The figures are strict military secrets. Perhaps some day the world will know what has been accomplished. No less than ninety arsenals were built or adapted for producing heavy guns, howitzers, big shells, or explosives. In the first year of the War, England employed 184,000 women in war industries. Today, there are over 600,000. In the first year of the War there were altogether 1,986,000 workers engaged in manufacturing howitzer bombs, making shrapnel, filling smoke and gas bombs and bombs with other lethal contents. Now 3,500,000 workers are so employed. Women in England are today working on machine tools. *They are even building war vessels.*

England is one huge arsenal. The great shipyards on the Clyde, Tyne, Mersey, Wear and Dee all have their machines producing can-

## WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR STEEL 123

non and shells. Equipment for these plants came mostly from the United States. While England is producing tremendous quantities of shells, she is still dependent on the United States for steel. Late in November, J. P. Morgan & Co. placed orders for 1,500,000 tons of billets and bars to be delivered in the last six months of 1917. The price paid was \$80 a ton; so that the order had a market value of \$120,000,000. Last July, England ordered 800,000 tons of steel, paying \$60 a ton. Between July and November, the price of steel had risen \$20 a ton.

### BUILDING RAILROADS IN RUSSIA

When the War is over, Russia will have one of the finest railway systems that any country would care to possess. When the German strategists played their war games, they figured that they would first invade France, deliver a death blow there in about six weeks, and then turn to Russia. It was figured that Russia, lacking railway facilities, would not offer any serious trouble for at least two months after the War had started. This conclusion was based on the poor railway system in Russia. All this has been changed. Russia is building thousands of miles of railroads. The beginning of the War resulted in the blockading of the port of Libau on the North Sea and egress from the Black Sea. Russia had only Vladivostock far away to the North and Archangel on the White Sea. The railway to Vladivostock is, or rather was, only a single-track affair. Efforts to supply Russia's war needs through this port quickly resulted in a tremendous congestion. Then Archangel was tried. Archangel is open to navigation only three months in the year. The railroad running there was quickly double-tracked. Even this addition did not help. It was then ascertained that on Kola Bay, also in the Arctic Sea, was an ice-free port, that of Romanoff-on-Murman. Without hesitating construction of a railroad to that port was started. Hundreds and thousands of men were placed on the ground. American mills were called upon to supply the rails. Quickly the rail head proceeded to Kola Bay. American steel mills have supplied Russia with almost 500,000 tons of rails since the beginning of the war. When it is considered that a system like the Pennsylvania Railroad uses only 200,000 tons of rails in a year, the Russian rail purchases take on added significance.

How many tons of American rails have been used in building military railroads for transportation of shells into the trenches will never be known. One steel official estimated that France had bought about 200,000 tons of rails and England 150,000 tons of rails in this country for such railroads. France has purchased more than 450 locomotives in this country since the beginning of the war in addition to 9,000 freight cars. England has bought 400 locomotives. The Russian

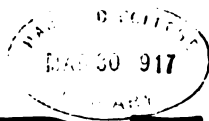
Government has been negotiating with locomotive builders seeking to place orders for 1,000 locomotives but has been unable to conclude satisfactory financial arrangements. Russia has purchased 12,000 cars in this country.

### WHAT WILL THE STEEL INDUSTRY FACE AFTER THE WAR?

In terminating this article it is appropriate to discuss the future of the American steel industry. Its expansion has been wonderful. Its prosperity cannot be doubted. When the United States Steel Corporation can report earnings of over \$300,000,000 in one year, as it will earn that vast sum this year; when other steel companies can report increases ranging from 50 to 150 per cent in their earnings,—there can be no doubt as to prosperity. On the other hand there is doubt as to what the future will bring. There are some authorities who fear after-war competition and its effect on the American industry. Gary urges conservation. Schwab sees continued prosperity after the War. Some steel-mill presidents merely declare that a protective tariff is what will be needed to prevent a reaction in our prosperity. Now listen to what Schwab has to say! Schwab has seldom been wrong in his deductions.

“This country cannot stand still,” says Schwab. “The United States produced only 1,000,000 tons of steel in 1880, while this year 40,000,000 tons will be produced. My own belief is that we are just as far from the zenith today as we were when the United States Steel Corporation was formed in 1901. When the War is over there will be a reduction in the demand for ammunition steel and there will be some recessions in steel prices generally; but the domestic demands await only a more normal condition of trade to press forward for prompt satisfaction. A period of depression will come, and it will be severe; but it will not be acute, in my judgment, until from three to five years after the War is ended.”

FEBRUARY



25 CENTS

# FORUM

*Founded by Isao L. Rhee*

*Why the American Army  
Does Not Get Recruits*

**LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE**

**MALE VAMPIRES**

**THE HOPES OF THE VATICAN**

**REVOLUTION AMONG THE CLERGY**

**Vol. LVII**

**FORUM PUBLISHING CO.  
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**No. 2**



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# FORUM

Public Service

*A Magazine for Men and Women of Affairs*

FOR FEBRUARY, 1917

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## FORUM for February

**THE FRANCE I KNOW**, as we have already announced, will be the leading article of the month. Barton Blake, the author, has an intimate first-hand knowledge of "the Republic of heroes," and we guarantee an intensely interesting personal account of the *real* France—the France of Mons and Verdun.

**OUR ANACHRONISTIC ARMY**, by a prominent author and military authority well acquainted with conditions in our national service, will prove a revelation—and, we hope, a stimulus. For if we are to have adequate land defence, important changes must be made in the attitude of officers toward men. Otherwise the best type of American manhood will refrain from serving the colors.

**LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE** will be concluded in this issue, and by all means the best part of the series is the last. Our "Temporary Gentleman" leads through a valiant charge, and falls as his brave soldiers sweep into the German trench. He is not killed, however, but gets a "Blighty"—is seriously wounded and goes home to England to recover.

**THE HOPES OF THE VATICAN.** This is an article dealing with the recent papal peace overtures. The author, Dr. George La Piana, of Harvard, ascribes to the Pope an ambition to regain his temporal kingdom, by forcing his presence into the conferences which will mark the cessation of hostilities.

**REVOLUTION AMONG THE CLERGY**, by Mercer G. Johnston, continues the religious discussion we inaugurated in 1916. The author makes a strong stand for more Christianity and less churchism.



# FORUM

For February, 1917

## THE FRANCE I KNOW

BARTON BLAKE

*Being a Letter from a Yankee Resident of Paris to a Critic of French Institutions Located in Walla-Walla, at the University.*

Paris, December, 1916.

**D**EAR PROFESSOR MUDGE:

So your neighbor Eric Struss has been reading a copy of the "Memoirs of Madame Steinheil," borrowed from the Carnegie Library, and has shown you some damaging passages, and now you want to know what a Paris-American thinks about it all? The answer is simple: he doesn't. Too much has happened since Madame Steinheil—and even since Madame Caillaux—the other French woman you mention in your long letter. Madame Steinheil is the lady whose painter-husband was found mysteriously murdered in their apartment in the Rue de Vaugirard. You say that the lady was reputed to have had intimate relations with a "personage"—a very high personage indeed—and I have heard the same story. You are quite right about the lady being acquitted—as Madame Caillaux was acquitted of *her* murder charge on a hot day in July, 1914, just before the War. Madame Caillaux had murdered, not her husband, but a newspaper proprietor who was printing, or had threatened to print, damaging private letters. Madame Caillaux's husband (just then) was a prominent politician; even now he is said to be a power in politics, though he is no longer Minister of Finance. The trial had split France in two,



according to the newspapermen of July, 1914. A revolution was predicted. Anyway, it was an exciting trial. But since that July or more than two years since, a great deal of Seine water has flowed under the Bridge Henri IV; a great deal of French blood has flowed in defense of the country that gave birth to Madame Caillaux, but also to Jeanne d'Arc. Aren't you and Mr. Struss a little late in the day in taking up Madame Steinheil and Madame Caillaux as topics of culture?

It is only three or four years, to be sure, since some moralist suggested that the former lady was "the representative Frenchwoman," and the Steinheil ménage "a France *in petto*." They have been long years, however, and even at the time my friend Jules Claretie entered vigorous protest. Here—I saved it in my scrap-book. "This fictitious French *bourgeoisie*," he said, "is not the common type amongst us—the type of simple devotion, of obscure toil, the type of the mother of a family who goes with a smile of resignation from her baby's cradle to her husband's office or workshop to inspire him with fresh courage, and share his too frequent sorrows and his too brief joys." That is how one member of the French Academy spoke about the French *bourgeoise*—the housewife. A good many other people have written of her to the same purport, and more eloquently. Sometimes I think that besides being the best citizen of ante-bellum France, the Frenchwoman is the real hero of the War, itself. But Claretie will never write an article saying so, in spite of his enthusiasm, for just as the Caillaux and the Steinheil were being crowded out of memory by the mobilization and the first battles in the North, poor Claretie departed this life altogether. We buried him early in the opening year of this memory-wrecking struggle.

The legend of a France given up to brilliant vice persists abroad in the face of France's unassuming heroism. The only difference is that you admit that France is brave—and you seem rather surprised. Though France is a nation of scientists and bankers and home-makers as well as martyrs and realists, the nation pays for its versatility and is condemned for having given to the world too generously of

beauty and of pleasure, and for having winked at the immorality of her visitors. In the countries called Anglo-Saxon, she suffers too; from her excess of intellectual honesty. She is neither hypocritical nor sentimental, and so it is hard for countries that tend to be both hypocritical and sentimental, countries like Great Britain and the United States, really to understand her. The "non-conformist conscience" is unknown both to France and to the French vocabulary. Among those who misunderstand France, the biggest error comes from having so long mistranslated *la Ville Lumière* as "the light city" instead of the "city of light." Granting, however, that Paris is light (not at the moment, though, for there aren't any more street-lamps—you know the authorities take no risks of Zeppelins) one may ask: Has Paris lived by light alone? Obviously she has not, since she goes on her way serenely, even with the Boulevards dark of an evening, and the cafés closed at nine o'clock, everyone living a quiet life of industry and service. Paris never did live the all-exterior life of boulevards and music-halls that tourists took for the "real" Paris when, as a matter of fact it was only Paris's make-believe. You will comprehend Paris better if you go to Switzerland. You will find that the Swiss are very far from spending their lives admiring Swiss mountain scenery. Indeed, I believe that Switzerland has produced fewer great landscape painters than any country in the world except Patagonia and Dahomey. And those Swiss novelists whose descriptions of the Alpine scene I happen to remember—Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote a good many years since; and M. Rod, who died lately enough for me to feel the loss of him even now—did their jobs, for the most part, in Paris or its environs. These things go by contrasts and contraries. If the Swiss are the last people in the world to appreciate the Alps except as a source of revenue for their hotels and wood-carvers, isn't it fair to believe that the French have, on the whole, been the people least concerned with "French immorality?" There is, you must know, a type of tourist which checks its morals at the same time it buys its steamship ticket. It is with French "immorality" a little the same

as with the indecent post-cards peddled about privately in tourist years, back of the Opera, in Rue Auber. Who ever saw the vendor of those post-cards try to sell them to anyone but some stranger from Chicago, or London, or Buenos Aires, or Berlin? Perhaps you judge by my making these remarks that I've just been re-reading Professor Barrett Wendell's *France of Today*, and Laurence Jerrold's *The Real France*. Well, I have read those books. "The newcomer in England sees our solidarity," wrote Mr. Jerrold some time before the War; "the newcomer among the French is dazzled by their mobility. Afterwards, he is surprised to find us sometimes less slow than he thought; but he is amazed to discover a France with great firm feet of clay." The average American visitor has seen the France which purveys light amusements to still lighter tourists; Mr. Jerrold has seen the France which repaid Bismarck's milliards in a trice, and proceeded to develop the second greatest colonial Empire in the world by way of partial compensation for losing the coal and iron lands of Alsace-Lorraine. The average tourist has seen the France which sat on the boulevard having drinks by daylight; while Mr. Jerrold and Professor Wendell saw France the banker of Europe, France the philosopher, France the family.

France's "great feet of clay" have been the discovery of those of us who have paid the country long enough visits to learn more than the way to our banker's and to our wife's hat-shop and to half a dozen boulevard theaters. Yet we needn't regret that. The traveler's ignorance of the "real" Paris is a matter of small consequence. The authentic Paris, the authentic France, have made themselves felt these last two years—and not on the battle-field alone. Even Paris knows itself better, understands itself better; the Palais Royal and the Quat'ze Arts and the Rat Mort no longer count for so much in outside estimation of what France has and is; while here in Paris, too, there is a new sense of values and self-valuation. Come to this capital and you will find it purged of the tourist and the *marcheur*; the only tourists sitting at the Café de la Paix now are the British officer in

khaki and the American war correspondent clothed in omniscience. This new Paris is not gay, and perhaps you will even call it a bit provincial; at any rate it is, for the first time in *my* memory, wholly French. To her eternal charm, to her historic riches, to the intellectual ferment which has made this the cosmopolis for scholars and artists no less than for fashion-designers and pleasure-seekers—to these the Paris of the Parisian, that is, the Paris of 1916, adds a gracious gravity that no one quite expected of her. In many rooms in our modern apartment houses there is too much furniture; sometimes, entering a room from which several pieces of furniture have been temporarily cleared (perhaps because your wife is planning dancing for her dinner-guests) you will be struck by the fact that the room is much bigger and more attractive than you have ever realized. So it is with this new Paris—the purified Paris of the Parisians. At last one sees the city for what it is. Never did the calm of the Seine, the beauty of the bridges, the brooding peace of the Cité and Notre Dame (on which a German air-man has dropped his bomb—not his fault if no great harm resulted!), the rhythmic perfection and stony symphonies of the Louvre, so impress the wayfarer. And Maurice Donnay, who has so often written of, and for, the women of France, tells us that we owe to the war-time Parisienne, so charming in her unchanged modes (unless wearing black be held a new fashion), this special, severe, yet very lovely physiognomy of Paris under fire—this Paris calmed but not subdued, to which we war-time lovers can bear faithful witness. “Our enemies,” Donnay writes, “on the word of their spies, have dared lay this aspect of Paris to I know not what anguish, I know not what woe. They have blundered—but how could they do otherwise? They have not understood that Paris has her sense of shame, and does not make holiday when her sons are fighting and dying. So, while Berlin illuminates for her pretended victories, Paris illuminates neither for the Marne nor the Yser”—nor, one may add today, for the Somme and for Verdun (a war within a war).

In spite of the heroism of the France I know, and the low opinions of France that you have held in Walla-Walla (in the past, at least), I don't in the slightest blame you for those low opinions; the Latin is an actor always, and the Celt has something of the play-boy in him, and *your Frenchman is Celt and Latin. He is an actor, and he has amused himself always—hard-working chap that he is—by pretending to be a devil of a fellow, especially where ladies are in it. And now France is found out.* I think France is half-ashamed to be found out; certainly there are no heroics about France's heroism. You may come to Paris and you will never hear the "Marseillaise" played or sung; you will never hear "Tipperary"; you will hear neither band-music nor patriotic speeches—for France's patriotism is too deep to need, at such a moment at this, any more facile expression than the battle she is fighting for democracy and for civilization. I can say this, being an American; but the Frenchman would claim only to be fighting to clear his soil of the Invader, who has no right to be messing up his front yard, and breaking the big wheels in his factory, and robbing the till in his shop. France would disappoint you, if you took passage on the "Lafayette" and landed at Bordeaux and traveled through Touraine—province of Rabelais and Balzac, of France and of Agnes Sorel—up to Paris; the Paris of all the world. For, as I have said, it is all heroism, and no heroics. It is nothing like the war-plays in New York, and very little like the magazine articles in the lurid magazines.

Don't think, though, that I'm sorry about your illusions regarding Paris, and all France. If the Yankee tourist hadn't been ignorant about France in his very cocksure way, and misinformed the folks at home on the subject, he would have been as pretentiously misinformed, as mistakenly persuaded, of lies about things nearer home—home-matters that would have made a more real difference. He might even have made mistakes in his own politics and art. Your Walla-Walla attitude towards French literature, that your high-brows view at the Ladies' Browning Club with fond approval, is, on the whole, more serious than these things I've been mentioning.

Walla-Wallans have been wrong in assuming a people that write such diverting novels about the misbehavior of married folks, a people whose modern theatre is one imposing monument to mischief, must misspend its whole life accordingly. They forget that there is safety in a people's discharging its naughtiness and so purging its system. *They forget it is the poison that isn't got rid of that kills the patient*; also they forget that the very triumph of France in the frivolous art of ante-bellum days is proof positive of certain Frenchmen's proficiency in what is, at its very worst, an expensive specialty. And it is only fair to note that French scholarship expresses itself as fluently, as charmingly, even, as does French commandment-breaking. The French historian is a man of letters as well as a historical scholar; the French etymologist is a humorist as well as a linguist; in short, taste and imagination have never been banished from the Temple of Learning—as has happened in at least one great country where something of the intellectual parvenu still clings to the scholar and his manners. It is as easy to read a French "doctoral dissertation" as to sit up past midnight over a romance by Loti, or over Pierre Louÿs, whose "Aphrodite" isn't allowed to go through the U. S. mails, or wasn't at any rate, during the life-time of your dear St. Anthony Comstock. A Yale philosopher-friend of mine always reads Kant and Fichte in French translation because, he says, the French text is so much more understandable. The only French millionaire with whom I'm really intimate, honestly prefers, for light entertainment, Gustave Le Bon's psychology and sociology to the naughtiest *nouvelles* of Maupassant and Abel Hermant and Prevost. (Prevost is a captain of artillery, nowadays). Isn't it less because of the congenial wickedness of Paris, than because of his own inborn industry, and literary ingenuity, and understanding of world-markets, that the French romancer has made depravity more than customarily delightful?

After all, it takes a very great genius—a Tolstoy, for example—to make ordinary life lastingly interesting. Even a Tolstoy succeeds only when he heightens the emotions of

men and the significance of events (sometimes we call this intensity the "Russian" or the "Scandinavian" attitude towards life—but these are mere words). Possibly the most of modern French authors have been notable technicians rather than towering geniuses. And so we have no right to be surprised that instead of sticking to their muttons, they have romanticized a bit and have discreetly applied themselves to what lies outside everyday French experience—lies there just as patiently as Sherlock Holmes's adventures, or Poe's story of the Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar. Once Walla-Walla grasps this, it is in a fair way to understand French literature, and the remoteness of its relation to any but very exceptional French life. Here in Paris a great many American motion pictures are on show, and most of them represent Wild West scenes (Redskins and Cowboys), or else Charlie Chaplin. These *are* American; but the most of Frenchmen are intelligent enough to realize that Charlie Chaplin's manners are not typical of Boston Back Bay, and that the number of Americans scalped by Indians is no longer as great as it might seem to be if you believed everything you saw at the Boulevard Movies.

In the meantime, and quite apart from the influence of the War—that has ennobled France as a great tragedy has ennobled sinful individuals ever since the Greeks did the sinning—you must have noticed the reaction in certain quarters of literary France against the kind of fiction by which her bad name in Walla-Walla was gained in the first place. Romain Rolland's "Jean Cristophe" is one of the most splendidly idealistic and epical novels I have ever read. Nothing like it has been done since Goethe, even though M. Rolland is none too popular in war-time France. Maurice Barrès has, in the last few years, stood for a very different philosophy than the all-devouring egoism of his youthful novels. M. Bazin and M. Bordeaux and the author of "Marie-Claire" and Jean de la Brète and Lafon and Boyslève have written a whole book-shelf of novels that don't compare with Barrès's books or Rolland's "Jean-Christophe"; novels which, whatever may be their ultimate value, yet must open

their reader's eyes to the real France that underlies the Paris of the Boulevards; just as a *sound and sane America lies somewhere west and north and south of Broadway's tinsel and filthiness*. (Most of these novels have been translated, by the way—if you care to hunt them up). I wish you knew something about the French family, and perhaps the fact that you never sought to know it isn't wholly creditable to Walla-Wallans. A large number of Frenchmen you see, know a great deal more about quietly earning their livings and enjoying family life than they do about eroticism and its by-products.

Come and visit Paris in the fall of 1917, when we hope that peace will have come and France will be healing her wounds, and I will "show you." I will show you, not just the stability of France, and the common-sense of her, but the completeness of the partnership which exists between husband and wife—a partnership founded upon mutual service and confidence, not upon sentimentality; not upon the temporary deification of one sex by the other, followed by disillusionment; not upon the notion that it is the duty of the man to grub and the woman to spend and to acquire all the family "culture." France is wholly human, and will not conceal her faults when you come to her; but after you have learned those very human faults you will love her the better for her honesty and her human-ness.

But before you come you must promise me not to talk about "the New France," the France regenerated by the Great War. For France is very old, and her "decadence" (such as it was) has been going on ever since Frenchmen started making modern history; and "the New France" is the Old France—the France I know.



## AN EPISODE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

O. C. A. CHILD

**W**E used to call her Flivver in the group  
That met at Dollie's board of well-worn wood,  
You know the place—the one with vine-clad stoop—  
Where style is missing but the food is good.

A merry little crowd were we of those  
Bohemia shelters 'neath her kindly wing,  
Indifferent to convention, when we chose,  
And caring little for the book and ring.

We called her Flivver. My! but she was small!  
And playful as a kitten in the sun,  
Til Donald Grant, her love, her all-in-all,  
Went back to draw a blade against the Hun.

We saw him sail, our sorry, heart-sick few,  
And Flivver tried to raise a feeble cheer  
That caught and died, as if the poor girl knew,  
That never more would she behold her dear.

The weeks dragged on and on and nothing came  
From Donald Grant but picture postal things,  
Yet Flivver waited, with her heart aflame—  
It seemed her soul, at last, had found its wings!

We met at Dollie's, as we had before,  
But Flivver seemed a hovering mite, apart;  
Her ear was tuned to catch far cannons' roar  
And naught but memories fed her hungry heart.

I wish I might forget the night we found  
The little one asleep and safe from harm,  
Flung at her Donald's door upon the ground—  
A numbered metal disk beneath her palm.

# OUR ANACHRONISTIC ARMY

*This article is by a foremost writer and authority on military affairs, connected with the U. S. Army in the West, and points out a condition that is a serious menace to the interests of real preparedness.*

“**N**OTHING connected with American institutions seems more curious,” a foreigner who had been making a prolonged visit to this country said to me lately, “*than the fact that your army is not, even in theory, democratic.*”

I made answer that the army of the United States is an anachronism, a survival from another period and another order, with difficulty maintaining itself in an age, and amid conditions, with which it is out of relation. “As a general thing,” I sought further to explain, “interest in our tiny military establishment has been slight. In times of trouble our disposition has been, of course, to idealize and acclaim it. At other times, the common attitude is one of mildly antagonistic indifference. We have never seriously bethought ourselves that we are supporting an organization whose basic principles are quite at variance with the basic principles of the nation.”

In a broad way, no doubt, the average well-informed American has an idea that our army is composed of two distinct sections—officers and private soldiers; that by far the greater part of the former are trained at West Point or appointed from civil life through personal influence, while the latter enter the ranks by enlistment. He may possibly know, besides, that officers are certain of advancement in pay, rank, and authority, provided they meet a not too exacting mental and moral standard; but that enlisted men only occasionally obtain commissions, and even when they do so, are not (unless they chance to be the sons of officers) regarded as more than technically the equals of civilian appointees, or graduates of the Academy.

Anyone who has ever bestowed a moment's thought upon the matter will have recognized that—as my European friend observed—the theory whereon such a system rests is

by no means democratic. He is likely to suppose, however, that the practice arising from it is not, upon the whole, in contravention of American articles of faith, and that the life of those in the "service," though other in form, does not, in essentials, differ considerably from that of the ordinary citizen.

Yet reflection should suggest that it were impossible to take one small body of men, remove them from most of the circumstances and necessities governing common humanity, make them secure of the alliterative desiderata of power, pay, and promotion, endue them with all but complete authority over the minutest acts of a much larger body of men, whom they regard as inferiors, and expect the resulting situation to be in accord with the ideals underlying free and popular government.

*One must, though, have had actual part in army life to be enabled to realize the extent to which it is influenced by un-American sentiment—by class distinctions, by the spirit of absolutism, and by a sense of the rights of the officer as against the civilian.*

Certain manifestations of these feelings are indeed obvious enough to anyone familiar with the course of events upon a military reservation; as well as to most citizens who have had even casual experience with the army officer. But actually to appreciate the degree in which the latter regards himself and his family as of a privileged order, with rights and interests at variance with those of the civilian populace, one must oneself have belonged to that order—and have been, besides, endowed by nature with some sense of humor, and at least a moderate ability to disassociate one's processes of judgment from one's instinctive bias or prepossessions.

If I have undertaken to speak of the spirit of the Army—in its social manifestations—it is as one who was born in the officer's class, and who has all his life been connected with it, through kindred and friends. It may not be amiss to add, moreover, that, *far from abhorring the service, I am so bound to it by ties of association and affection that the sound of a bugle call, or the sight of a flag floating above post roofs,*

*awakens strong yearning; and that a man in the uniform of the United States seems of my own people, beyond anyone whosoever in civilian garb.*

Yet neither habit nor sentiment can blind me to facts which, in my youth, I accepted as divinely decreed; but which, through later years, I have been disposed to regard more analytically.

*First among these, both because of its obviousness and its significance, is the feeling of caste which governs the officer in his relation to the enlisted man. The American citizen who enlists becomes, thereby, in the eyes of the citizen who holds a commission as officer, not merely a subordinate, but an inferior in a sense not known to civil life. I do not put it too strongly when I say that he has entered into something like degradation.*

It is not that the "men's quarters" in a military post are always more or less distant from the "officer's line;" it is not that there is no association between the two districts save of a strictly military nature; it is not even that at the very religious services in the post chapel—where worldly rank might perhaps be expected to be temporarily overlooked—the soldiers with their women and children are segregated from officers and their families. These things may seem surprising or objectionable to the casual visitor upon a reservation; but they have the root of their existence in a practical necessity—the same necessity which makes it a grave breach of the proprieties for the wife or daughter of an officer so much as to speak to an enlisted man in any manner save one of remote civility or of condescension to a menial; which makes friendship unimaginable, and a love affair a shame and debasement, a stain upon the honor of an entire class, a disgrace never to be lived down. The placing of severe restrictions upon intercourse between the officers' women-folk and the private soldier is founded upon reason. It is hard, indeed, to imagine how garrison life—especially in localities remote from towns—could be otherwise regulated; since women are very few, and men very many, and promiscuously gathered.

But the line of cleavage goes further than is required by the *modus vivendi* of the post. As an example of how far beyond any real exigency it extends, I recall the case of an officer of my acquaintance who was retired from active service and living in a large city where his home was frequented by other officers, on leave or on duty in the neighborhood. A friend of the retired officer—a youth of good birth, of talents and personal attractions—had had an unfortunate love affair, and smarting from his wounds, in a hour of recklessness had enlisted as a soldier. His company was stationed at a post not far from the city, and one day the officer encountered him on the street. Moved by pity for the young fellow's plight—his despondency and loneliness—he took him back to his home to spend a quiet evening, in the midst of a family such as that to which he was accustomed. It chanced that some other officers called while the private was there, and though the latter wore civilian clothes, he was recognized before he could take his leave—which, it must be said, he did quite promptly. From that day forward the hospitable officer's house was forsaken by his brothers-in-arms.

Again there was the case of a certain major who was the father of two sons. The elder had gone through West Point and was a lieutenant. When the Spanish War broke out, the younger son—unable to obtain a commission, but wishing to serve his country—enlisted. Later on it befell, in the course of army events, that the major and the younger son were passing through Havana at the same time. The major, rejoiced at sight of his second-born, impulsively invited him to dine at a restaurant. When the lieutenant brother—who was stationed not far away—heard of the affair he was exceeding wroth, and rebuked his parent for having appeared in public on terms of familiarity with a private. In this particular case it is only fair to say that the sympathies of the service would be divided. But that it should admit of two opinions is sufficiently instructive.

These are but two cases, entirely typical, out of a number which might be added to indefinitely. They throw light on the attitude of the officer toward the soldier; yet, after all,

they are illustrative merely of the spirit of "social" regulations—using that word in its narrower sense—wherein one allows for many vagaries of no profound significance.

If the differentiation of the commissioned from the enlisted obtained only here, it might well enough be dismissed as unimportant. It is in matters more directly pertaining to military regulations that it becomes of genuine consequence. There is, as an instance, the question of gambling at cards. An officer may gamble with impunity. Be it clearly understood I am not saying that officers make a practice of gambling. It is done only by a few, and never by those most respected. Nevertheless, officers may and do gamble at cards without getting into trouble or even being obliged to cease when their action comes to the attention of their superiors in rank. For a soldier, however, to be caught playing for stakes means certain reprimand and probable punishment. An especially flagrant instance came under my observation not long since, in a garrison where the regulations against gambling were very strictly enforced among the privates. There was a temporary encampment of a branch of State militia on the reservation, for purposes of training. Every evening poker games—enlivened by drinking—went on until a late hour. It was done openly, almost under the windows of the men's barracks, and considerable sums changed hands. Militiamen and regular officers played together. Had enlisted men been caught, quietly and soberly, risking a few dimes on the turn of the cards, even in some remote, secluded spot of the reservation, they would have been treated with much severity. Yet the enlisted man is far more in need of diversion and amusement than is the officer, since the former has a life of monotonous routine, confined for the most part within the reservation limits, and the latter enjoys a considerable degree of change and of liberty.

In another post where I chanced to be, it was common knowledge that a small group of officers had a gambling game which ran on night after night, month in and month out, and that sums large by comparison with an officer's pay were won and lost. Yet, time and again, during the course

of my visit, I would hear how this or that company commander had gone out during the night, and "raided" a game among some soldiers. And these company commanders would talk gravely together concerning the large number of desertions from the fort.

At the same place occurred another most unfortunate case of discrimination. The fort was so situated as only to be reached by passing through a certain district across which it was—by Federal law—forbidden to transport intoxicating liquors. Even by mail or express they could not, legally, reach the post. None the less, a shipment of whisky was one day smuggled in. Some of it had been consigned to a certain officer of notoriously bibulous tendency, and some to a group of enlisted men. That for the officer was delivered (and to the best of my belief, a private was commanded to carry it to him), while the whisky intended for the men was poured out upon the ground.

At that period the soldier—in any garrison—might not have even his glass of beer at the post exchange; though drinking in the officers' quarters was general and permitted. Within the last few years, however, this particular discrimination has been done away with, and it is forbidden for any intoxicating drinks to enter military reservations—an order, by the bye, whose promulgation has a great deal to do with the army officers' intense dislike of the present Administration at Washington.

It must be exasperating at times, to a disinterested lover of fair play, to see how an unscrupulous officer will carry his sense of the privileges of superior rank to the point of a bold evasion of regulations whose equivalent would land an enlisted man in the military penitentiary. There is, for example, the rule forbidding an officer to employ a soldier as a personal servant during any time which should be given to official duties. The rule is evaded without any penalty attaching. The last case to come under my personal observation was where a private gave practically his entire time serving as cook, house-boy, and nurse-boy for the post commander.

To keep their inferiority continually impressed upon the men, is, by most officers, considered to be for the good of the service. One of my earliest recollections is of a conversation between my own father and a fellow company commander, wherein it was agreed that the deterioration of "discipline," (among officers of the true type it is understood that discipline is always deteriorating), was due to pampering enlisted men with luxuries such as sheets and pillow slips. Yet I never remember having heard it suggested that it might be detrimental to the efficiency of officers that the Commissary Department should procure for their use imported delicacies such as Scotch marmalade and Russian caviar.

A well-known civilian aviator was speaking recently of the scandal at the army aviation field at San Diego—where deplorable conditions were kept hidden until the tragic death of several men and a young lieutenant brought them suddenly to light (only to be covered again from the startled and questioning eyes of the public, as soon as the official blanket could be hastened up to throw over them). In the course of his remarks he gave it as his experience that enlisted men cannot satisfactorily be taught to fly by officer instructors. "When a man is learning," he said, "he naturally likes, after a flight, to go over the machine with his instructor, to ask questions and discuss details which have attracted his notice. But few officers will allow such an approach to familiar intercourse. They think the private must be taught his place, and kept there. So when the plane alights, discussion is discouraged, and the student-soldier has no course but to put his heels together, salute, and take his departure—carrying his questions and perplexities with him."

It can hardly be supposed that the soldier is not restive under the conditions which confront him the moment he puts on the uniform—conditions which were either not represented at all, or misrepresented, when he was being prevailed upon to enlist. *He is not only restive, but commonly he is, at heart, if not actively, rebellious.*

Practically speaking, however, he has no redress for any but very grave wrongs. During the long term of his enlist-



ment he has no course but to accept any and every petty annoyance or indignity put upon him. To leave the service is only possible if a man has money enough to buy his discharge—which seldom is the case. Attempting to escape by desertion is punishable by sentence to the military penitentiary. Nor, in punishing an erring enlisted man, is adequate allowance made for the fact that a purely military offense cannot present itself to him as being so serious as one which, in civil life, would merit imprisonment. I have in mind the bewildered rage of the last offender among private soldiers with whom I had speech. He had tried to desert and been captured and put into the guard-house (the small garrison prison). Knowing that, after his court-martial, a long incarceration would be before him, he took advantage of the carelessness of his guard to make another break for liberty. He was captured again, and while awaiting trial, obliged to do hard labor—involving hours of climbing steep embankments under the summer sun, while dragging on his feet a ponderous iron chain. His sentence was ten years in the bleak military prison at Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay. “And after ten years,” he said to me, “I’ll be a middle-aged man, kicked out into the world dishonorably discharged from the army. If I’d been a footpad or a gunman now——! But all I did was to try to get out of this.”

It may be asked why, if the situation is as I have said, men re-enlist, frequently a number of times. There are a variety of reasons for this. At the end of his first term of enlistment a man is often far from the part of the country where he joined the army, and having no family near at hand and probably few or no friends among civilians in the neighborhood, his chances of obtaining work are not the best. He may, of course, avail himself of his right to be taken back, at government expense, to the place of his enlistment. But, for one reason or another, the possibility seldom appears desirable. He has a “sure thing” where he is, is ordinarily very comfortable and well provided for, and hesitates to try the fortunes of the “drifter” in the industrial world. There is to be considered, besides, the fact that the length of one

enlistment in the army is enough to affect a man's self-reliance and self-confidence most unfavorably. For a number of years he has lived under routine and discipline and has been treated as an inferior, and he has acquired doubt of his own powers and initiative. What commonly happens, in first reenlistments, is that the soldier leaves the garrison, intending to go back to civil life, that he searches the district for work, and not finding any—or any for which he feels suited—he wanders helplessly back to the place he has left and becomes again a private soldier. Once having gone through this experience it is easy to see why he may stay in the army to the end. A few men there are, to be sure, who find the life well enough to their liking, and who take their situation either unanalytically or with philosophy.

Then, too, there is a much pleasanter side to the relations of officers and men than might appear from what has been said. Many officers are excellent persons, having a strong sense of duty and of self-respect—qualities which other men, even though they be in the ranks, are bound to appreciate. Some, too, take a sincere and kindly interest in the welfare of the soldiers under them. Occasionally it happens that strong attachments exist between individuals, and continue over long years (a case, however, far more common in the "Old Army" of a couple of decades ago than under the present organization). But, at best, the relation is such as might have been expected to exist, in feudal times, between a lord and his loyal but subservient retainer.

The officer's sense of superiority to the civilian is not, in essence, the same as that which he feels toward the enlisted man. It is a combination of the belief that the methods of the citizens, who "don't obey no orders unless they is his own," are muddled and ineffectual; and of a sense that wherever the military interests and standards run counter to those of the civil population, the former should be allowed to prevail. A country, or world, conducted as a magnified garrison, so the army officer believes, would be highly desirable. That each and every man should have the right to

pursue happiness after his own fashion, and work out his own salvation according to his personal predilections and the promptings of his own conscience, is a principle to which he cannot subscribe. I speak advisedly when I say that I have yet to know the army officer of intellect sufficiently detached from the conditions affecting his own profession to permit of his realizing that military discipline, routine and procedure are merely matters of restricted expediency—useful under special, limited conditions. Their importance, to him, is not relative and immediate, but positive and general.

“The President should *order* Congress to pass the bill,” the last colonel with whom I discussed a certain political crisis, said to me. He was perhaps the most intelligent and well-informed officer of my acquaintance. Had he paused to weigh his words he could not, of course, so have expressed himself. But all unconsciously his true bias of mind was betrayed. And it is the bias of mind of the whole army.

The right of American principles to take precedence over the traditions of the service, an officer never, in his heart, admits. There will be remembered, perhaps, the rather recent case of the enlisted man who won the right to be given a commission, having passed the necessary examinations most creditably and met all the requirements as to personal character and conduct. This man's father was a tailor who did work for the people on the post. Because of this fact, the private's promotion was blocked by his officers. He could not obtain the commission he had earned, and he could not find out why. Finally, by a roundabout and unofficial route, he was able to get the matter to the attention of the President. And the commission, if I recall rightly, was bestowed. The newspapers learned of the affair and gave it considerable publicity—with comments not flattering to the Army. Civilian reporters and editors had only condemnation for the position taken by the officers. Yet, the system of the service being what it is, there undoubtedly were very real objections to having the tailor's son in a position where he would have to associate with the officers and their families—or else be sent to Coventry.

It is no easy matter to speak with certainty as to the efficiency of an institution which can be compared with nothing else. In the business of "soldiering" the army has no competitors. The Militia and National Guard organizations—which it holds in unmixed contempt—cannot justly be brought into any sort of comparison. One may come to some partial conclusion, perhaps, by considering the performance of those branches of the service whose activities are the same as are sometimes carried forward by civilians. And one thinks, immediately of course, of the fine record made by the Medical Department in the unhealthy districts of our dependencies. But civilian bodies of medical men have also achieved, elsewhere, very excellent results—and that, too, without having the incalculable assistance of the whole force of a government behind their efforts.

There is, as well, the work of the Engineer Department. "Here, at least," it may be said, "there can be no question of the magnitude and quality of achievement." But faith so serene in this branch of the service can only be held by one who is not an initiate of the mysteries, by one to whom the inner workings of the affairs of that imposing corps are not familiar.

To the average civilian it is not known that most of the actual engineering work, both theoretical and practical, of the U. S. Engineers is carried forward by the "assistant" and "junior" engineers who are part of the force of each "district" of the department. These assistants and juniors are civilians, who, toiling without honor or glory, give lustre to the reputation of the officers. A young Lieutenant of Engineers, too well aware of my own familiarity with the facts to attempt pretense, confessed to me, not long ago, that practically all the fine figuring as well as the actual construction of the works accredited to the Engineering Department had been done by the civilian engineers. But it is not in the code of the engineer officer that he shall give credit publicly where credit is due. "These buckets which I invented," casually remarked a Major of Engineers, the other day, pointing with pride to a row of concrete containers. And I smiled within

me as I recalled the confidences of the "junior" engineer who had actually been responsible for the buckets, and his account of the difficulty with which he had persuaded the major to allow him to have just one built, on trial. The officer had been very certain they would not serve. Directly they had proved successful, he had adopted them as the children of his own brain. And it was no exceptional attitude on his part, but an accepted manifestation of the intense corps-spirit.

The methods of this department with civilian employees—it may be said in passing—illustrate more typically than all else the army attitude toward the civilian. Some there may be who recall the internationally famous case of an engineer officer who, a number of years ago, was convicted of very grave financial irregularities—involving, indeed, large sums—in connection with a dredging contract in a certain harbor. Tradition has it that the "assistant" engineer who drew the attention of the Engineer Department to what was going forward was instantly discharged. The course of action was in accord with that habitually taken. Twice within as many years I myself have known civilians to be dismissed immediately by engineer officers for having called attention to conditions which reflected discreditably upon the administrative and professional ability of those officers.

The conditions were remedied—in so far as possible, and as inconspicuously as could be managed—but the civilian who had presumed to criticize unfavorably the conduct of an army officer was not reinstated.

This, to be sure, is a digression from the main question as to whether or not the work of the army engineers is sufficiently superior to that of other civil engineers to constitute a justification of the principles of our army. But—aside from the fact that, as I have stated, nearly all of the actual engineering is done by civilians—it will not stand the test of reason that the officers of the Engineer Corps *should* be especially efficient. With them, more than with officers of the other branches of the service, obtains the principle of exemption from the common lot. The cadet who graduates

from his class at West Point with honors sufficient to qualify him for a lieutenancy in the Engineer Corps, has had only the most theoretical training, and it is the very exceptional case, if ever he gets any other. The spirit of the service presumes him to be above descending to the actual experiences of construction which civilian engineers are expected to have had before they attain to positions of command and responsibility.

An Engineer Corps based on these principles, obviously could not long retain its prestige save for the complaisance of the civilian engineers who support it. And, on the wider issue, the same argument applies. The prestige of the United States Army can only last so long as the civilian population is complaisant—and uninterested—enough to accept it at its own valuation.

But that the civilian population is ceasing so to accept it, there have, of late, been many signs.

That an army can be successful by all military standards, when founded on principles in accord with democratic theories of government, the soldiers of France have proved before the eyes of the world. If France has succeeded in evolving an army in the spirit of democracy, so too can we. The lesson of what she has accomplished in this respect—and the lesson, somewhat on the same order, which has been taught to England by the Colonial volunteers—have done much to alter, in America, the idea that an efficient military establishment can only be maintained in a spirit of absolutism—of class consciousness and segregation.

And now, belatedly, *it is becoming apparent even to certain army officers that something must be done if the army is to survive at all. They have had an extreme and unpleasant surprise in the fact that a decree of Congress announcing that the army was to be enlarged has not resulted in enlargement to even half the number contemplated.* They had fondly supposed that it would be enough for the Government to announce that men might enlist as privates, and that recruiting offices would be crowded. *There was something half pathetic, half ludicrous in the preparations made by recruit-*

*ing stations to "accommodate the rush," and in the bewilderment of the army when the rush failed to occur. But it is the citizen's lack of patriotism upon which officers are disposed to put the blame—and by no means upon their own lack of Americanism.*

Any officer of ordinary perspicacity might have foreseen the outcome had he been willing—intellectually or able—squarely to face the truth.

And the truth, broadly stated, is that year after year, decade after decade, the enlisted men have harbored resentment of the conditions under which they serve; and that they have made no secret of this resentment when in the company of their civilian associates. *Little by little the ill-repute of the service has spread among the class from which enlistments are expected. And for long it has been looked upon as the last resort of the unfortunate or unsuccessful to enter the regular Army of the United States.*

So it will continue to be considered, moreover, until the service shall have been altered from its very foundation, until its essential principles shall have been changed, until it shall have been brought into accord with our national character, and made an integral part of our national institution.

Yet all this will never be until the army officer has come to regard himself, not as a member of a specially privileged and empowered group—responsible only to that group and properly estimated only by its standards—but as a citizen of a democratic country, in the service of the country—and only rightfully, in its service so long as its principles and its interests are his primary consideration.

# LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

BY A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER

(*Concluded*)

LETTER XXI

**T**HE next day, our C. O. sent for O. C. Companies, and the Peacemaker took me along when he went, as I'd been over the ground, and he guessed the pow-wow would be about the new trench. The C. O. told us all about it, and what the ideas of the authorities were. He said it was the sort of job which might possibly prove costly in lives. But it had got to be done, and he was of opinion that if everyone concerned made up his mind never for a moment to relax the care and watchfulness he would use in the first half hour, the job might be done with comparatively few casualties. He talked longer than he generally does, and I think he felt what he said a good deal.

“I know very well none of you would ever show fear,” he said; “and I think you are satisfied that your N. C. O.'s and the men will never fail you in that respect. But, remember, your greatest asset is the confidence the men have in you. Never do anything to endanger that. If you use all the care and judgment you can, and if each one of your men understands exactly what the job before him is; and if your influence is such as to prevent anyone losing his head, no matter what happens; then the casualty list will be low! Every casualty you prevent on a job like this, is better than an enemy casualty gained! When we have to lose our men, let us lose them fighting, as they themselves would choose to go down, if go down they must! But in this job of the new trench, we pit our wits and our coolness and discipline and efficiency against those of the Boche; and it is your job to see to it that the job is carried through at the minimum cost in man-power.”

He said other things, of course, but that was the gist of it; and I think we were all impressed. He's a martinet, all



right, is our C. O.; and, as you know, his tongue is a two-edged sword. He is as stern a man as I ever knew; but, by gad, he's just; and, above and before all else he is so emphatically a man.

Well, the upshot of our plans was that "A" Company was to provide the covering party, and be responsible for the tactical aspects of the show, and "C" Company—all miners and farm workers—with our Platoon of "D," was to do the digging, for a start, anyhow. The R. E. were to run the wire entanglement right along the front of the new line; and that was to be the first operation. It was obvious, of course, that as much as possible must be done during the first night; since, once he had seen the job, as he would directly daylight came, the Boche might be relied on to make that line tolerably uncomfortable for any one working near it without cover.

While we were out of trenches that week our fellows were pretty busy during the first half of each night, carrying material to the front line. There was a good number of miles of barbed wire to go up, with hundreds of iron screw standards for the wire, and hundreds more of stakes; quite a lot of material altogether, and I am bound to say I think the R. E. arranged it very well. They had all their material so put together, and so stowed up at the front, as to make for the maximum of convenience and the minimum of delay when they came to handle it in the open, and under fire—as men always must be when doing anything in No Man's Land.

Our men were bursting with swank over the Company being chosen to act as covering party; delighted to think that what they regarded as the combatant side of the show was theirs. Indeed, I rather think a lot of them made up their minds that they were going to utilize the opportunity of having a couple of hundred men out close to the Boche trenches, for a real strafe of the men in those trenches. The Peacemaker had to get 'em together and talk very seriously and straight about just what our responsibilities were on this job. This was necessary to make the beggars realize that ours was a defensive and not an offensive stunt; in which success or

failure depended mainly upon our ability to be perfectly silent.

“All the scrapping will come later,” said the Peacemaker. “We mustn’t invite one single bullet, while we’ve a couple of hundred men behind us using picks and shovels, and working against time to get cover. If Boches come along our line, it will be our job to strafe ’em with our naked fingers if we possible can. The last thing we’ll do will be to fire a shot. And the one thing that must not happen, not in any old case at all; no, not if the whole Prussian Guard turns out; is for a single Boche in any circumstances whatever to get through our line.”

And that was the basis on which we tackled the job. Of course, the O. C. knew better than to try and handle his Company as a Company, on the night. Orders could only be given in whispers, you understand. As a matter of fact, in all such work as in night attacks, one must be able to rely, not alone on Platoon Sergeants and senior N. C. O.’s, but on Corporals and Section Commanders. And if they have not been trained so that you can rely on them carrying out instructions exactly, one’s chances of success are pretty small.

It was dark soon after five, and by a quarter to six we were moving out into the open. One and two Platoons went out down Stinking Sap, myself in command, and three and four Platoons went out from just a little way above Petticoat Lane. I led my lot and the Peacemaker led the other half-company, the idea being that when he and I met we should know that we were in our right position, and could stay there. We moved with about three paces interval between men, and kept three or four connecting files out on our inside flank and a couple on the outer flank; the business of the inside men being to steer us at an average distance of forty paces to the front of the foremost line of pegs, which, you know, was the line to be followed by the barbed-wire entanglements; the line of the new trench, itself, being well inside that again.

This meant that one flank of our line, just above Petti-

coat Lane, would rest within 150 yards of the Boche front trench, and the other flank about 225 yards. We had drilled the whole business very carefully into the men themselves, as well as the Section Commanders and Sergeants. We got out on our line without a sound; and then the Peacemaker made his way back to Stinking Sap to report to Captain —, of the R. E. that we had taken on the duty of protection, and were all ready for his men to go ahead. He marched his carriers out then, stringing them along the whole line, and his Company set to work putting up the screen of wire entanglements behind our line.

This whole business has given me a lot of respect for the R. E.; a respect which I think is pretty generally felt all through the Service. The way they planned and carried out that wiring job was fine. No talk, and no finnickig, once they were in the open; every last peg and length of binding wire in its right place; sandbags at hand to fold over anything that needed hammering; every man told off in advance, not just to make himself as generally useful as he could, but quite definitely to screw in standards, or drive in stakes, or fix pegs, or carry along the rolls of wire, or strain the stays, or lace in the loose stuff, as the case might be. Every man knew precisely what his particular part was, and went straight at it, without a word to or from anyone.

Meanwhile, I was working carefully along from end to end of our line, checking up the intervals, altering a man's position where necessary, and making sure that all our men were properly in touch, and keeping their right line; watching out well, and making no sound. Nobody in our lot moved, except the officers. All the others lay perfectly still. We kept moving up and down in front the whole time; except when flares were up, or machine gun fire sweeping across our way; and then, of course, we dropped as flat as we could.

But no machine gun spoke on that sector; not once, while the wire was going up. Before half-past seven, the Peacemaker came along to me with orders to lead my men off to Stinking Sap. The wiring was finished. There had been

a hundred-and-fifty men at it; and at that moment, the last of 'em was entering Stinking Sap—casualties nil.

The Peacemaker marched his half-company round the end of the wire above Petticoat Lane, and I took mine round the end in front of Stinking Sap-head. Then we wheeled to the rear of the new wire entanglement, and marched out again, immediately in rear of it, till the Peacemaker and I met, as we had previously met in front. So we took up our second and final position, and got down to it exactly as we had done in the first position.

When the O. C. reported that we were in position, "C" Company marched out, half from each end of the line; under their own officers, but with the O. C. R. E. in command, and his officers helping. They were at three yards' interval. There was a peg for every man, and the first operation was for each man to dig a hole in which he could take cover. It had all been thought out beforehand, of course, and every man knew just what to do. Their instructions were to dig just as hard as ever they knew how—but silently—till they got cover. All the sections were working against each other, and the O. C. Company was giving prizes for the first, second and third sections, in order of priority, to get underground.

We couldn't see them, of course, and had all the occupation we cared for, thank you, in looking after our line. I was glad to find, too, that we could only hear them when we listened. They were wonderfully quiet. It's a wet clay soil, you know; and they had been carefully drilled never to let one tool touch another. I am told they went at it like tigers, and that the earth fairly flew from their shovels. In our line there wasn't a sound, and every man's eyes were glued on his front.

The evening had been amazingly quiet; nothing but desultory rifle fire, and unusually little of that. At a quarter to nine, a Boche machine gun dead opposite the center of my half-company, began to traverse our line—his real objective, of course, being, not our line, but the line of trench, the old fire-trench, in our rear. I know now that at that

moment the slowest of "C's" diggers was underground. That burst of fire did not get a single man; not a scratch.

A fine rain, very chilling, began to fall now, and got less fine as time went on. The wind rose a bit, too, and drove the rain in gusts in our faces. By good luck it was coming from the Boche trenches. At half-past ten they sent over ten or twelve whiz-bangs, all of which landed in rear of our old front line, except two that hit its parapet. Rifle fire was a little less desultory now, but nothing to write home about. They gave us an occasional belt or two from their machine guns, but all our men were lying flat, and all the diggers were below ground; so there was nothing to worry about in that.

By half-past eleven, I confess I was feeling deuced tired. I had been creeping up and down the line for over five hours, but it wasn't that. One spends vitality; it somehow oozes out of you, on such a job. I never wanted anything in my life so much as I wanted to get my half-company through that job without casualties. And there was one thing I wanted even more than that; to make absolutely certain no prowling Boche patrol got through my bit of the line.

Down on our flank at The Gut, there were half a dozen little bombing shows between six and midnight; and one bigger scrap, when the Hun exploded a mine, and made a good try to occupy its crater; but, as we learned next day, was hammered out of it, after some pretty savage hand-to-hand work. Farther away on the other flank, the Boche artillery were unusually busy, and, at intervals, sent over bursts of heavy stuff, the opening salvos of which rather jangled one's nerves. You see "A" Company could have been extinguished in a very few minutes, if Boche had known enough to go about it in the right way.

If only one enterprising Boche, working on his own—a sniper, anybody—without getting through our line, just gets near enough to make out that it is a line, and then gets back to his own trenches—our little game will be up, I thought. It wasn't restful. The men were getting pretty stiff, as you may guess, lying still in the wet, hour after hour.

At half-past two, the Peacemaker came along and whispered to me to take my men in: "Finished for tonight."

I wasn't sorry. I put my senior Sergeant on to lead, and myself brought up the rear. I was, of course, the last to get into Stinking Sap, and my Platoon Sergeant was waiting for me there to tell me that not one of our men had a scratch; nor yet a single man of "C" Company. One man of No. 3 Platoon, in the Peacemaker's half-company, had a bullet through his shoulder; a Blighty, no more. And that was our record.

But, look here, I absolutely must stop and censor some of the Platoon's letters, before turning in. I'll write again as soon as ever I can, and tell you the rest of it. However—a trench nearly 800 yards long, wire entanglements in front; casualties, one man wounded! Nobody felt much happier about it than your "Temporary Gentleman."

## LETTER XXII

In my last letter, I think I told you all about our first night's work on the new trench; how it was cut, and the wire entanglements run out, between six in the evening and half-past two in the morning; and the casualty list just one man wounded! It may not seem anything much to you, but to us it seemed almost miraculous. I think the Powers that Be would have been quite pleased with us if we had managed it with, say thirty or forty casualties.

Two-and-a-half hours or so later, round about five o'clock, although you would have thought we should all be pretty tired, as no doubt we were (though not so tired, I fancy, as we mostly felt at midnight), everyone was interested in turning out for the morning Stand-to. We were all anxious to watch Mr. Boche's first glimpse of our night's work; not that we could see the expression on the faces of the Germans, or hear their comments; but we could imagine a good deal of it, and wanted to see just what happened, anyhow.

A few sentry groups had been posted along the new line when we came in from it at half-past two; but these

were withdrawn at the first glimmerings of coming dawn; since we could watch the front as closely from the original fire-trench, and it was possible, of course, that Fritz might just plaster the new line with shrap and whizzes and so on, as soon as he clapped eyes on it.

I was watching before the first greying of the dawn, from a sniper's post, pretty close to the Boche line, down near the beginning of Petticoat Lane. The first thing I made out when the light was still only very faint, was the head of a sentry raised well above the parapet level, as he stared out at the nearest bit of our new wire. I turned half round and grabbed a rifle from a man in the trench; but the Boche had disappeared when I looked round again. Then the idea struck me—perhaps he'll bring an officer to look; a sergeant, anyhow. So I drew a very careful bead on that spot, and got my rifle comfortably settled on a mud rest.

Sure enough, in a couple of minutes that sentry's head bobbed up again in the same spot. I held my fire; waiting on the officer theory. And, next moment, another head rose beside the sentry's, and came up a good deal less cautiously. I won't swear to its being an officer, of course; because I couldn't see well enough to tell that. But I think it very likely was. Anyhow, I had him most perfectly covered when I fired, and they both disappeared on the instant and never showed up again; so I am practically certain I got the second one. He was visible down to about his third tunic button, you see, and with a resting rifle, I don't think I could miss at that range. It wasn't more than 120, if that; sights at zero, of course.

It really was rather thrilling, that Stand-to. We had all our machine guns ready, and traversed Fritz's parapet very thoroughly. Upon my word, in the fluster of that first daylight minute or two, with the new wire under his nose, I believe Fritz thought we were going to make a dawn attack. I never saw so many Boches expose themselves. As a rule they are really a good deal better than we are, in the matter of keeping out of sight; they take far fewer chances. But they didn't seem able to help looking, this time, and our

snipers did pretty well. So did the machine guns, I think. I don't see how they could have helped it.

Then the Boche got his machine guns to work, and poured thousands of rounds all along our front; a regular machine gun bombardment; for which he got precisely nothing at all; none of our people being exposed. But can't you imagine the excitement in the Boche line? The evening before, they had seen our line exactly as usual. In the night, they had apparently heard and suspected nothing. And now, with the first morning light, they saw a line of brand new wire entanglement, and a new trench line, that must have looked most amazingly close to them, and actually was in parts an advance of four hundred yards from the old line. And then the length of it—just on eight hundred yards. It certainly must have startled 'em.

We quite thought they'd start lambasting Old Harry out of the new line at any moment. But they didn't. I guess they had sense enough to conclude that we had nobody out there. But during the forenoon, Master Boche registered on the new line at several points; about twenty rounds of whizzes and H. E.; just to encourage us with regard to our work for the night, I suppose. And beyond that we didn't go—dignified silence. But I bet he was pretty mad to think of all he'd missed. During the afternoon, Fritz sent a couple of planes up, I daresay with cameras, to get a record of the new lines. But our Archibalds in the rear made it so hot for them, I don't think they got any snap-shots.

When "A" Company filed out at six o'clock that night to take up protective duty along the new wire, as before, while the new trench was proceeded with, I think we might have been excused for feeling a bit creepy. I can't say just how the men felt, but I confess I had made up my mind that my own chances of getting back were tolerably thin. One must move about a good bit to do one's job properly, and keep touch with a hundred men strung out over three hundred yards of ground in pitch darkness. As a matter of fact, it was barely dark when we filed out. We daren't leave it a minute later in case a strong Boche patrol should have



worked inside our line, and been waiting for the working party when it came out, with bombs. We simply had to be beforehand with 'em; and there was no getting away from the fact that the Boche had had all day in which to study this new line of ours, and make his plans. I say I don't know how our men were feeling. I do know they were cracking little jokes among themselves about it, before we left the Sap.

"This way for motor ambulances!" "Change here for Blighty, and the Rest Cure!" "Where'll you have yours, matey?" I heard plenty of remarks like that, as I worked my way down Stinking Sap to get to the head of my lot before we moved out. "You'll be all right," said one of mine to a "C" Company man, as he entered the Sap. "Mister blooming Fritz can't get at you with 'A' Company out in front; you take it from me. We'll twist his tail properly if he does come." The "C" men were for digging again.

It is impossible for an officer to feel shaky, however slight his experience, when he has men like ours to work with.

It wasn't exactly a proper trench that "C" Company went to work in that night. There were stretches which were almost finished; and then again there were other lengths where it was just a chain of holes, linked together by bits a yard or two long in which the surface only had been shifted, just to mark out the trace of the new line. But every man was able to get into cover right away, even in the worst bits, because of these holes; and then, being in a hole, his job was to cut his way along into the next hole just as quick as his strength would allow him. The trench was dug narrow; not a quarter the width of the old trenches we have occupied. This doesn't make for comfort in getting to and fro; but it does give far safer cover from every kind of projectile; and especially from the deadly shrap, and the slippery whizz.

While "C" slogged away at making connection right through, we lay out by the wire, as we had done the night before, and I crept up and down our line. There was no rain, and the night was so quiet that we could hear every little move among the diggers, much more plainly than on the

night before. I wondered if the Boches could hear it. They sent us little bursts of machine gun fire now and again, such as they send throughout every night; and there was the normal amount of rifle fire; and the normal number of flares and different kinds of lights going up from the enemy lines. Our men all lay as still as mutton, and when the lights rose near our way, or the m. g. fire came, I naturally kept very still.

Once, I distinctly made out a figure moving very slowly and cautiously outside the wire. I should have liked to have fired, and, better still, I should have liked to have been able to get quickly and silently through the wire and on to that moving figure, getting to grips, as we did with that German sniper not long since, without a sound. But there was no opening in the wire near, and with regard to firing, my orders were not to draw fire by expending a single round unnecessarily; and to fire only in defence. What I did was to get the O. C.'s permission shortly afterwards to take three men and patrol beyond the front of the wire. But we found nothing. No doubt I had seen one member of a Boche observation patrol, on the prowl to find out what we were doing; and if only I could have got him it would have been excellent. From that time on we kept a continuous patrol going in front of the wire.

Then came a salvo of four whizz-bangs, all landing fairly near the new trench; three in rear of it, and one most infernally close in front of us. I suppose we all told ourselves the ball was just about to begin. But nothing happened for over an hour. Then came nine shells in quick succession, one of which, on my left, robbed my half Company of four men, one killed and three wounded. The rest accomplished nothing. Then silence again, followed by occasional bursts of m. g. and the usual sort of rifle fire. Corporal Lane, of No. 2 Platoon, stopped an m. g. bullet with his left shoulder, I regret to say, and one man in the trench—"C" Company—was killed by a bullet through the head.

With every little burst of fire, one braced oneself for the big strafe that we naturally felt must come. It seemed the

Boche was playing with us, as a cat plays with a mouse. "I wonder what deviltry he has got up his sleeve!" We probably all asked ourselves that question fifty times.

At two o'clock, there wasn't a break anywhere in the new line. It was a connected trench throughout, and nowhere less than six feet deep; with two communicating trenches leading back to our original front line. At three o'clock, the word came along that the working party had been withdrawn, and that I was to take my men in. As before, we left a few sentry groups, to be relieved at dawn by fresh sentries, since the new line was now to be guarded by day and manned by night.

And that was the end of it. I got my men all safely in. Half an hour later, the Boche sent over another ten or a dozen shells on the new line, and once again before dawn he did the same; with the usual periodical bursts of m. g. fire and dropping rifle fire during the rest of the time. And nothing more. Wasn't it extraordinary? When he had had a whole day to think about it and must have known we should be at work there that night. Possibly, however, in his crafty way, he assumed we should not go near the new line that second night, for fear of strafing; and held his hand for that reason. And, possibly, our General assumed he'd think that, and acted accordingly. But there it is. We got our work done at next to no cost.

I was going to tell you about the rumors as to our push to straighten out the line. But my time is up. That will have to wait for my next letter. We are having an easy time now, but there were no free minutes last week. You'll hear again soon, from your "Temporary Gentleman."

### LETTER XXIII

You are quite right in saying that I don't feel much interest in political affairs at home, these days. The fact is we do not often see the newspapers, and when we see them there isn't much time for really reading them, or giving much consideration to what they say. The War news is interesting, of course; but all this endless talky-talky business; why,

I can hardly tell you how queerly it strikes us, out here. You see we are very close to concrete realities all the time, and to us it seems the talky-talky people are most amazingly remote from realities of any kind. They seem to us to be very much interested in shadows, notions, fads, fancies and considerations of interest which we think were washed from existence by the very beginning of the War. They even seem to be able to strive mightily and quarrel virulently over discussion of the principles and abstractions involved in things they propose to do when the War is over.

*M-m-m-m-m-m!* Seems to us the thing is to get it over; and in the right way. No, we are not much interested in the political situation. The tangible realities of the situation out here seem to us very pressing; pressing enough to demand all the energies and all the attention; every atom of the strength of all the people of the British race; without any wastage over more remote things; abstractions; things ante and post bellum. Here in France I can assure you men, women and children are all alike in that they have no life outside the war. Every thought, every act, everything is in and for the war. The realities are very close here.

One thing in that last letter of yours especially pleases me. "We have now got to the point in England at which all the people of both sexes who are worth their salt are busy at war work of one kind or another."

That's excellent. Well, now rope in the ones who are not "worth their salt." You'll find they're all right, once they're roped in. I don't believe in this idea of some people not being worth their salt; not in England, anyhow. The stock is too good. You know the type of hoodlum who, with licks of hair plastered over his forehead, seems to spend his days leaning against a lamp-post. The fellow I mean has a perfectly beastly habit of spitting over everything in sight, when riding on top of a 'bus, for instance. Despised by decent men, he's a real terror to decent women. Same type, I suppose as the Apache of Paris. Every big city breeds them.

Well, all I want to tell you about this gentleman is, never to run away with the notion that he can't be worth his

salt. All he needs is to be taught the meaning of authority. It's only a matter of months; even weeks. With my own eyes I have watched the process at work. Nobody will ever again be able to delude me about it. In a country like ours there are no people "not worth their salt." The worst type of man we've got only needs a few months in a battalion like ours, during the training period to learn the meaning of authority; and, by means of discipline, to have his latent manhood developed. It is there all right. Only he'll never develop it of his own accord. Authority must be brought to bear. The Army method is the quickest and best. In a few months it makes these fellows men, and thundering good men, at that. Worth their salt! They're worth their weight in—well, to take something real and good; say in 'baccy and cartridges—real men, and real fighters.

Out here in billets, we get a deal more information about things generally than ever reaches us in the line. All the rumors come our way; and, among them, here and there, I daresay, hints of the truth. We know that out there in the new trench we cut, no dug-outs are being made. There's no evidence of any intention really to inhabit that new front line. It is just fully manned by night, and held by a few sentry groups in the day. (It's a deuce of a job getting along it by night, when it's full of men. Being kept so narrow, for safety's sake, there are not many places where you can pass men; so you have to get along somehow over their heads or between their legs. Oh, it's great going, on a wet night!) And this, in our eyes, is proof positive of the truth of the rumor which says we are to use it almost immediately as a jumping off place, in a push designed to strengthen and straighten our front line by cutting off that diabolical corner of the Boche line opposite the Gut; to wash out The Gut, in fact, altogether; putting it behind our front line, with all its blood-soaked craters.

I don't think I ought to write much about it, though I suppose the Censor won't mind, so long as I mention no places, or names to indicate the part of the front we're on. But, in effect, if we can take five or six hundred yards of

Boche trenches here, the gain to us, apart altogether from strategic considerations, will be equivalent to at least a mile. It's much more than just that, really, because it means getting a very advantageous and commanding position in exchange for a very exposed and deadly one; depriving Boche of a great advantage, and gaining a great advantage for ourselves. Even the lesser of the two possible schemes, concerning less than two hundred yards of Boche front, would give us all that. But the general opinion seems to be that we are to tackle the larger scheme, involving the seizure of a good mile or more of Boche front. We all think we know, and we none of us know anything, really.

But I must clear out. We have a new issue of improved gas-helmets, and I've got to see to dishing them out. Then, every man will have two anti-gas helmets and one pair of anti-lachrymatory gas-goggles. We are also renewing our emergency or "iron" ration—and that all looks like a push, and is therefore exhilarating.

*Later.*

Great and glorious news! The push is a fact. I mustn't say which day, and, just in case this letter fell into wrong hands, I think I'll hold it back, and not post just yet. The main thing is we are to push; and we are jolly well going to wipe out that Boche corner. It is the lesser of the two schemes; a local affair pure and simple; so I suppose you'll learn next to nothing about it from dispatches. You know our British way in the matter of official dispatches. The British have no shop window at all. One ought to be glad of it, I suppose. Ours is the safer, better, more dignified way, no doubt; and it certainly never raises any hopes doomed to possible disappointment. At the back of my mind I approve it all right. But, as touching ourselves, one cannot help wishing the dispatches would give you news of our show. Of course, it won't.

"The night was quiet on the remainder of the Front."  
 "Some elements of trenches changed hands in the neighborhood of——, the advantage being with us." That's the sort of thing. At least, I hope it'll read that way.

We've got a mighty lot to wipe out in this little push. It isn't only such little scraps of discomfort as we suffered, nor yet the few men we lost there. But, French and British, month in and month out, for many a long day and night, we've been using up good men and true in that bloody, shell-torn corner. Why, there's not a yard of its churned-up soil that French and Englishmen haven't suffered on. We've all that to wipe out; all that, and a deal more that I can't tell you about. I'll only tell you that I intend to get through it. Every man in the Battalion means real business—just as much as any of the chaps who fought under Nelson and Wellington, believe me. So, whatever you do, be under no sort of anxiety about your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S.—Seeing that you and I, and all our lot, never have known anything about military matters before this war came, I think it may interest you, as it interests me, to know that I have never seen the Company as a whole jollier, or in higher spirits than it is with this job before it; and, do you know, I never felt happier, myself; never. I feel this makes it worth while to be alive, and fit; more worth while than it ever was in civil life, before.

## LETTER XXIV

### Clearing Station.

The address at the head of this paper will be quite a shock to you, if you know what it means. I hasten to say that I am perfectly all right, really. "Clearing Station." Perhaps it won't have the ominous look to you that "Hospital" would, though it means the same thing. But the point is I am all right. I told you I'd get through, and I have. The fact that I'm lying in bed here—in luxurious comfort—is only an incident. I am quite safe and perfectly all right.

They tell me here that directly an officer is wounded, information to that effect is sent home to his people. Well, I hope you will get this word from me, first; and accept my

assurance that there's nothing to worry about. These good folk here will put me as right as ninepence in no time; and I hope very shortly to be back with the Company, and in the new line.

It was shrapnel, and got me in the left leg, and a bit in the right arm, just when I was most wanting the use of both of them. I hope they haven't told you I'm going to lose my leg, or anything; because I'm not. The surgeon here—a first-rate chap, and a splendid surgeon—has told me all about it; and my leg will very soon be as good as ever.

This is just a line to let you know I am perfectly all right. I'll write and tell you all about it tomorrow.

I wonder if the dispatches will have told you anything. The push was splendid. We've got that corner, and the Gut is well behind our front line now.

\* \* \* \*

(Censor)

My letter of yesterday will have assured you that I am all right; nothing at all to worry about. I meant to have written you fully today about the push. But we've been busy. The suregon has been cleaning me up, getting rid of useless souvenirs; and it seems I'm better keeping pretty still and quiet today. Shall be out and about all the quicker. This is a perfectly heavenly place, where you don't hear a vestige of gun-fire, and everything is sweet and clean, quiet and easy; no responsibility; no anything but comfort. What a luxurious loaf I'm having! I'll write tomorrow.

\* \* \* \*

I'm going ahead like a house afire; but so confoundedly lazy, you'd hardly believe it. I suppose this pencil will be legible; though it hardly looks it, to me. As I say, I'm too lazy for words; simply wallowing in comfort and cleanliness. Thought I would just pencil a line now, so that you would know I was perfectly all right; and then I can write properly tomorrow.

\* \* \* \*

Another lazy day. I really ought to be at work, you know, so well and fit I am. But I just laze here in this de-



lightful bed, and watch the busy orderlies and sisters flitting to and fro, as though I were in a dream, and other folk had to do all the world's work. The good old Peacemaker has come in to see me, and is writing this for me; chiefly because of my laziness, and partly that I like to spare you the work of deciphering the hieroglyphics I make with my left hand. The right arm is pretty good, but it seems I'll get it entirely sound again rather quicker by not using it just now; and it's rather jolly to have one's O. C. Company working for one in this way.

He says that while I was about it I was a duffer not to get a real Blighty, and so have a holiday and come and see you all. As a fact, I've no doubt he is profoundly grateful that he will not be robbed of my invaluable services for long. "A" Company was relieved last night by a Company of the . . . . ., in our new trenches; the trenches that used to belong to Mister Boche; so our fellows are having a bit of a rest now, I'm glad to say. Not the luxurious rest I'm having, of course; but something to be going on with.

I meant to tell you a whole lot of things, but for the laziness that makes me so greedy for naps and dozes. Also, they say visitors have to leave now, and the Peacemaker has a good way to ride. I'll write properly tomorrow. Meantime, the Peacemaker is good enough to say he will write you tonight particulars as to how I got my scratches; so I won't ask him to write any more now. He will carry this on, himself, when he gets back tonight—while I laze and sleep.

\* \* \* \*

As promised, I am adding a few lines to this, for our good friend. I have not yet told him, but as a fact, I am the only unwounded officer in "A" Company at the moment, and we were relieved last night in order that we might reorganize. Lieut. Morgan, "Taffy" was killed I grieve to say, in the beginning of the advance; and our casualties for the Company were thirty-two killed, and seventy-eight wounded. It's a terrible price, of course, but you will understand that a big loss was inevitable in our Company, when I tell you that we not only led the advance, but led it from the notorious

Petticoat Lane, where the front is extraordinarily difficult to cross. We were very proud to be chosen for the lead, and compared with the net gain for the line, our loss is small, really. Indeed, if the entire casualties in the whole advance are weighed up against the position won, I believe I am right in saying that the cost was quite remarkably low. The gain in the line is immense, and there is not the smallest chance of the Boche taking it back again, because, although our bombardment knocked his trenches about pretty badly, they were very strong trenches indeed to begin with, very strongly placed and favorably sited; and, since our occupation, we have worked day and night to make of the corner practically a fortified position; and, too, one from which we can punish the Boche pretty severely on both flanks. I think this gain will lead to other gains before long, in this sector. Our information is that the Boche casualties were very heavy. However, I did not mean to run on like this with regard to the military aspect. It is our friend you will want to hear about.

Now, in the first place I should like to be allowed to say, what you perhaps have guessed, that he is a very fine and a very valuable officer. I am not a bad judge, not only because I command his Company, but because, unlike himself, I am not quite without military knowledge of the kind that came before the War; having a good many years behind me of service as a volunteer, and then as a Territorial, down to within seven months of the beginning of things, when I joined this Service Battalion. And I have no hesitation in saying that our friend is a fine and valuable officer. I know that a big share of any credit due for the fine training and discipline of our Company, which is I think admitted to be the crack Company, of the best Battalion in the Brigade, is due, not to me, but to the Commander of our No. 1 Platoon. It is a very great loss to me to have him laid aside now; but I am so thankful his life is spared, that I have no regret to waste over his being wounded. But I do very sincerely hope that he will be able to return to us; to the reorganized "A" Company, for I have never met an officer I would sooner

have beside me. The men of the Platoon, and, indeed, of the whole Company, are devoted to him; and I regard it as little short of marvellous that in so comparatively short a time, a man who had never had even the slightest hint of any military training should have been able to become so all round efficient, so well-posted technically, and above all, so confident and absolutely successful a leader of men. For that has been his greatest asset: that his men will go anywhere with him, do anything for him, trust him without the slightest reserve or doubt.

You doubtless know more about his character than I do, but I venture to say that the character you know has been wonderfully developed by the War, and by his military training. He may have been the most lovable of men before, but I cannot believe that he was anything like so strong a man, or so able a man. Confidence, fearlessness, decisiveness—strength, in fact; these qualities I am sure have developed greatly in him, since he joined. I sometimes think there is nothing more wonderful in all this wonderful period of the War, than the amazing development it has brought in the thousands of young Englishmen, who now are capable and efficient officers, loved and trusted by their men, and as able in every way as any officers the British Army ever had; although the great majority of them have no military tradition behind them, and, before August 1914, had no military training. That really is wonderful, and I deliberately believe that no other race or nation in the wide world could have produced the same thing. The men, fine as they are, might have been produced elsewhere; or something like them. But this apparently inexhaustible supply of fine and efficient officers—no: I think not.

The newspapers will have told you something of our little push, and I will not trouble you with any technical detail. We advanced over a very narrow front, after a short but intense bombardment. Our friend led the right half of "A," because I did not want to rob his own Platoon of his immediate influence. His is No. 1. The pace was pretty hot, despite the terribly torn and treacherous nature of the

ground. The right half did even better than my half, and stormed the first Boche line with extraordinary dash and vigor. It seemed as though nothing could stop their impetuosity; and in the midst of the tremendous din, I caught little waves of their shouting more than once.

Our friend had crossed the first line, and successfully led his men to the very edge of the second line, when he fell. In fact, he was on the parapet of the second line, shouting to his men to join him in taking it, when the shell burst that brought him down. The same shell must have laid some Boches low; if that is any consolation. Not that we need any consolation. I feel sure you will agree with me in that.

But I want to tell you that the wounds in the right arm—not serious, I am thankful to say—were not from the same shell. They came in the neighbourhood of the first Boche line. That same right arm, after it was wounded, carrying a loaded stick, knocked up a Boche bayonet that was due to reach the chest of a man in No. 1 Platoon, and then served to support the same man, on the parapet of the Boche trench—he was already wounded—for a few moments, till a stretcher bearer got him. It was not possible for our friend to stay with him, of course. A few seconds later, he was leading his men full pelt towards the second line; and all that, after his first wound. I thought you would like to know that. Our C. O. knows it; and I venture to hope it will find mention in dispatches.

And now with regard to his condition. Whilst he is not quite so forward as he thinks—there is, of course, no question of his coming back to duty in a few days, as he fancies—there is, I think, no cause whatever for anxiety. In fact, the M. O. at the Clearing Station assured me of so much. His general health is excellent; nothing septic has intervened; it is simply a question of a little time. The worst that is likely to happen is that the left leg may be permanently a shade shorter than the right; and it is hoped that may be avoided. His Company—all that is left of us—will be very sincerely glad to see him back again. Meantime, we rejoice, as I am sure you will, in the manner, the distinction, of his

fall, and in his not being in danger, and in the certainty of his enjoying the rest he has earned so well. Everything is going nicely with your "Temporary Gentleman."

#### LETTER XXV

The Battalion being now out of the line, the O. C. Company has kindly sent my batman along to me here. You remember my batman, Lawson, on Salisbury Plain—and he is writing this for me, so that I can preserve my present perfect laziness. I point this out by way of accounting for the superior neatness of the handwriting, after my illegible scrawls. Lawson was a clerk at ———'s works, before the War, and, as you perceive, has a top-hole "Hand of write."

I got rather a fright, as I lay dreaming here, half awake and half asleep at six o'clock this morning. An orderly came along with a blue ticket and a big safety pin, like those the Highlanders use in their petticoats; and pinned his label on the bottom of my counterpane.

"Hullo" says I; "What's this? Are they putting me up for sale?"

Mentally, I began to describe myself for the catalogue. (How strong are the habits of civil life?) "One full-size, extra heavy Temporary Officer and Gentleman; right arm and left leg slightly chipped, the whole a little shop-worn, but otherwise as new. Will be sold absolutely without reserve to make room for new stock." They have to keep as many beds as possible vacant in Clearing Stations, you know.

The orderly just grinned and faded away, like the Cheshire cat. A Sister came along shortly afterwards, and I asked her the meaning of my blue label.

"Oh, that," she said, very casually; "that's the evacuation card."

I am to be evacuated, like a pulverized trench; a redoubt that has become useless or untenable. Jolly isn't it? Seriously, I was a good deal worried about this, until I had seen the M. O., because I had an idea that once one was evacuated out of the Divisional area, one was automatically struck off

the strength of one's unit; in which case goodness knows when, if ever, I should see my own "A" Company again. But the M. O. tells me it's all right, so long as one remains in France. One is only struck off on leaving France; and when that happens, one can never be sure which Battalion of the Regiment one will return to. So there's nothing to worry about. It's only that these Clearing Stations have to keep plenty of vacant accommodation ready for cases fresh out of the line; and so fellows like me, who are supposed to require a bit more patching up than can be given in two or three days, have to be evacuated to one or other of the base hospitals. Hence the label which makes of your Temporary Gentleman an "evacuation case."

One thing stands out so clearly in my otherwise treacherly mind that I feel I never, never shall forget it; and that is the sensation of the moment when the order reached us to advance. We had been a long time waiting for it, even before our bombardment began; and when it came——But although the sensation is very clear to me, I'm not at all sure I can convey any idea of it to you. I've just asked Lawson what he felt like when it came; but the conspiracy of reticence, or something, leads him to say he doesn't know. I found myself muttering something, at the moment; and he says he did, too. That's something of a coincidence. He thinks the actual words he muttered were: "What ho!" But that's not exactly illuminating, is it?

I believe my thought, as we scrambled over the parapet, was that now, at last, we were going to wipe Petticoat Lane off the map, as a front line. We did hate that bit of line, with its quicksand craters in front, and the sodden lowness that made it a sort of pocket for the receipt of every kind of explosive the Boche liked to lob in on us.

The struggle through the craters, before we got to the first Boche line, was pretty beastly; and, I am afraid, cost us rather dear; although we got to the near lip of the craters before the punishment began, thanks to a quick start and the fine accuracy of our gunners in their curtain fire. You know the sort of thing that happens in nightmares when each of

your feet weighs a ton and a half, at the moment when speed is the only thing to save you from the most hideous kind of something or other. Getting through the craters was like that.

Our good time began when the craters were passed, and there was nothing but Boche trenches in front of us. Then it was we began to experience the jolly feelings you've read about; the glorious exhilaration of the charge. And, really, it wouldn't be possible to exaggerate that. You can take it from me that the most highly colored chromo-lithographs can't overdo it, in the essential spirit of the thing. Their detail is pretty groggy, of course. No waving plumes, gay colors, flashing swords, and polished top-boots. My goodness, no! We were all the color of the foul clay we'd come from—all over. But the spirit of it! It is perfectly hopeless for me to try and tell you, especially in a letter. They say they pump spirits and drugs into the Boches before they leave their trenches. No drug and no champagne, even of the choicest, could have given us any more exhilaration than one felt in that dash from the craters to the first Boche line. Heavens, but it was the real thing! Made one feel you'd never been really and fully alive, till then. Seven-leagued boots, and all that kind of thing! The earth seemed to fly under our feet. I can see the dirty, earth-smeared faces in that Boche trench, now. (They were scuffling and scrambling out from the dug-outs, where they'd sheltered from our bombardment, to their fire-steps.) They seemed of no more importance than so many Aunt Sallies, or Dutch dolls. Things like that to stop *us*! Absurd!

And how one whooped! I was screaming "*'A' Company!*" at the top of my voice, as we jumped into that trench. The man on my left was Corporal Slade, (Lance-Sergeant, I should say) and, as we reached their parapet, I could hear him yelling beside my ear, through all the roar of the guns: "*Hell! Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell, boys!*" Most outrageous!

In the trench it was a sort of a football scrimmage, glorified; oh, very much glorified. Most curiously, the thing

passing through my mind then was the Peacemaker's old gag, apropos the use of his trench dagger, you know: "When you hear that cough, you can pass on to the next Boche. Get him in the right place, and three inches of steel will do. Don't waste time over any more."

Queer, wasn't it?

Gallop across the next stretch—by the way, it was the very devil getting out over the Boche parados, so high and shaley—a fellow grabbed my right ankle when I was half-way up; the very thing I'd always dreaded in dreams of the trenches; and, by gad, if I didn't kick out, you must let me know about it. I'd sooner have had a bayonet thrust any day, than the ram of my field boot that chap got in his face. The champagne feeling was stronger than ever then, because one felt that front line was smashed. Sort of crossing the Rhine, you know. One was on German soil, so to say. My hat, what scores to pay!

And mixed up with the splendid feeling of the charge itself—by long odds the finest feel I ever had in my life—there was a queer, worrying little thought, too. I knew some of our men were dropping, and—"Damn it, I ought to be doing something to save those chaps." That was the thought. It kind of stung. Sort of feeling I ought to have some knowledge I had failed to acquire. They're your men; you ought to know. That sort of feeling. But I don't think it slowed my stride at all. The champagne feeling was the main thing. I was absolutely certain we were bringing it off all right. The Boche guns were real enough, but their men didn't seem to count.

Queer thing about the wire in front of that second line. It wasn't anything like so good or extensive as front line wire, and I dare say our guns had knocked a good deal of the stuffing out of it. Still, there was a lot left; more than I expected for a second line. But "A" Company went through it as though it had been paper! It was a glorious thing, that. You know how gingerly one approaches barbed wire, or anything like that; a thorn hedge, if you like. And you've seen how fellows going into the sea to bathe, at low tide, will



gallop through the rows of little wavelets where the water is shallow; feet going high, and arms waving; the men themselves whooping for the fun of the thing. That's exactly how our chaps went through that wire. I'll guarantee nobody felt a scratch from it. And yet my breeches and tunic were in ribbons from the waist down when I got to the field ambulance; and from the waist to the knee I'll carry the pattern of that wire for some time to come. Might have been swans-down, for all we knew about it.

And then, unfortunately, on the parapet of the second line, I got my little dose, and was laid out. Goodness knows where that shell came from, but it certainly laid out some Boches, as well as me. I'll say this for them: they met us on the parapet, all right. But "A" Company's business was urgent. We had scores to settle from Petticoat Lane, and other choice spots; and the Kaiser has no one who could stop us. I do wish I could have seen it through. I know they tried hard to counter us out of that line. But they couldn't shift old "A," who did just as well when I dropped out as before—the beggars. Lawson tells me I was yelling like a madman on that parapet, for some time, before I went to sleep. "I'll be there in a minute—there in a minute!" How absurd!

Next thing I knew, I was being lifted out of a trench stretcher, right away back at Battalion Headquarters in the old support line. Then the good old Batt'n M. O. prodded around me for a bit, and gave me a cigarette, I remember. I also remember hearing him say: "Oh, well, *you're* all right." And then I must have had another doze.

Next thing I remember, I was lying in a right hand lower stretcher in a motor ambulance, and soon after that I was in bed in the Field Ambulance at———and the same night I came on here; the Field Ambulance being pretty busy and full up. I know there was snow all round when I was being lifted out of the motor ambulance into the hall here.

And then comfort and cleanliness and quiet; most wonderful peace, and English nursing sisters. My goodness, aren't English nursing sisters lovely? English women, all

of them, for that matter. And they say there are still some men at home who don't want to join! Seems queer to me.

Well, Lawson is rapidly developing writer's cramp, and I don't wonder at it.

And so I'm to move on somewhere else soon, from here. In any case, you understand, don't you, that I'm all right, wanting for nothing, and most kindly looked after. I'll write again very soon, and whatever you do, don't have the smallest feeling of anxiety about your "Temporary Gentleman."

#### LETTER XXVI

This is to be evacuation day. There are a dozen officers and nearly a hundred other ranks to leave this place today for one or other of the bases. The life of a permanent official in one of these Clearing Stations must be curious; handling as he does a never-ending stream of the flotsam and jetsam of the great War. It knocks chips off us, and as we are broken we stream in through the hospitable portals of this beautifully organized and managed place; are put in plaster of Paris, so to say; and off we go again to another place to be furthered doctored; the more newly chipped arriving by one gate, as we go trickling out by another. And this process is continuous. Along the British front alone, many hundreds of men are bowled over every day. In a place like this the process is brought home to one.

So too, is the ordered precision and efficacy of the system of dealing with the wreckage. It is wonderfully methodical and well thought out. And over all, as I told you before, broods the spirit of benevolent reticence, which makes one feel a little like a registered parcel entrusted to a particularly efficient postal service. "When are we going?" Benevolent smile. "Presently; presently." "What base are we going to?" Benevolent smile. "You'll see bye and bye." "About how long shall we be on the journey?" Benevolent smile. "Oh, you'll be made quite comfortable on the journey. Don't worry about that." "Well, I'm very much better this morning, don't you think?" Benevolent smile. "Do you think I

shall be able to sit up in a day or two?" Benevolent smile. "We shall see."

So it is always. I dare say the thirst of patients for information often becomes very trying to the authorities. But they never in any circumstances show any impatience. They never omit the benevolent smile. And they never, never, for one instant, relax the policy of benevolent reticence. The man next to me is very keen about his temperature; it is, I believe, the chief symptom of his particular trouble. But the bland familiar smile is all the reply he can ever get to his most crafty efforts to ascertain if it is higher or lower. I haven't the slightest doubt it is all part of a carefully devised policy making for our benefit; but I wouldn't mind betting the man in the next bed sends his temperature up, by means of his quite fruitless efforts to ascertain that it has gone down.

*Later.*

Here's another strange handwriting for you. The present writer is Lieut. R——, whose left arm has had a lot more shrap. through it than my right got; and who has kindly lent me the services of his right. My left-handed writing is still, as you will have noted, a bit too suggestive of a cryptogram in Chinese. We are lying opposite one another in very comfortable bunks in the Red Cross train, making from——to a base; we don't yet know which. There are nearly 500 "evacuation cases" on board this train. Its progress is leisurely, but I believe we are to reach our destination round about breakfast time tomorrow. We found books and magazines in the train when we came on board. That is a kindly thought, isn't it? They bear the stamp of the Camp's Library. The doctors and nurses get round among us on the train, just as freely as in hospital. The whole thing is a triumph of good management.

While we were lying in our stretchers waiting for the train, having arrived there in motor ambulances from the Clearing Station, we saw miles of trains pass laden with every conceivable sort of thing for the French firing line, from troops to tin-tacks; a sort of departmental store on

wheels; an unending cinematograph film, which took over an hour to roll past us, and showed no sign of ending then. All the French troops, with their cigarettes and their chocolate, had kindly, jovial greetings for the stretched rows of our chaps, as we lay in our blankets on the platform, waiting for our train; especially, the jolly, rollicking Zouaves. Good luck, and a pleasant rest; quick recovery, and—as I understood it—return to the making of glory, they wished us; and all with an obviously comradely sincerity, and play of facial expression, hands, and shoulders, which made nothing of difference of language. And our chaps, much more clumsily, but with equal good will, did their level best to respond. I think the spirit of their replies was understood. Yes, I feel sure of that. The War is a devastating business, no doubt; but it has introduced a spirit of comradeship between French and English such as peace could never give.

*Next morning.*

You will forgive the left-handedness of the writing, won't you? My friend opposite has had a good deal of pain during the night, and I cannot ask him to write for me, now. It was a strange night, and I don't think I'll ever forget it; though there's really nothing to tell; "nothing to write home about," as the men say. I didn't sleep much, but I was quite comfortable, and had plenty to think about. When the train lay still between stations, as it sometimes did, I could hear snatches of talk from different parts of the train itself, doctors, nurses, orderlies, patients, railway officials, and so on. Then perhaps another train would rumble along and halt near us; and there would be talk between people of the two trains: French, English, and the queer jumble of a patois that the coming together of the twain in war had evolved. Also, there was the English which remains English, its speaker not having a word of any other tongue, but which yet, on the face of it somehow tells one it is addressed to someone who must understand it from its tone, or not at all.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Cigarettes? You bet. Here, catch, old chap! Bong, tres bong. Woodbine. What-ho! Same to you, old chap, an' many of 'em. Yes, yes; we'll

soon be back again; an' then we'll give the blighters what for, eh? Chocolate, eh? Oh, mercy, mercy! No, no; no more; we got plenty grub; much pang, savvy. You're a brick, you are! Oui bong, tres bong; compree? Hullo! Off again! Well, so long, old son! Good luck! Bong charnce! See ye 'gain some time. Bong sworr!"

There's a poor chap in the bunk under mine who's been delirious most of the night. He looks such a child. A second lieutenant of the———'s; badly shaken up in a mine explosion, and bombed afterwards. The M. O. says he'll get through all right. He's for Blighty, no doubt. Odd, isn't it? This time tomorrow he may be in England, or mighty near it. England—what an extraordinary long way off it seems to me. There have been some happenings in my life since I was in England; and as for the chap I was before the War, upon my word, I can hardly remember the fellow. Pretty sloppy, wasn't I. Seems to me I must have been a good deal of a slacker; hadn't much to do with real things then.

We know at last where we're bound for; in fact we're there. The train has been backing and filling through the streets of the out-skirts of Havre for the last half hour or more. But last evening, when I was writing, we could only ascertain that we were going to———benevolent smiles, you know.

It's really frightfully interesting to see the streets. I see them through the little narrow flap at the top of my window that is meant to open. It seems quite odd to see women walking to and fro; and row after row of roofs and windows, all unbroken. No signs of shell-shock here. But on the other side of the train, nearest the harbor, one sees acres and acres of war material; I mean really acres and acres, of rations, barbed wire, stores of all kinds.

There's a sort of bustle going on in the train. I think we must be near the end, so I'll put my note-book away.

*10.45 a. m.*

We are in what they call the Officers' Huts, on some quay or another. It is a miniature hospital or clearing station,

built of wood, and very nicely fitted up. Sitting room at one end, then beds, and then baths and cooking place and offices; all bright and shining, and beautifully clean; with Red Cross nurses, doctors, orderlies; and no end of benevolent smiles. They've taken our temperatures, and fixed us up very comfortably, and somebody's started a gramophone, and I've just has a cup of glutinous, milky stuff I used to hate, you remember. I don't hate such things nowadays; but I pretend I don't care much about them, for the sake of the virtuous glow it gives to take them.

Everyone has asked everyone else where we are going next, and everyone has been given benevolent smiles, and subsided into a Camps Library magazine or book. The sitting up cases are pottering about in the sitting room, where there are basket chairs, and the gramophone. I can see them through the open door. The nurses have fixed jolly little curtains and things about, so that the place looks very homely. I gather it's a sort of rest-house, or waiting place, where cases can be put, and stay put; till arrangements have been made for their admission into the big hospitals, or wherever they are to go. We have all been separately examined by the Medical Officer. My arm is so much better, I think it must be practically well. I don't know about the leg. I asked the M. O.—an awfully decent chap—to try to arrange things for me so that I should not be cut adrift from my own Battalion, and he said he thought that would be all right.

3.30 *p. m.*

I'm for Blighty. The M. O. came and sat on my bed just now, and told me. He certainly is a decent chap. He said the Medical Board had no hesitation at all about my case, and that I was to cross to England tonight. But he said I need not really worry about the Battalion. He was awfully good about it; and he's giving me a letter to a brother of his in London. He thinks I shall be able to get back to my own Battalion all right, and he thinks I shall be ready for duty much quicker by going right through to Blighty than by waiting here. But what do you think of it? Fancy me, going to Blighty; and tonight, mind you. I'd never dreamt

of it. And what about poor old "A" Company? It's a queer feeling. We've all been sorted out now; the goats from the sheep. I suppose it's a case of the worst chipped crockery for Blighty, and the rest for tinkering here. But I can't help thinking a week, or two, at the outside, will put me right. . . . Here come Army Forms to be signed.

*9.30 p. m.*

In bed on board the Red Cross ship. All spotless white enamel and electric light; and spotlessly-aproned nurses, just as in hospital. I've just been dressed for the night; clean bandages and everything comfortable. From the last benevolent smile I elicited, I shouldn't be surprised if we weighed anchor round about midnight; but I may be quite wrong there. Anyhow, I feel remarkably comfortable. I think there must have been something specially comforting in the medicine I had when my bandages were changed. I shall sleep like a top. I don't think I've really quite got the hang yet of the fact that I am actually bound for Blighty. But there it is; I'm on the ship; and I suppose it's quite on the cards I may see you before this scribble of mine can reach you by post. In which case, it seems rather waste of time writing at all, doesn't it? I think I'll go to sleep. I haven't slept since the night before last. That boy I told you of who was bombed, after being in a mine explosion, is sleeping like an infant in the next cot but one to mine. Nice-looking chap. I'm glad he's sleeping; and I bet somebody will be glad to see him in Blighty tomorrow. Tomorrow! Just fancy that!

*Next day.*

Today's the day. When I woke this morning, I had glimpses as the ship rose and fell of a green shore, showing through the port-holes on the far side of the deck. That was the Isle of Wight. Had a magnificent sleep all night; only opened my eyes two or three times. We were rather a long time getting in. Then came Medical Officers of the Home Service; and with surprisingly few benevolent smiles—not that they lack benevolence, at all—I learned that I was for London. It hardly seems worth while to write any more, and

I could not get off the ship to send a wire or anything.

Now I am in a Red Cross division of an express train bound for Waterloo. I'll send you a wire from there, when I know what hospital I am for. Sha'n't know that till we reach Waterloo. Meantime—That's Winchester we've just passed. Old England looks just the same. There is a little snow lying on the high ground round Winchester. It looks the same—yes, in a way. And in another way it never will look just the same again, to me. Never *just* the same, I think. It will always mean a jolly lot more to me than it ever did before. Perhaps I'll be able to tell you about that, when we meet. I find I can't write it. Queer thing, isn't it, that seeing these fields from the windows of a train should bring the water to one's eyes. Very queer! One kind of sees it all through a picture of the trenches.

The Old Peacemaker didn't tell me, but I know now that nearly half "A" Company are casualties; and there's a good many gone West—Poor Taffy's gone! Such a clever lad, Taffy! My Platoon won't be quite the same again, will it? Platoon Sargeant, one other Sargeant, two Corporals, and a lot of men gone. We were in front, you see. Oh, I know there's nothing to grieve about, really. Petticoat Lane's behind our front, now, thank goodness. That'll save many a good man from going West, between now and the end of the War.

I'm not grieving, but it makes a difference, of course. Just as England is different. Everything must be different now. It can't be the same again, ever, after one's been in the trenches. If Germany wants to boast, she can boast that she's altered the world for us. She certainly has. It can never be the same again. But I think it will be found bye and bye, she has altered it in a way she never meant. Of course, I don't know anything much about it; just the little bit in my own Brigade. But it does seem to me from the little I've seen, that where Germany means to break us, she has made us infinitely stronger than we were before. Look at our fellows! Each one is three times the man he was before the War. The words "fighting for England" had next



to no meaning for me, before August 1914. But now that's why these fields look different, why England can never again look the same to me as it did before. I know now that this England is part of me; or I'm part of it. I know the meaning of England, and I swear I never did before. Why, the very earth of it—Well, when I think how the Boche has torn and ravaged all before him over there; and then I think of our England; of what the Hun would do here, if he got half a chance. It's as though England were one's mother.

But it's no good. I can't write about it. I'll try and tell you. But, do you know, it wasn't till I saw these fields that the notion came over me that I'm sort of proud and glad to have these blessed wounds, glad to have been knocked about a bit. I wonder if you and Mother will be glad, too. I somehow think you will, for your "Temporary Gentleman."

## TO MY COUNTRY

(In Unpreparedness)

DAVID MORTON

**Y**OU are a Youth, grown straight and clean and strong,  
 A brave, glad Youth, and dreams are in your eyes,  
 And on your lips the high, exultant song  
 Of far-envisioned things that keep you wise.  
 Upstanding, you have known the feel of winds  
 That wash your spirit clean as morning air,  
 Incredulous of this black lust that blinds  
 And maddens older nations everywhere.  
 And yet, I tremble lest you be unwise  
 With Youth's unwisdom, till the hour grips,—  
 Lest terror strike those dreams from out your eyes,  
 And anguish crowd that song from off your lips.—  
 Enraptured Youth! One instant break the spell  
 Of visioning. Make sure that all is well!

# MALE VAMPIRES

SHIRLEY BURNS

**E**VER since the First Lady in History sent that pestiferous pippin rolling down the ages, women have been called the vampires of the world.

You remember it was Eve who lured Adam. Eve was the vampire—we are never allowed to forget that—and poor old Adam lost everything he had, including the farm.

Curiously, the tempter and misleader of men is always pictured in the slim, winding, insinuating semblance of the serpent whose mantle Eve inherited. Giving the devil his due, at that, maybe his intentions were good. It was probably skin-shedding time, and he threw his cast-off clothing on Eve, who certainly needed covering. Anyway, ever after she wore the blame of the serpent's intrigue.

The real culprit, though, was the serpent—and, as history always speaks of him in the masculine gender, we conclude that *the male vampire is just as old as the female of the species—and he's just as deadly.*

The male vampire of today isn't the crafty villain with the black mustache we learned to know in the old melodramas—he is the well-educated, well-dressed, well-bred gentleman. There are many kinds—some specialize in de luxe books, real estate, the fortune-teller guide to investments, etc.,—who are professional crooks; others are more deft in their practices, and are never caught by the law.

In the hotels of large cities there is always a class of promoters on the alert for women of wealth—for as soon as a woman gets money she usually begins to travel, and she must stay at a hotel—the best she can afford. Mr. Vampire knows this, and he's there waiting for her. He's not after any particular woman—one is as good as another; she may have a face like a Madonna or an Egyptian mummy,—it makes no difference: for him, one is as easy to make love to as the other. He doesn't mean anything he says in either case. When he tells her she is the most charming

woman he ever met, she blushes and believes. Possibly no one has ever said that to her before, and he makes a "hit" with the discovery. Or perhaps the woman really *is* charming, and is used to the compliment—so why shouldn't she believe him?

Her misfortune starts with the fact that she is not used to liars. Perhaps she is a widow—usually this is the case—whose husband had never educated her; he had simply protected her. He was a man of integrity, as were the other men of her family and acquaintances. She had always looked up to them, and so, when the vampire comes along with his perfectly good manners and an 18-karat imitation of honesty, it never occurs to her to doubt his word.

Another thing that misleads her is the way she meets the vampire; for there are men who will pay a large sum for an introduction and then wait months for it to take place in the most casual manner, to allay suspicion that the acquaintance had been sought. Then this man will do all sorts of little favors without ever asking anything in return, and do everything he can to create confidence. When this is firmly established, he will start in on his scheme to fleece his friend. That is his great game—to take advantage of the confidence imposed in him,—the meanest form of swindle in the world.

The easiest prey of the shady promoter is the widow who has just been left a life insurance. She is lonesome and needs some one to advise her, and Mr. Vampire gets right on the job.

A very beautiful woman who lived in a small town in Ohio found herself left with a handsome home and thirty thousand dollars in cash. Within a year she went to Chicago and there was introduced to one of these vampires by a business associate of her husband's, a man of high standing. Soon after, the vampire began to make violent love to her. After she returned home, not a day passed that he did not send a telegram, expressing his ardent devotion; and as for his letters—it was a wonder they didn't burn holes through the mail sacks!

He never failed to mention that he was tired from overwork, and not very well. Frequently he had just escaped a collapse from heart-failure, but he could never let the day go by without sending his love and a million kisses. He swore she was his only sustaining force, and in this way created in her a feeling of obligation to him—a tie. His life itself depended on her!

Her sympathy poured out to him, as he knew it would, and when he had won her confidence completely, he offered to invest her money in stocks that he assured her positively would make her rich in a short time. He reiterated that he was doing this entirely out of consideration for her interests, as it really didn't pay him to handle such small sums. He laid stress on several gigantic schemes he was promoting that meant millions—they always talk in millions—but because he thought so much of her, and she was alone in the world, you know, he would do this little thing for her. And he did, for she handed over to him every cent she had in the world—thirty thousand dollars in cash, *and without security!*

The explanation? Here it is in her own words: "I can't explain it—but he's the most fascinating man I ever met. He has magnetism—perfectly wonderful magnetism!"

Months went by, and there was no evidence of returns on the money except an occasional hundred he doled out for current expenses. He always had the same excuse—something had gone wrong with stocks, or some one had double-crossed him in the new company he was organizing—thus causing delay—and on these occasions he always made another bid for sympathy with one of those awful heart attacks. It's a wonder he didn't die of heart-failure!

Finally the man returned to New York, where he maintains large offices, and the widow came on to visit friends. By this time Mr. Vampire was so rushed with work—way into the small hours of the morning, when nobody works in New York—that he hardly had time to call her up on the telephone.

One night, late, the widow happened in the grill of one of the fashionable hotels—and there, in one corner behind a

palm tree, sat the vampire with another victim, a homely middle-aged woman, who was wearing the same kind of orchid bouquet he had been in the habit of sending to her. He had ordered an elaborate dinner—pheasant with the feathers on, champagne, and the rest—and was pressing her hand and tenderly talking into her face,—a habit he had.

The shock was an eye-opener, and upon investigation the widow soon found that he had a reputation for swindling widows; and as for his weak heart—he could have qualified for the National League!

*This is characteristic of women who are victimized by male vampires—they invest first and investigate after.*

An attempt was made to get back the money, and part of it was recovered; but it was a long heart-rending process, for the reason that the vampire knew the law so well that he had protected himself from the start—and another lawyer-vampire got most of it.

The most puzzling phase of this case is that the man is physically about as attractive as a horned toad. That is a peculiar thing about many male vampires—they are not the Handsome Harrys we imagine them to be. It was the same with the late Dr. Flower—one of the cleverest that ever bloomed. Speaking of him, Lieutenant Barnard McConville, who is recognized the world over as one of the cleverest detectives ever on the New York police force, and who trailed the doctor all over the United States, said to me:

“Flower was not good looking, but he had a pleasant manner and a very persuasive way of presenting his subject. He had magnetism.”

In fact, his magnetism was so strong that it drew \$600,000 from one woman and \$300,000 from another, while the smaller sums he induced other women to invest aggregated millions.

The old tradition that teaches respect for gray hairs isn't always reliable. It was Dr. Flower's venerable appearance—his white hair, benign expression, sympathetic voice, and courtly manners that warded off suspicion. Then, too, he had made a special study of medicine, the law, and re-

ligion—a powerful mixture that wouldn't pass the Pure Food test, but that produced wonderful results—for *him*.

His victims usually came through one of the various medical institutes he owned, and his method was to treat them and in this way get their confidence, then persuade them to put money in his business. The queer part of it was, too, that the women were always satisfied. They never complained. It is supposed he gave them dope—he was a dope fiend himself.

Some male vampires work in conjunction with fortune-tellers, and for some inexplicable reason women will believe everything the fortune-tellers say. They don't stop to question it or weigh it.

This is the way these cases are “framed up”: the dark lady with the astrological name finds out that her client is rich and lonely, so she tells her something like this: “You will soon meet a young man who will have a great influence on your life. He will advise you in business, particularly in investments. . . . Do as he says. . . . Trust him. . . . He is tall and athletic . . . has curly hair . . . is a blonde.”

Soon after, the widow meets the man—one of those apparently accidental introductions that has been carefully planned by the fortune-teller and the vampire himself—her accomplice. As likely as not, he is her husband.

Then the blonde gentleman begins to ingratiate himself with the widow. He makes love to her and goes almost to the church door—but not quite.

She goes again to the fortune-teller, who advises investments along certain lines, which are strangely presented later by Mr. Blonde.

A typical case of this kind came to light in New York recently. After meeting his victim, who, by the way, was an invalid, he rented an office in the Wall Street district by manner of making her think he was a bona fide broker. The widow was his only client. He didn't need but one—for she gave him fifty thousand dollars to invest, which she never saw again.

Their affairs of the heart went so far that the marriage bans were read for three Sundays in the Catholic church; a magnificent prenuptial feast had been given, and the hour for the wedding set; but by that time the vampire and the fortune-teller were off spending the widow's money. The bride-to-be collapsed, and that was the end of Salmagundi. *It was another case of investing first and investigating after.*

The male vampire known as the de luxe book swindler is a little different type of man. A detective who has helped put several of them behind the bars said to me: "Most of them are fine-appearing men, who usually get the women involved where they don't dare squeal. That is the great trouble we have when women come down here to Police Headquarters and complain. It is a delicate subject, for we know that the swindler's particular aim has been to get the woman compromised so she will be afraid to talk. That is part of his get-away. Some women have paid as high as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a set of books not worth as many hundred dollars."

Remembering that Shakespeare's complete works can be bought for fifty cents, I asked what sort of knowledge the women were able to acquire with so much money.

"Oh, they don't know what's inside the books," said he.

(Business of shrugging the shoulders.) *Good-night!*

The de luxe book vampire works on a peculiar failing many women have—a belief that without any business experience whatsoever, they can make big money with one bold stroke. So he goes to his prospective victim with a proposition like this: "I know a man who owns a set of books—a very rare edition—worth \$22,000. He needs money badly and will sell it to me for \$11,000. It is the only set of its kind, and John D. Rockefeller Jr. wants to get hold of it, but he's in Japan and won't be back for several months. Now I haven't the money, but if you will buy the set and hold it till Mr. Rockefeller gets back we can sell it to him for \$25,000. Then we will divide the \$14,000 profit. In the meantime you will own the set that you could never possess in any other way."

*The actual value of the books is three or four hundred dollars.*

While waiting for the prospective buyer to return from abroad, Mr. Vampire gets track of another rare de luxe edition. This time he reads his victim a letter from Lord Rosedale in London, who offers a fabulous sum for the set. Of course the letter was written by one of his confederates,—but as usual, the woman doesn't stop to investigate, takes the vampire's word, and is "stung" a second time. One woman in Boston lost \$150,000 in this way—all she had. She expected to make a hundred thousand dollars profit, *but—!*

Life insurance companies have found that the average woman who is left money keeps it seven years and then it is gone. Some of them don't have it that long if the bucket-shop man or the fake stock and bond salesman can help it.

The bucket-shop where the male vampire fleeces his women clients is an insidious institution that a woman has just about as much chance with as a new arrival on Ellis Island has with a gold-brick artist. These places are attractively fitted up and the woman is allowed to make just enough money to start her cupidity on the run, and the rest—with a drink or so and oftentimes dope enough to cloud her judgment—is easy for the proprietor. Taking candy from a child is hard work in comparison. A chain of bucket-shops is now under investigation by the New York police department; but, bad as they are, these institutions spread nets for a comparative few.

The vampire who tries to get a woman to invest in unsafe or bogus stocks, or worthless real estate, has the whole country to work in. Unlisted mining stock is one of his best sellers, and it is safe to say that in the year 6000 he will have a "Sucker list" reaching from New York to the Golden Gate!

Safe mining stocks paying a high interest are not found floating around, and no one is giving away or selling tips on the market. If they have any, they usually "hot-foot" to the office and lock the door for fear some one will horn in



on the news; but they don't give them away nor sell them. There used to be a man who sold tips on the races. He received ten per cent. from every client who won and if there were five horses, he tipped off one person to each horse. Of course his foresight was almost clairvoyant, for he always won!

The unwary woman often loses money because she reaches out for a high rate of interest. The other day a New York banker was asked to recommend some safe seven per cent. investment.

"There is no safe seven per cent. investment," was his reply. "I could not guarantee more than five per cent."

Yet the vampire is always ready to dazzle the woman's eyes with visions of alluring returns from stock in new and untried companies, in worthless old ones, or in securities that have no market at all.

Not long ago a woman who had just been fleeced out of thousands of dollars by one male vampire was telling her troubles to an old ministerial appearing reprobate who looked as substantial as the statue of Horace Greeley. She trusted him because he was so sincere—nothing of the four-flusher about him! After expressing his sympathy, he told her that he would help her retrieve by letting her in on the ground floor of a new company he was organizing. He could sell her a thousand dollars' worth of stock but she must have the money the next day. She told him she would have to borrow it from the bank and asked if it was quite safe to do so.

"By all means!" said he. "By all means do so. It is a great opportunity—don't miss it!"

*She didn't!*

She invested first and investigated after, with the old result, slightly complicated. In this case the vampire—one of the hotel variety—had been clever enough to make business affiliations with men of such high moral standing that he was able to use them as shields. He had so mixed legitimate business with crooked corporations that extrication was impossible. This is a trick often resorted to with

success and is the cause of many a woman's financial undoing—the alloy inducement of an ounce of sincerity with a pound of deceit.

The vampire who operates in worthless real estate—counting upon the desire to improve one's condition, which is the basis of all economic advancement—creates an atmosphere of sudden riches by dilating upon the increase in value that the land is going to take very shortly, and urges his client to buy immediately. It is amazing,—the number of persons who “fall” for that “last chance” argument!

*There are always chances!* If the increase were a certainty, the agent would hold the property for a few weeks more and pocket the profit himself. If real estate men could read the future of land values with certainty, they would all soon retire with large fortunes.

The bogus real estate operator is usually a spell-binder with about as much conscience as a weazel. When a hard-working woman confides that she is alone in the world and tells him just how much money she has saved up to dodge the Old Ladies' Home, he makes out a bill of sale for a pecan farm—or it may be an orange grove, apple orchard, or rubber plantation—some thousands of miles away, for just that amount.

The woman who buys the pecan farm goes back to work dreaming of Jack and the Bean Stalk and imagining pecans are going to grow up the same way, and roll themselves into barrels and on to New York where all she will have to do will be to clip the coupons that have tied themselves on. Finally she wakes up to find that the only nut in sight is herself. Or maybe it was a rubber plantation—in the Beautiful Land of Somewhere. *These salesmen can picture a rubber plantation in such wonderful language that the buyer fully expects to go down there and pick rubber boots off the trees.*

The Florida orange grove is another arid waste where stretch the bones of many a poor woman's life savings. Any one who has ever traveled through the bewhiskered scenery of the over press-agented St. John's River has only to recall

one deserted grove after another with dwarfed trees in sizes varying with the amount of money that had been sunk beneath them. Pathetic tomb-trees to credulous victims who invested first and investigated after!

Miles of sand-land that a self respecting vegetable wouldn't grow on are stretched through the interior of Florida dotted here and there with flaring signs "For Sale," while the small investor who has sunk his last dollar in the Everglades—land overflowing with water—is worse off than the Long Islander who buys a Washington apple orchard. One of these victims asked the agent why he was so persistent in selling her the orchard the first day of her arrival.

"We have to sell them the first day" he explained. "The second day they get wise and don't buy."

There is another type of male vampire—the man who uses a woman's influence where his own would not be of as much value, and then either cheats her out of the reward of the transaction or makes her shield him from odium as the case may be.

Under the latter head come the men who coerce their wives into borrowing money surreptitiously for them. This class do not come in the common white-slave category, but are of good social standing—in fact so good that they must be protected even to the point of using vampire methods. For instance, Mr. X is in financial trouble. He must have more money in his business and has exhausted his own resources, so he says to his wife who is a very beautiful and attractive woman: "Now you go to So and So"—mentioning a rich friend—"and tell him you have run over your allowance this month, or that you have lost the money speculating in something you don't want me to know about, and ask him to lend you five hundred dollars. Say that you are afraid to tell me about it and that's the reason you have gone to him to help you. That will let me out, and he won't refuse."

*A male vampire is bad enough anywhere, but in the*

*family—well, every house of this kind ought to have a punching bag!*

The reason so many women lose their money through male vampires is that they believe surface appearances—something that the experienced business man never does. If they would investigate first, they would save themselves and their money. Some women do not know how to go about this, but it isn't difficult. There are commercial agencies whose business is to look up individuals, corporations, or propositions of any description—including charitable or political institutions—where money may be expended.

The woman who for any reason places her money in the hands of another person should first see that the trustee is safely bonded. Speaking on this subject, Mr. R. R. Brown, first vice-president of the American Surety Company of New York said to me:

“ Before signing the bond of a fiduciary we consider his qualifications for the particular kind of trust involved, some risks being much more hazardous than others. Immediately after signing the bond we set in motion all the machinery that we have been able to construct as the result of thirty-two years' experience, to see that the trust is properly administered. We make him come across with an inventory at the outset. We see to it that the funds are invested only as required by law; and that disbursements are in the same category. We insist that the fiduciary file his accounts in court periodically, and that he finally make a proper distribution of the estate.

“ In many cases we go so far as to insist that the assets of the estate shall be placed in a safe-deposit box, to which access can be had only by the fiduciary acting in conjunction with our representative. In such cases we provide that every check drawn by the fiduciary on the trust funds shall be countersigned by our representative.

“ I say that we do these things. Perhaps I had better say that we try to provide these safeguards and that we succeed measurably. Nevertheless 'locks and systems' are

made for honest people and every now and then a crook breaks through.

“ In such cases we would not be heard to plead in court the privileges of the personal surety. The court would say in effect that we volunteered our services and took pay, and would therefore hold us to a high degree of responsibility. Therefore, if we do not elect as we do to settle in accordance with the spirit of our obligation, the court would compel us to do so. Hence, as you will readily see, the widows and orphans and incompetents are amply protected by the application of the insurance principle, which causes the proper distribution of risk.

“ It may interest you to know that we have paid over \$19,000,000 in claims. Only a comparatively small part of this sum was disbursed on bonds of fiduciaries.

“ Now if with all these safeguards we cannot prevent fiduciaries from occasionally plundering trust estates, what in the world can keep inexperienced women from sustaining enormous losses when they voluntarily confide their entire estate to a friend, as to whose ability and honesty they know but little?

*“ The only constructive suggestion that I can make is to tell the women not to do it; tell them to consult their friends, but to keep physical control at all times of their property. Above all things, let them distribute their investments and look for security instead of large returns.*

“ When they decide to invest a small part of their funds, advance the cash for the purpose and then insist on the delivery to them of the mortgage or bond or stock certificate in which the investment is made. *Information should be obtained every three or six months as to the investment. For example, if stocks or bonds of a corporation are bought, financial statements should be procured, studied, and filed periodically. If a mortgage is taken, tax bills and insurance policies should be required. These requirements will not only tend to prevent fraud, but will have a wonderful effect in educating the women to look out for themselves.*”

# THE HOPES OF THE VATICAN

DR. GEORGE LA PIANA

**R**ECENTLY we have been told several times that Pope Benedict had approached neutral nations with a view of having them make peace overtures to the belligerent powers. It appears also that Vatican took some part in dissuading Germany from continuing her submarine warfare; and not long ago the apostolic delegate at Washington delivered a message from the Pope to the President asking—it is said—that no action be taken against Germany, chiefly for the reason that the United States of America, the only large nation still neutral, may yet use its influence in the interest of a general peace, when the time arrives to undertake the movement.

Since last summer, Vatican diplomacy has kept itself very busy with the neutral governments as well as the warring nations. This general activity of the Vatican in connection with international policy has been so extensive that a well known journalist, A. Arnoux, could recently make a statement like this: "Possibly the future historian of this War, who will see clearly where we today see 'through a glass darkly,' will date the beginning of the end of the struggle from the visit of Mr. Asquith to the Vatican some weeks ago."

We do not doubt the sincerity of this official activity of papal diplomacy, but we realize also that side by side with the humanitarian and sacerdotal purpose of the pontifical undertaking, there is a political activity working steadily with other purposes and other directions; *there is a Vatican diplomacy eager to take all the opportunities offered by the present situation, in order to resolve in its own interest some problems in connection with the temporal Papacy and the Roman Church.* Let us take a glance at the character and the aims of this activity.

A series of articles—which may safely be considered as inspired by the Vatican—was recently published in various

European reviews. The first of them was due to an eminent member of the Roman Curia itself, Cardinal Gasquet, an English Benedictine, who during this last period has served as "trait d'union" between the government of England and the Vatican.

His article was published by the *Dublin Review* under the title "The guarantee of International Honor." Cardinal Gasquet denounces in it the failure of international conventions and guarantees intended to safeguard peace and to respects the rights of the weak peoples. He denounces also the failure of "international socialism" which had boasted that it afforded a much more certain security against war than any convention or treaty of the various governments. The only way to preserve peace in the future, according to Cardinal Gasquet, is to form a sacred league amongst Christian nations, a league which to be efficacious must be supported by the authority of the Pope, the only authority recognized by all. The present War, Cardinal Gasquet assumes, would have been avoided if the Pope had not been excluded from participation in the Congress of The Hague by the nations taking part in it.

The authority of the Pope is the only one which may be recognized by all; the nations on the one side will have no reason to be suspicious of it, because the Pope "has no axe of his own to grind;" and on the other side, the non-Catholic Christians will have no reason to object because "there is no question of spiritual jurisdiction, but of authority to speak on questions of morality and justice and of the right in God's name to protect the weak from the oppression of the powerful."

What is interesting in this article is not the fact that Cardinal Gasquet notices the failure of international treaties and of international socialism and does not realize that the present War must be interpreted also as the failure of international Catholicism itself; neither does its interest lie in the paradoxical assumption that the participation of a papal delegate to the Congress of The Hague would have spared Europe the horrors of the great conflict; all its importance

lies in the final proposition, the idea of a sacred league enforced by the moral power of the papacy and therefore under the presidency of the Pope himself.

Another article interesting not only in itself but because published in the official Review of the French Jesuits, *Les Etudes* is a regular essay under the title: "Benoit XV et le rôle international de la Papauté," by M. de la Brière (Jan. 20 and Feb. 5, 1916). The first part of the essay, "Le message chrétien de la paix," is a detailed comment on the address delivered by the Pope in the Consistory of December 6, 1915. It aims to prove also that the Pope from the very beginning of the War ideally took side with France, and that his words were words of condemnation for the Belgian crime. The second part, "Les garanties de l'indépendance pontificale," assumes that the Italian law of guarantees (May 3, 1871) does not sufficiently safeguard the liberty of the Holy See, especially when Italy is at war. To support his view the writer adduces two instances: the departure of German and Austrian diplomats accredited to the Vatican, and the enforced absence of the Austrian Cardinals in the Consistory of December. "The Italian law of guarantees," says M. de la Brière, "is insufficient, because it is an Italian law; it must be converted into international law, under the guarantee of all the Christian nations, in such a way as to give the Pope a privileged situation on an international basis. Then the influence of the Pope will be very valuable in safeguarding peace among the Christian nations, because "no one in good faith may object that the Pope is not in his place in the diplomatic assizes of the international law." The conclusion of the article is similar to that of Cardinal Gasquet—the idea, namely, of a league under the presidency of the Pope.

But the most remarkable article was published March 1, 1916, by Monsignor Benigni in the *Nuova Antologia* of Rome. Monsignor Umberto Benigni is one of the most typical figures of the Roman Curia. Many years ago, at the very beginning of the movement among the Italian clergy, which led to Modernism, Benigni together with Semeria and



Murri was a leader of the young party. As a professor of Church history in the Pontifical University of Saint Apollinare in Rome, he initiated many of his young students into the modern methods of historical criticism, and edited a modest review, *Miscellanea di Storia Ecclesiastica*, in which several future Modernists made their first appearance as writers and thinkers.

It was the period when Leo XIII cherished those young men whom he had baptized "Christian democrats." But when the attitude of the Vatican changed, the mind of Professor Benigni at once changed also, and he became an extreme conservative. He became editor of a famous review, the semi-official *Corrispondenza Romana*, was made Monsignor, and was given a position in the foreign affairs department of the Vatican, where under the Pontificate of Pius X he reached the high office of substitute secretary of state, when Monsignor Della Chiesa, the present Pope, appointed Archbishop of Bologna and exiled from Rome, was obliged to resign. It is well known that Monsignor Benigni was the editor of several pages of the famous anti-modernist encyclical of Pius X, and that he was an implacable persecutor of the modernists. His friends and pupils of the day before Pius X used to call him, in a friendly way, "Our great Inquisitor."

Although, some years ago, after an incident with some German bishops, the Pope was obliged to remove him from the Vatican, he did not lose his great influence until the death of Pius X. Now he is not in great favor with the present Pope, but being professor of history and diplomacy in the pontifical "Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici," a training school for Vatican diplomats in Rome, his words are authoritative and may be considered as a real manifestation of the thought prevailing in Vatican spheres. It is to be noticed that the article was not published by any official or semi-official organ of the Vatican, but was sent to the oldest liberal Italian Review the *Nuova Antologia*, in which two other articles had been published a short time before—by Signor Luzzatti, and by Signor Nathan—on the same subject.

If peace shall be restored through a European Congress, will the Pope be allowed to send to it his representatives? There are two questions involved in this one, says Monsignor Benigni. The first is of a purely political character, in connection with the Italian government. Will the participation of the Pope in the Congress mean a reopening of the Roman question, because of the papal claim to his old temporal kingdom?

The answer of Monsignor Benigni to this question is rather evasive, but in the last analysis it seems that the Vatican would accept an invitation to the Congress even with the expressed condition that there shall be no mention of the Roman question and of the temporal claims of the papacy.

The second question is of a general character and in the eyes of Monsignor Benigni the more important. Is the papacy incompetent to participate in the political and social life of mankind? "Not at all," says Monsignor Benigni; State and Church meet on the politico-social ground of the civilization of the world; they come from different starting points and they cannot and must not be identified, but they can and must come to an understanding. I do not appeal in this case to the Catholic conception of the union of the two powers, although this concept is absolutely true and of great utility to the social life, but I appeal only to the practical and modern point of view—the Church which is the "organized religion" is altogether competent to work in accord with the State, which is the "organized politic" in order to assure the common welfare of all the nations.

"Why should the Pope be excluded from a Congress at which there will be present the King of England, who is by law as well as in fact the head of the Anglican Church; the Czar of Russia, who is the Pope of the Orthodoxy; the King of Prussia, who is officially the "Episcopus" of the Lutherans; and the Sultan of Turkey, who is the Kalif of the Moslems? Does not the exclusion of the Catholic Pope mean a disparagement of Catholicism in comparison with other religions? Should the Pope be excluded only because he has

no longer a temporal kingdom? But in that case this very fact will prove in the eyes of all the Catholic world that the Pope must have a temporal kingdom in order to be able to participate in the social and political life of the world for the sake of the Catholic Church and Catholic faith." No one can deny that Monsignor Benigni knows how to turn a sophism into the appearance of a vivid and serious objection.

To those who know intimately the life and the aspirations of the Vatican and its political methods, these articles will give a great opportunity for shrewd speculation. First of all it is necessary to recall that the Pope was excluded from participation in the Congress of The Hague in 1899, and again in 1907, chiefly on account of the absolute and legitimate refusal of the Italian government. The condition on which all the governments had agreed to the Congress was that only the *states* should be invited: (the word *powers* was purposely avoided) and as there is no papal *state* in existence, there was no ground on which the Pope could claim the privilege of being represented in the Congress of the nations.

Leo XIII protested against this exclusion in the diplomatic note of February 1899, in the public address of April 11, and finally in his letter to Queen Wilhelmina on May 29 of the same year. This first exclusion was much discussed in articles and books, and angrily commented on by the Catholic press of all the world. The second exclusion of 1907 passed almost unnoticed; it had become a matter of routine and was regarded as a question about which there was nothing new to be said. Only the official organs of the Vatican renewed their complaints.

Is the Vatican now trying to revive the question and provoke a new verdict from the international powers, in case a European Congress should be called to restore peace? This is the first impression; we may, however, safely assume that there is something more underlying all these statements of Vatican writers, and all the activity of Vatican diplomacy.

The articles I have quoted come to substantially the

same conclusion, although from different starting points. All of them claim the necessity for the papacy to be recognized as an international political power, which cannot and must not be ignored in international affairs of any importance. Cardinal Gasquet emphasizes the moral authority of the Pope as the only one which may maintain peace and harmony among the nations united in a sacred league; therefore he desires the political internationalization of the papacy for the sake of universal peace. The French writer laments the lack of liberty on the part of the Pope, because the law of guarantees is solely an Italian law; therefore he demands the political internationalization of the papacy in the name of the spiritual liberty of the Church. Monsignor Benigni finally protests against the conditions of inferiority in which the head of the Catholic Church finds himself in comparison with the heads of other Churches, only because he has no temporal kingdom; therefore he asks the internationalization of the papacy in the name of the equality of religions.

What does this political internationalization of the papacy mean, and how is the Vatican trying to realize its plans?

The problem is of the greatest importance to international policy in this moment of unprecedented crisis.

No one denies the papacy its international character on religious ground; the unity of faith and of discipline, which is essential to the Catholic Church, requires continuous and free communication between the central power and the organized bodies of Catholic believers in all countries. On this account the Pope is allowed to keep his accredited representatives with the governments of Catholic countries, and to send ecclesiastic delegates to the non-Catholic nations. The former are considered as diplomatic agents in Austria, Spain, Belgium and Bavaria—last survival of the old Vatican diplomatic body; the latter are only religious agents, with neither political nor diplomatic functions.

But even when the Pope had his Roman State, he was not always allowed to send his representatives to the international Congresses of the European powers. Since the

famous Congress of Westphalia, in which for the first time the political equilibrium of Europe was shaped without taking in consideration either the claims of the Pope, or the old medieval conception of the necessary religious unity of the world, to the several Congresses of the XIXth Century, the representatives of the Pope either were not admitted, or if they were, they were considered only as the representatives of the small Roman state, and as such they played a very secondary and unimportant rôle in those great political conventions.

What the papacy claims now is therefore something more than what it had before the fall of the temporal kingdom; it claims a return to the conditions prior to the Congress of Westphalia, namely to be recognized as a universal power not merely religious but essentially political and as such to have a privileged and unique place in the assizes of the nations. The present European chaos may offer a chance as never before; perhaps a partial success is not at all improbable.

No one today believes—least of all the Pope—that there will be a European congress in order to restore peace. This is a war in which no mediation in the true sense of the word is possible. Conditions of peace must come either from victory or from an eventual direct understanding among the warring nations themselves. To think that the Pope, or the King of Spain, or even the President of the United States would be called to arbitrate between the two parties and to establish conditions of peace, is to ignore the present situation of Europe and the deep significance of this terrible struggle.

The Vatican knows that the semi-official *Corriere d'Italia* in its issue of Jan. 14, 1916, says: "It is a childish supposition that the Holy See is trying to organize a congress of the neutrals and to invite in it the warring governments, in order to restore peace. The winning party will impose its conditions."

Perhaps neutral intervention will be provoked, in due time, only to carry from one side to the other the preliminary overtures to begin the negotiations; nothing more than a

passive and merely material "trait d'union" among the warring governments. Will the Pope be chosen for such an office? This actually is the great ambition of Vatican diplomacy, not only because such a success would be a service to the cause of peace, but also because it would afford a valuable basis for making the first step toward the final goal of the great program of the papacy. This first step is the internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees. After all is not the papacy very moderate in its pretensions? The Pope will even cease to claim his old temporal kingdom and consider the Roman question as settled—at least for the time being—provided the European governments will grant an international guarantee to the papacy, and Italy will accept and adopt the new international control.

What more concessions may we ask from the Vatican?

Let us give a more detailed consideration to this proposition. *Granting to Cardinal Gasquet the justice of his assumptions and even the possibility of organizing a Christian league under the presidency of the Pope, may we ask how the Pope, armed with his moral authority, will enforce the laws and deliberations of the league, in case of rebellion? With excommunications and interdicts? And if excommunications and interdicts prove inefficient, will the Pope at the head of the army of the sacred league lead the new crusade against the new sons of perdition? Does Cardinal Gasquet seriously think to efface, with a scrap of paper, six or seven centuries of history and bring Europe back at once to the XIIIth Century. Does he believe that it is possible today to inaugurate in Europe a new international law built upon the "Unam Sanctam" of Boniface VIII? We realize that to a Benedictine monk and to a scholar of medieval history like Cardinal Gasquet, such a plan may appear as the ideal policy for an ideal Catholic society; but, unfortunately enough, there are too many sinners in the world, and they are not enthusiasts for the medieval religious conception of life.*

We realize how a Jesuit Review may discover that the Pope ideally ranged himself with the Allies from the very beginning of the war, although the external appearances

seem to prove the contrary. And when you consider things and institutions "*sub specie aeternitatis*" it is easy to find in them all the ideal attitudes you want in them. But it is not equally easy to prove that the so-called internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees is the simple and innocent and useful thing that M. de la Brière assumes it to be.

If M. de la Brière were an Italian instead of a Frenchman, and an Italian not in the service of the Vatican, we may guess that he would not be very enthusiastic himself for this internationalization of the Italian law of guarantees. He would realize perhaps that such an internationalization would be the end of the Italian political autonomy. Under the pretext of protecting the rights of the papacy, every foreign nation having Catholic citizens could interfere with the Italian public and internal affairs, and would be authorized to give suggestions, to establish laws, to impose vetoes. The Italian national government would be at the mercy of the American, French, or Austrian Catholics; and Italy would become the new Christian Turkey, with new capitulations and under the control of the protectors of the Pope. What nation, what government would accept such a condition?

Italy would rather renounce the costly privilege of having the Pope in Rome than permit the internationalization of the law of guarantees at such a price. The Italian statesman or parliament which should dare to accept such a condition would be swept away in a few days together with the monarchy and the present constitution. The Italian nation has given to the world an admirable example of equity, of respect for religious institutions, and of wise tolerance; it has proved that the traditional sense of political equilibrium which is congenial to the Italian mind and which is the best heredity of the great Roman fathers is still a factor in the national life of modern Italy.

The law of guarantees is a masterpiece of juridical and political wisdom; we may safely assume that, now the law has proved its workability and its sufficiency during almost fifty years and has not failed even at the crucial test, when Italy became complicated in the European War. The two

instances brought in by M. de la Brière are not arguments against the law; on the contrary they give evidence of its complete fitness to the needs. *The German and Austrian diplomats accredited to the Vatican were not sent away by the Italian government; on the contrary the Italian government gave full guarantee that they would be protected and that they would be allowed to correspond with their governments in cipher, and under the diplomatic privilege on postal matter, without any interference from the Italian officers, provided the Pope would take upon himself the responsibility that those communications should not be of such a character as to help the military operations of the enemy. But the Pope did not dare to assume such a responsibility, probably not having faith enough in diplomatic correctness, and himself requested the ambassadors to leave.*

In the matter of the absence of Austrian cardinals from the Consistory, the bad faith of the writer is evident; because he knows that cardinals living out of Rome are not expected to be present at the consistories, unless invited personally for special reasons. Austrian cardinals were not summoned by the Pope; had they been invited the Italian government would have given all the necessary protection to let them go to Rome and back to their country safely and with the honors due their office, as it was done with Cardinal Hartmann of Cologne.

*The law of guarantees is under the control of the Italian nation and will be respected and fulfilled so long as the Vatican does not oblige the Italian government to change or to abolish it on account of criminal attempts against the national unity. Italy cannot give more than that, without committing national suicide.* The papacy never enjoyed a greater spiritual liberty and authority than since the national unification of Italy. No other nation in the world could have made the Pope better conditions than Italy did; no other nation could have endured so patiently the open hostilities of the Vatican during so many years—and the Vatican knows that. When some years ago, a war between France and Italy seemed imminent, Pope Leo sent one of his family to ask the



Italian government if it would protect the Pope, who had decided to go to Spain. "Yes," answered Francesco Crispi, then premier, "yes, I guarantee with my life that the Pope will be escorted safely to the Italian boundaries, but I do not guarantee the same when the Pope tries to return to Rome."

And Leo did not leave.

But the most amazing thing is the way Monsignor Benigni presents his arguments. How can he grant, even for a moment, that the time is past when the Catholic Church had only words of command, in the name of its divine uniqueness? How can he put the Pope of Rome on the same level with the head of the Anglican Church, with the *Episcopus* of the Lutherans, with the Russian Pope of Orthodoxy, with the Kalif of Mohammedanism? We cannot agree with Monsignor Benigni on this point.

*The tendency today is precisely to separate the two authorities, the religious and the political, in those royal personages, and to leave the religious organization of the peoples to develop freely under the control of the common law. To allow the Pope again to become a temporal king would be a step backward in the course of history, and would again jeopardize the spiritual interests of the papacy and the church itself.*

Perhaps the day is not far off when kings will be a historical souvenir; and with their crowns will fall their religious authority. But the Pope, after the fall of his temporal power, still remained Pope. Is he willing to identify his cause again with the cause of a temporal kingdom? We do not believe so, and we remember that Monsignor Benigni, when a professor of history at the beginning of his career, and a leader in the democratic movement, said: "the spirit of the new Italian life is such that supposing the Italian government should decide to give Rome back to the Pope, and should invite him to take over again the administration of city and state, the Pope would beg the king as a favor to keep the city and the state, because it would be impossible for a Pope to reign with peace."

# AUTUMN LETTERS

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

Shuksan Springs,  
August 28th.

**M**Y DEAR F—

I read your letter under the office lamp at the Bison House. Do you appreciate that name? Can you get it across eighteen hundred miles, past your system and your machinery? It is written in hairy black letters beneath the painted head of the extinct beast of the prairies. But the name is the only romantic feature of this hostelry. Tonight there is the hot lamp with the strong odor; the clean look enlightening my host, David McD——, a lean Scot with bushy brows and startling blue eyes; and a pool-table in the room beyond, deserted now because the sheep men are at the stockyards making arrangements for shipping. Toward nine o'clock they'll be coming in to play.

Perhaps you do not believe it, but I think of my civilized friends very often—out here in this pocket of earth, this little flat place surrounded by blue mountains. I feel far away, isolated, but not lonely. Just now I stood outside the Bison House and watched the Portland Express creep out through the hills, dark purple now with the dead sunset on them. There is one perfect thing in this remote camping place—the Harriman railroad—so perfect that tonight it is poetic, poetic because it seems simple; and yet I fancy its making was no less simple than the making of exquisite poetry. The rails gleamed dimly in the purple twilight, while the huge incongruous engine led off the illuminated coaches slowly through the gap in the West. Strange dragon of civilization! In some respects we surely equal the ancients in imagery. To create this monster, to breathe fire into its nostrils, to send it hither and thither over the earth and through the earth! But doubtless you are disgusted to hear me poetize the locomotive, you who live so close to the foundries! But one has room to think, up here.

Perhaps it is the oxygen, for it is remarkably clean and stimulating a mile high. And then Autumn is coming on. I am sure I shall never take a vacation in midsummer when I can choose Autumn, because this is absolutely the perfect season, the fulfillment of the beauty of Spring and Summer, a season prodigal of man's most hoarded colors—gold and scarlet.

The sheep men are beginning to come in. I am going to close your letter, pretend to read the Olequa County Courier, and listen to their talk. Unless I misjudge, the Scot will prove the most interesting feature of Shuksan Springs. Tonight I heard him say that the wind smelled of Shuksan Creek like the copper color of her bed. I don't know what he meant, but I had not dared hope for an innkeeper with a personality.

September 8th.

MY DEAR F—

Tomorrow we are going up the Caribou River to Klamath Canyon. Can you guess my comrade? None other than the innkeeper of the Bison House, David McD——. He said he had not been away from home for five years. His cousin, who is at Shuksan for his health, says he will manage the house for a week or two. It's a risk, I know, going camping with a comparative stranger; but out here risks are *nil*.

Two or three days ago I was loafing about the desk where McD—— was writing. After a while he arose and handed me a Canadian newspaper. "Northwest sheet," he observed lazily. "I used to live near Fraser River. Great country that. I haven't been on any river since I left five years ago. I used to be quite a fellow with a fly." "What do you say to a trip up the Caribou with me? Couldn't you get off?" McD—— looked surprised and returned: "I've never been around much. I've done some great camping and tramping, though, in my day, but I'm afraid the Caribou is too tame for me." "Still, after five years!" I continued, "I must see the deep places before snow comes, and a man

was telling me yesterday about Klamath Canyon." "It's absolutely *the* season," he mused slowly. "Wonderful weather; the fire haze on the hills; the aspen trees turning; the frosts; probably snow, but not much. I wish I *could*." "Tell me tomorrow," I said, as I saw several men approaching from the Portland Express. And the next day he decided he would go. He acts like a new man already. Apathetic before, almost sullen, but today he is hurrying around oiling his gun, buying new fishing tackle, searching for a cook and matching a good team. We are going forty miles due north of Shuksan. We are taking a tent and two weeks' provisions. No cook after all. McD—— says a cook is a nuisance. I have always thought so, but I did not know what to do about it. McD—— thinks his culinary skill will come back to him, and I'm not worrying. We are going to start in the early morning. Perhaps I'll write you from the Canyon, only there's no way to send mail. Good-by.

September 12th.

MY DEAR F——

I feel a little lame today, for last night, hoping to catch sight of a beaver, I sat perched in a tree like a silly owl. As I sat there, engaged with uncomplimentary thoughts as regards my arboreal ancestors, I heard a faint sound above the rush of the river, a feminine rustle, I imagined. I looked out from my hiding place, and there, walking down daintily to the water's edge, came six beautiful does and one stately stag. They stepped along in a leisurely graceful procession, lifting delicate heads now and then to catch stray scents and sounds. Just as my lord stag led his furry nymphs to water, a mellow Autumn moon climbed around the jagged head of Mount Klamath. They did not suspect my presence. Standing there in the cold moonlight, lowering their heads to drink, and lifting them quickly at the slightest sound, they seemed innocently isolated from the world of men. Only the rushing steps of the Caribou; moonshine lighting the frosty river stones—I felt

it to be one of the moments eternal that will come back and back to me.

September 18th.

MY DEAR F——

Rain today, cold and sharp. McD—— says it will soon turn to snow. He planned to go fishing again, but forgot to bring a rain cap. Nevertheless, he made a dash into the weather and came back with an armful of reeds. He then proceeded to amuse himself by making a water-proof hat. He tells me he learned weaving long ago from an Indian. He wove the reeds very skilfully, and while he worked he talked of Indians he had known. McD—— is a queer fellow, of uncertain age; I can't say just where, between thirty and forty. The years have done some definite damage to him, although just what it is I don't know.

LATER.—My friend went fishing, after all. I went also, but had no luck, so I lost heart and wandered off to cut balsam boughs for my bed. It was still cloudy when I left the angler and wandered up the steep path toward Wild Cat Butte. Not a mountain in sight. I might have imagined myself on the relentless plains, save for the wet pine branches that spattered me saucily as I crept upward. A clean cold fragrance sprang from the washed earth, and gradually the clouds began to lift, the mists to separate, while I was vaguely aware of a dim light above me. Could it be the sun? Then, with theatrical suddenness, the billowy clouds dissolved to heaven, and the high crags and peaks stood forth veiled in the whitest snow. Stern Klamath was dressed like a bride with all the little ravines and shallow meadows agleam against the sky. The sun flashed out, enlightening the hills with crowns of pale gold, while the distant spruces stood intensely black, their plumey heads waving in the icy wind. I made my way breathlessly to a lone crag. The path was steep and rough, but I fancied the view from the top would be worth any effort. Up I climbed, almost on hands and knees, until I reached a pinnacle where even a daring eagle might have hesitated to chose its nesting place; and

## AUTUMN LETTERS

before I realized it, I was looking directly down into a shimmering lake caught in a crevice of the hills. Mirror of the gods, I fancied—for surely few mortal eyes had ever beheld that hidden silvery water.

Incredibly awed, I was startled as I gazed again into the limpid icy depths, startled because I remembered Acton Hayes. Do you recall the botanist, Acton Hayes, who lost his life one summer in the Canadian Rockies? On a lake as fair as this, larger, but just as lovely, no doubt, he set forth one day in a canoe—and never came back. A strong Greek of a man, able in every respect to cope with life, he paddled out into the inscrutable Mystery. And, knowing what I know of the merciless caprices of time and fate, up there on the eagle's crag, I congratulated the man whom the world called unfortunate. To sink into pure blueness reflecting heaven—what could be more perfect?

I joined McD—— before dark. He had five splendid trout.

September 20th.

MY DEAR F——

This is a continuation of September eighteenth. I was the fire builder that night, and we had a great feast of McD——'s trout. He seemed particularly genial, I thought, like a man who has been warmed by good wine. He said it was the storm, the dull rain in the valley and then the sunburst which revealed the snowy peaks. He loved a storm like that clearing before sunset. "It gives hope," he said, "to a wrecked soul." When I looked at him I saw he was serious. "Perhaps you think it's wild," he said gravely, "but even the littlest signs of hope, like the sun before night, like a tree growing bravely out of a tough rock—even those little things help a man who has been hard hit."

Then I told him about the old woman by the spring—*Nothin' makes any difference after what I been through.* He looked a little amused and returned thoughtfully: "Perhaps she said that because she was so old. How old did

she look?" And without waiting for my conjecture—"Sometimes I wonder what keeps a man fighting—and hoping. What is the purpose of all the heart-breaking struggle? When the old woman had a mate and children and a herd of cattle to fight for, there was some object. But after that, of course nothing mattered. But others, not so old—I wonder why?" "Pride makes men fight sometimes," I replied. He looked at me sharply; then he filled his pipe and continued as if to himself: "Nothing but a sheep joint, a ranch, none too prosperous, and a few pictures of folks a fellow used to know. Sometimes I wonder why I don't go in and raise hell once and have it over with." After a long pause he said quietly: "I'm one of the fool fighters. Dope, with me! Hadn't you guessed it? I envied you fiercely when I first saw you, because you came from a great center where big things are accomplished and where men have power. You came out to a sparsely-settled country to look at the mountains and springs and the little sheep ranches and the little hotel—just for amusement. Well, I haven't always mixed up with little things myself. Years ago I intended to be a doctor. My father had money, and he sent me to a university in eastern Canada. I was ambitious and I did very well for two years. Then I had a serious attack of pneumonia, and as a result I got badly behind in my work. I was not well enough to stand the pressure of the schedule, but I determined to finish the year. An old doctor braced me with drugs for a series of examinations. The stuff and my broncho will pulled me through, but before I was aware of it the dope habit was upon me. I got fearfully down and was ashamed to go home. My father came to see me and was crazy with rage when he found out. I went into the country to recuperate, but the terrible stuff still held me. I hated myself but I couldn't get away from it. I pawned my books and clothes to get it. I tried to do active out-of-doors things in order to gain control of myself—golf and hunting. One day I went hunting with some young fellows. One was a cousin of mine, a fine manly chap, a bank clerk in—well, no matter

where. I was too nervous to hold a gun, not to mention shooting. We were shooting at a target, and I tried my luck, but I was unsteady. The fellows laughed at my wild shots. I was a little nettled and tried it again—and then it happened! I hit my cousin in the temple. In ten minutes he was dead.” The fire crackled pleasantly, just as if there were no pain the world.

“It was an accident,” he continued, “my crazy nerves shattered by the damned dope that I couldn’t give up. I can’t remember much clearly after that; but I wanted to shoot myself, and I was watched lest I should. There were four witnesses who agreed that it was an accident, so I was cleared. But I had killed him—a fine manly chap. I had stopped his life just as a man snaps a fly—just as easy. I couldn’t continue my medical course. My life seemed pretty clearly spoiled and there was nothing to do but clear out. I came to western Canada and worked around on wheat ranches, just a half-alive man eaten out by remorse and thwarted hope. I didn’t dare trust myself near the towns. After several years, as my health became better, I got the upper hand of my enemy. Once, twice, I met a girl I wanted just as I used to want the dope. But I couldn’t, *couldn’t* ask any woman to tie herself to a wrecked man. Sometimes I have thought that a home and children might help me more than anything else. But I can’t do it—I can’t. And so I drag out my existence down at Shuksan—I, who so wanted to do a man’s work in the world! But the West is full of us—*derelicts*. The richest man in Olequa County has been in prison, and I know another prominent citizen who is guilty of murder—not accidental. We come out to the hills for healing, for another start. I guess it’s as near heaven as we’ll reach. Say, did you ever know any one who believed in God?” I nodded feebly. “Isn’t it a joke, a perfectly beautiful joke? And yet, if one only *could!* There was a priest out here one summer. He liked me a little, and he tried to make me understand. But I couldn’t. It was like the children, I just couldn’t.”

That’s David McD——. But he isn’t so despondent



as he seems. A man who has his marveleous health, who rides and fishes as well as he, and who loves *all* weather as a poet loves it, isn't so badly off.

September 24th.

MY DEAR F——

I think I have spoken only of McD—— since I came to Klamath, but there is Smith, the buckskin horse who is nearly as good a companion as the Scot. McD—— bought him when he was a colt. Smith is his name, without any apology. If I had been naming him I suppose it would have been Pinto or Kim or some asinine tag like that, but I call Smith downright refreshing. He was trained as a saddle horse, but it's a sermon for a sluggard to see Smith and his mate pull a load up these rock trails.

Yesterday I had a little adventure, the nearest I have come to an adventure since my last wreck on the suburban railroad. I went out early for a ride with Smith. It was just dawn and oh! cold and delightful. We went down a new trail on the ledge road of Deer Trail Canyon. There is just a shelf wide enough for a bridle path and then the earth drops five hundred feet or so to the stream bed.

I had been riding several hours, when a trail joined mine and directly ahead I saw a man on horse. You can understand my surprise when I tell you that he was the first human being we had seen since we left Shuksan. Evidently the poor fellow was lonely, for as soon as he saw me he waited for me.

We rode together for several miles while he talked. Once I was obliged to stop and change my stirrup strap. My companion stopped also, but after a moment he pointed up the road and exclaimed—"Look at that!" I looked up and saw a black object nosing the bushes. "A bear!" he cried. "They're fat this time of year and meek as old dogs." He went on while I hurried to adjust my strap. He was nearly opposite the beast when I saw it lift its head, make a lunge, and give one mighty blow with its forepaw—knocking over horse and rider as completely as a child overturns

a tin toy. But the horse was a strenuous kicker and the loquacious old miner had not been wedded in vain to adversity. He was up in a minute, whipped out a revolver, and shot at the bear. The horse got on his feet and dashed off down the road as if he thought bruin were in pursuit. The old fellow shot several times in order to frighten the bear, then he ran towards me shouting to let him on my horse. He leaped up behind me, stuck his spurs into Smith and we rushed ignominiously past the pugnacious bear! "It was cubs!" gasped the man in my ear. "I didn't see 'em. I just saw the old one. But they was across the road in the bushes an' I passed between her an' them. Mighty dangerous business. No wonder she jumped on me. They're awful touchy with cubs, an' I never thought of 'em. I seen 'em scamper away when I lit. Ain't that the limit!" And with that the old fellow left me at the next fork in the road.

September 26th.

MY DEAR F—

Only one more day on the Caribou. A blue fire haze enveils us and I can just make out Klamath's snowy crown through the smoke-laden air. It is very warm, almost like a day in summer. I brought Smith out to a high meadow where gentians are still blooming. I understand now why poets write of "blue psychology." Blue is the dominant color in the Autumn mountains. The mysterious beauty of solitude overwhelms me in this gentian meadow, and I wish—I wish I knew nothing of the White Man's Burden. I wish I could stay here forever in this peaceful azure world. Gentle today, Nature would kill me tomorrow if she chose.

A green insect with wings of finest criss-cross gold web creeps slowly over the head of a gentian; the buckskin stops munching grass for an instant and sniffs the smoky breeze; an eagle wings in wide circles over the ponderous stillness of the valley—and I shall remember this high peace, moment by moment, forever.

# A MOUNTAIN STORM

KATHARINE LEE BATES

**O**UR blue sierras shone serene, sublime,  
When ghostly shapes came crowding up the air,  
Shadowing the landscape with some vast despair;

And all was changed as in weird pantomime,  
Transfigured into vague, fantastic form  
By that tremendous carnival of storm.

Pilgrim processions of bowed trees that climb  
To sacred summits, in the clashing hail  
Shuddered like flagellants beneath the flail.

Most gracious hills, in that tempestuous time,  
Went wild as angered bulls, with bellowing cry  
And goring horns that strove to charge the sky.

Masses of rock, long gnawed by stealthy rime,  
With sudden roar that made our bravest blanch,  
Came volleying down in fatal avalanche.

All nature seemed convulsed in some fierce crime,  
And then a rainbow, and behold! the sun  
Was comforting the harebells one by one;

And all was still save for the vesper chime  
From far, faint belfry bathed in creamy light,  
And the soft footfalls of the coming night.

# REVOLUTION AMONG THE CLERGY

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

“**I** AM come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?” These are the revolutionary words of the Founder of Christianity whose “blood-red banner streams afar.”

If the Christian Church is to save itself it must ponder more profoundly than it has ever done, and preach to itself with more prophetic passion than it has ever done, upon this fundamental text of the religion of Jesus Christ. Of course the Church sings about the “blood-red banner” of its Lord and Master. But the Church does not take its singing very seriously. It has been a long time since it did. If it did, the Magnificat, which has recently been dubbed by a church-bred revolutionist the “Hymn of Democracy,” would not be sung Sunday after Sunday in so many of our churches. “He hath filled the hungry with good things”—so runs this Marseillaise of Christianity—“and”—so it boldly goes on—“the rich he hath sent empty away.”

Just picture to yourself the average well-to-do not to say rich congregation, in which the *proletariat* is conspicuous by its absence, singing this radical revolutionary song! If you did not know that they did not mean it, you would expect the singers to get out of their seats in a hurry for fear of being put out with a heavy hand. But you expect nothing of the kind, for you know they are just singing. You are not for a moment tempted to believe you are in a meeting of the Industrial Workers of the World or any other sort of radical meeting. You know perfectly well by experience you are in a meeting of conservatives (radical only in their conservatism—stand-patters leaning backwards to a dangerous degree), and that they are just singing as they go about their queer pastime of worshipping a Radical they believe to be safely dead.

Your true conservative always worships a dead radical. The worship of anything else than a radical, whether living or dead, would be too seriously uninteresting even for a conservative. But to the conservative the only good radical is a dead radical. And Jesus the Radical is no exception to the rule. True, the conservative Church dogmatizes about his resurrection. But it does not take its dogma much if any more seriously than its singing. Or, if it does, it comforts itself with the thought that the Radical of nineteen hundred years ago has long since been converted and that he is now "good" and thoroughly ashamed of his youthful radicalism.

There are those who do not hesitate to say the Christian Church cannot be saved. That as a force making for the good of humanity it is lost past redemption. And the voices of those who say this are by no means to be despised. They make up a chorus of criticism too great in volume to be ignored even if it did not represent, as it undoubtedly does, intellectual capacity and personal character in a marked degree. But although I have long listened to this chorus of uncompromising criticism of the Church, and am writing now in sight and in sound of it, I do not hold the belief that the Christian Church cannot be saved. That it is in a perilous condition I believe and have plainly declared. It is "fast bound in misery and iron." Its "damnation slumbereth not." The Spirit that spoke to the Seven Churches through the writer of the Book of the Revelation in the First Century is today speaking to all the Churches that go to make up the Christian Church of the Twentieth Century, and the tone in which it is speaking is strikingly like that in which it was said to the Church of Laodicea: "I will spue thee out of my mouth." Nevertheless I believe in the salvability of the Christian Church. Otherwise I would not bother to speak as I am doing. I believe the Spirit—the *Zeit Geist*—which begins by threatening to spue the Christianity of the Church out of its mouth, ends by saying: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." It is just because I believe the Church can repent and be saved, can change her mind and her manners with the changing

social order and play an important and noble part in the bringing in of the New Day of Social Justice and Brotherhood, that I am not only troubling myself to speak my mind but am bringing down upon my head the charge of being a troubler of Israel.

But if the Church of today is to come to repentance and a better mind, it must, without further delay, catch and hold the revolutionary spirit of the real Christ, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The Church must, as I began by saying, ponder profoundly and preach to itself passionately upon the text: "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?"

I say the Church *must*. And indeed it must. It must either change with the changing social order, and play the practical part God and humanity demand of such an organization, or it must go to the scrap heap. Already the fire is kindled. Its crackling can be heard on every hand, and now and then the very heavens are illuminated with the glare of it. The old social order is changing. The new social order is coming. The Christianity of the Churches—the Christianity that bids men worship a God who is a "stickler for etiquette" and indifferent to social injustice—is in the crucible. Men of thought in our institutions of learning, and men of action on the firing line of the world-wide democratic social movement, are proclaiming in earnest words from chairs and rostrums and soap-boxes that they have scant respect for the "introspective devotionism" of the churches in such critical times as these; that society has outgrown "the conception of religion as a thing of rites and ceremonies, of cloisters and retreats, of holy days and holy places, and is coming to view it as the divine principle for all living;" that men "are tiring of the smell of incense;" that the workers of the world feel "the hollowness of a religion paraded on Sunday," and demand a religion effective from Monday to Saturday in the shops and streets and wherever men bear the burden and heat of the day.

There has arisen in our day a new school of prophets outside the ranks of the Christian ministry—lay prophets,

like Amos the herdsman and many another great social-minded soul ordained by God to be a prophet without the intervention of man-made ecclesiastical machinery. These lay prophets are to a marked degree the spiritual leaders of our times. Many of them are speaking with an authority all too strange in the pulpits of our churches, rising up early and remaining up late to teach our generation the principles of justice upon which alone the brotherhood of man can be established in permanent fashion.

But inasmuch as this school of prophets is to a greater or less extent outside of the Church—not only the ministry of the Church but the Church itself—the Church may find it easy to “pass them up.” The Church dignitaries may sit in the seat of the scornful whenever they appear upon the scene. The Church may gather its sacred vestments close about itself and pass by them on the other side, pretending neither to see them nor to hear them. In some large measure this is just exactly what the Church has been doing. During the prophetic bombardment from the outside that has now been going on with increasing vigor for the past twenty years or more, the strength of the Church (so it has thought) has been to sit still and close. “Mum” has been the word. The Church has looked down upon these outlandish prophets with a superior air that seemed to say: “What in the world are you benighted fools shooting at anyway? If at me, you are wasting your ammunition. You can never touch me. I am beyond the range of your social pop-guns!”

Fortunately, both for the Church (though it does not as yet realize it) and for humanity, it is not alone in these outside prophets that the revolutionary fires have been kindled. God has not left Himself without witnesses to the new social order within the innermost circles of the Church itself. The bosom of the Founder of Christianity was a furnace of social revolution heated seven times more than such human furnaces are wont to be heated. For nearly sixteen hundred years the fires of that mighty furnace have been banked most of the time. Now those fires are beginning to burn afresh and fiercely within the bosoms of certain of those who have

been set apart to be in a peculiar sense the ministers of Jesus Christ and who stand within the inner sanctuary of the Christian Church. That is to say, the Christian Church is by no means immune to the spirit of social revolution. Far from it. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say the Church is honeycombed with social revolutionists. But it would be well within bounds to assert that some of the most dangerous social revolutionists of our time are being bred and nourished and equipped for direct action within the bosom of the Church—revolutionists as dangerous to the present covetous social order with which the Christian Church is living in illicit relations as Jesus was to the covetous social order of his day; revolutionists Christ-like in their passionate love of justice and their hatred of greed no matter how gloriously gilded, and Christ-like in their defiance of greed no matter how deeply entrenched; revolutionists who would expose and execute greed just as quickly in a high-priced pew of a fashionable church with a bishop beaming down upon him as they would if they caught him in the act of robbing the poor.

Two of the most daring revolutionists in America at the present moment are church-bred; and not only church-bred, but educated for the ministry—one for the Episcopal, the other for the Presbyterian Church. Each is an out-and-outer, holding his life as cheaply as Jesus did when he set his face to go to Jerusalem. In the case of one of these men, if not of both of them, there are those in the best sort of standing in the churches who do them reverence. It is the sheerest folly for the "rulers in Israel" to give themselves wise airs when the names of these men are mentioned and say they have no following save among such as joined David when he was an outcast and made his headquarters in the cave of Adullam. For, in the first place, if this were so, the ecclesiastical wisacre would be answered by reminding him that David disrupted Saul's kingdom with the aid of his distressed, debt-ridden, discontented following; and in the second place, the charge is false, as is so often the case with the charges of those whose primary god is some sort of an



ecclesiastical machine, and who honor God Almighty only so long as He runs.

Just the other day a multi-millionaire who occupies various posts of honor in the Episcopal Church told me he held one of these men in far higher esteem than any minister in New York City; and that the last time he parted with this man he had a strong feeling that he himself was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. Another man of large means, doing business successfully in Wall Street, brought up a Presbyterian, told me as we talked together late one night on the stoop of the house in which this revolutionist lived, that this man seemed to him so much more a true follower of Jesus Christ than his own pastor or any minister he knew that he had left his church and now looked to him for leadership in the highest matters.

One of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, leader among the socialists of America (and it may be said in passing that if when the social revolution gets in full swing America can compromise on socialism it may account itself happy) was educated, partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, for the Wesleyan ministry. And this man is a power, both on and off the rostrum. It is doubtful if there are a half dozen men in the ministry in America who could hold their own with him in a debate touching the fundamentals of human society. He counts his followers not only by the thousand but by the hundred-thousand, and they are drawn from every walk of life, their chief common characteristic being the willingness and the ability to think in terms of something besides dollars and cents, and their persistent belief that a man is better than a sheep or even his weight in gold.

The cases of these three church-bred, church-trained revolutionary leaders are cited merely by way of example. Their number might be multiplied, as every man knows who knows the revolutionary movement from the inside. If the social and ecclesiastical pall-bearers of our day—the conservatives and reactionaries whose business in life seems to be to screw down the lid of the social or ecclesiastical coffin just

before it is lowered into the grave—could see the seeds of revolution germinating in the Christian Church at this moment, as men and women whose eyes are no longer holden see them, they would denounce the Church as a hot-bed of revolution and flee from it with dismay. They would not stop to sterilize it. That, they have already tried over and over and over again. And they had deceived themselves into thinking, socially speaking, the Christian Church was perfectly sterile. They are now about to learn the painful lesson that sterilization is of no avail against the social yeast of Jesus Christ—once that yeast begins to work. After so long a time Jesus Christ is looking in on our world again—through the earnest eyes of utterly devoted men and women, if you will, but still looking in—and saying: “I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled?” People who understand things know that it has indeed been kindled! In every industrial centre it can be seen running along the ground! Even the grangers see the glare of it and are dreaming dreams like the shepherds of old who watched their flocks by night!

If it be said that these church-bred and church-trained revolutionists to whom I have referred have left the Church by the front door or been thrust out of the Church by the side door, and are therefore no longer to be reckoned with as Christian ministers, or even as members of the Christian Church, I would answer: First, they must be reckoned with, whatever they are, or wherever they are. They are human factors of prime importance that must be taken into consideration. They can no more be ignored by any social organization than can a box of dynamite on a railroad track be ignored by a passing train. Second, they are prophets of the kingdom of God on earth, whether or not they are in good standing in the Christian Church as narrowly conceived by ecclesiastics and those who think as ecclesiastics have trained them to think. Third, the story of revolution within the Church is by no means ended when reference has been made to certain outstanding church-bred, church-trained revolutionary leaders who have passed over the border that

(according to our bad way of thinking) is supposed to divide the sacred from the secular, and who are now regarded by ecclesiastics and those who think as ecclesiastics bid them think as bedevilled disturbers of the peace in the realm of the secular.

That is not half the story. That is only the first chapter of the story. The end of it no man may yet write, but the faces of the prophets of our day are illumined as they look up into the face of Him who is writing this story; and they are not sorry that some of the story is being written with their blood, for they know the ending is to be a good ending for all mankind. But the second chapter of this story (and we can pursue it no further at this time) deals with the spirit of revolution among those who at this moment are in perfectly good standing in the separate units of that big aggregation we call the Christian Church. Some of these are laymen and laywomen. Some of them are ministers. Some of these ministers are bishops. That is to say, the seeds of social revolution are germinating in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Christian Church. Even there the social yeast is at work, and the human vessels that contain it are pulsing with a new life that is demanding a new heaven and a new earth, a new interpretation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, a new social order in which the fatherhood of God shall be a reasonable faith because the brotherhood of man is an accomplished fact. Even there the long banked social fire of Jesus Christ is making crevices in the ashes and creeping out and running along the ground (shall I lapse into popular thought and say the sacred ground?), and finding its way stealthily into the cold rooms where sermons are wont to be made. Yes, and sometimes boldly leaping up in those ornamental iceboxes where sermons are wont to be preached.

This is not random talk. This is no mere social surmising by one whose heart knows the bitterness of the barrenness of the ecclesiastical Christianity that insults the name of Jesus Christ in the Twentieth Century and who seeks to cheer himself up by speaking out what he wishes deep down in his heart were true. I could speak by the book if I dared,

and speak volumes. I could quote letters and words written and spoken to me by clergymen and by laymen and laywomen—letters and conversations not by the dozens but by the hundreds—that would fully justify all I have said. Within these past few months I have read and heard a rousing revelation of the revolutionary potentialities of that placid organization we call the Church. I have peered through the banked ashes into hundreds of crevices and seen the awakening fires. I know that there is burning indignation in thousands of Christian breasts over the present mammonistic state of the Christian Church, and the easy acquiescence on the part of too many of those chosen for leadership in this shameful condition. I know that some of the best of the younger spirits in the Christian ministry are almost heart-broken over the no-leadership of the Church's appointed leaders, and are sick at the stomach over the everlasting ding-donging and sing-songing of the devil's doctrine of "safety first" by which too many of these faithless leaders seem to think the world is to be saved; and I know that the best of the younger spirits who might enter the Christian ministry, and whose presence in the ministry is absolutely essential at this moment to save that calling from rapid degeneration, are holding aloof from the ministry by reason of their indignation or disgust over this unChrist-like ding-donging and sing-songing of these bouy-bishops who get nowhere no matter how strong the social tides run. I know this, and much more besides, and I thank God that I know it; for if, in an era that calls aloud for crucifixions (or at least the limitless daring of them), the Christian Church were content through and through to pursue its even way, like some over-dressed and over-fed dancer of bygone days in the minuet, the deep damnation of the taking off of the Founder of Christianity would be as nothing compared with the deep damnation of the staying on of the spiritually scuttled organization that bears His name.

## ROSES

SARAH L. FLOWERS

**G***IVE me roses while I live,  
Wait not till death shall come;  
Far, far more pleasure they will give  
Before my lips are numb.*

*Bank not roses o'er my grave,  
Nor deck my icy brow;  
Their fragrance then I shall not crave—  
I'd rather have them now.*

*For I shall wear immortal flowers  
When death my eyes shall close—  
And dwell 'mid amaranthine bowers  
'T will far surpass the rose!*

# THE OLD MAN'S DISCOVERY

CHARLES H. MANN

**I** ONCE called upon an aged friend of mine and found him in a highly exhilarated mental condition. He seemed full of exultation. He declared this was the happiest time of his life, and that his happiness came from the discovery of his personal greatness. He had never suspected it until recently; but in thinking over the passing years (he was approaching his eightieth), it suddenly dawned upon him that he was a great man!

I could not help mentally questioning my friend's sanity. The illusions of self-greatness are common symptoms of an approaching lunacy. Unsound folk are apt to pose as persons of no common order—as statesmen, or orators, or generals, or even kings and emperors. I feared that the old man was suffering from an attack of megalomania. I assumed that he meant by his greatness that he had made no mistakes in life; that he had never done wrong, and that he had been the hero of mighty achievements. Falling in with this interpretation of his mood, I suggested as much.

But no! He declared that he had been a most mistake-making individual. He had committed many blind and stupid blunders; he had often made an ass of himself; he had been foolish almost to criminality; he had broken many Commandments; not unfrequently he had found himself selfish and unkind; he had been the victim of boundless conceits; and more than these things, he had been mean and lying; he had done things low and disgraceful; in fact he had behaved about as badly as he could and keep out of prison.

All this was very mystifying, and set me to wondering what he meant by the discovery that he was so great. I demanded an explanation.



He had come into a realization of his greatness, he declared, first through his attitude toward himself. We are often very anxious, he said, concerning what others may

think of us; yet that is relatively of very trifling moment. But what one thinks of himself is of tremendous significance, for by one's thought of self does he determine what shall be the principles of his life. As applied to foolish or malicious acts my venerable friend had discovered, he said, that they all possessed an immense potential value because of what they might be made to signify to one's self. Mistaken or iniquitous deeds may be made to bear good fruit in the states of mind to be gotten out of them. In his remarkable book, "Timothy Titcomb Letters," Mr. J. G. Holland expresses this idea in his statement that until a young man had discovered that he was an ass, and had made good use of the lesson of that discovery, he isn't worth much. Those who never make mistakes, nor do wrong—or imagine themselves free from such things—are generally uninteresting and unsympathetic, if they be not actual bores. But they who have made mistakes and gained wisdom from them, and who have yielded to temptations and learned the lessons they teach, may really develop into something well worth while.

"How do you avoid being contaminated by these things?" I asked. How can you make these oppressive and humiliating experiences actually uplifting so that you get from them the feeling of the personal greatness you now exult in?

"Simply," said the old man, "from the attitude of mind I assume toward them. I decline to own these things. I renounce all connection with them. I expropriate them. They are not mine. Their moral unwholesomeness is comparable to the physical unwholesomeness of some kinds of diseases. If a man has small-pox, you do not consider it against him that he is in an impure physical condition. That is a feature of the disease; it does not belong to the man's normal self. If a man is very weak because just recovering from the grippe, you do not think of blaming him on account of his lack of vigor. Rather you extend to him your sympathy. It is like the case of a person who has been made a prisoner by savages. While in that humiliating bondage he may be compelled to live in ways that violate every sense of respect be-

longing to a civilized man; but you do not deem him accountable for that. It is due to a condition for which he is not responsible. If a group of persons escaping from a foundering vessel is cast adrift in an open boat far out at sea, who would dream of holding them answerable for all the abnormal things they might be constrained to do? The same judgment would apply to a company cast away on a desert island."

"And how about moral disorders?" I asked.

"Doubtless," said the old man, "we have all read books on the ministry of pain, which make out that bodily suffering often proves very valuable because of the effects it accomplishes in the life of the one who endures it. Why may not the same principles be applicable to moral and spiritual misbehaviors that we apply to physical abnormalities? The many conditions coercing man's conduct must be taken into consideration in passing judgment upon it. Under unusual circumstances a man may be swept along by a tide of irresistible forces to very condemnable acts. But whether irresistible or not, the subsequent significance of what he has done is according to the attitude he assumes toward the fact that he is actually the doer of such things. One must approve of his deeds in order to make them his own. And if he makes himself guilty of them, he is also in another way making them his own. To be free, he must renounce his ownership in them altogether. The self in him that did them was not his real self. In the end, the residuum of character resulting from an experience, whatever be the quality, moral or otherwise, or the experience itself, is its reality—it is all the reality that any experience can possess."

## II

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the old man's self-exultation was his fervent rejoicing in finding himself still possessed of the sense of wonder. He was more profoundly moved by this feeling, he declared, than he was in his youth; but in a different way. He did not wonder now as he did when a child, at tricks of legerdemain or at the doings



of professional magicians, or at the striking and sense-impressive phenomena of nature; but he more clearly and vividly than ever before realized the inherent marvelousness of life and of being, the unfathomable mysteries environing us; and especially was he deeply moved by his belief in the not-yet-discovered fields of consciousness and of knowledge.

Again, he had a growing appreciation of a possible life outside our present experience. He found kingdoms of living creatures below man; which could know absolutely nothing of man or of his nature; and yet, by their contribution to man's needs, they were a part of human life. Such, for instance, are sea animals. What can fish know of humans, whom nevertheless they serve as food? What can seals know of the luxury and the elegance to which they minister? What could the whales of eighty years ago know of the beings for whose lights they supplied the fuel? What can the bees know of the taste and the hunger of which they gather such delicious sweets? He once lived on a bluff in California which overlooked a chicken farm and he was intensely interested in the active energy and apparent interest the fowls exhibited in scratching for food, in the cackling of the hens at the laying of eggs, and in the cocks crowing in exultation. They seemed to enjoy their life immensely. But how absolutely unaware they must have been that they were a feature of a life transcending every capacity of the tiny field of their comprehension to know anything about. Comparable to this may there not be a life transcending life as we experience it, yet of which we are a part? *Why not?* He saw no limit to the potential consciousness of man; and he had the feeling that even now there is a life above man's—greater than anything man can conceive of, yet of which man is a part. He quoted from Henry James, the elder, father of the late novelist of that name, these words: "I see throughout all history the universal march of a great spiritual end or purpose, which is so high above man's thought as to find its stepping-stones alternately in his wisdom and in his folly, and so high above his best affections as to make his very vices contribute with his virtues to its final evolution."

This sense of wonder led to the old man's insistence upon regarding his attainment of wisdom as never complete. He was even now looking for more light, and he had discovered very much to his satisfaction that he still possessed a virile capacity for growth. He had anticipated from what he had observed in the aged, and had also been told about them, that in the later years of his life he would be chiefly concerned in making himself physically comfortable and in talking over old times and enjoying reminiscences of the joys and the ideals of his youth. But on the contrary, he had found practically that he did not like to think of the times of his youth. Right here, in fact, was one of the services of his past misbehaviors of which he had been making good use. He had discovered to his unspeakable joy that he was yet capable of receiving new ideas. He had hold of a new conception yesterday, and had been enjoying it greatly. He anticipated that he should very likely get another tomorrow. By this capacity for further growth he did not mean that he was fickle—that is, changing in fundamental ways. It was true that his great convictions concerning human life and destiny were not stationary; they were growing. But they were the subjects of an orderly evolution; not of sudden revolutions. He was advancing continually into fuller apprehension of the realities of life, and a correspondingly greater enjoyment of them. Notwithstanding his many years, he was still a student; he was still anticipating greater and better things yet to come.

### III

“But,” said I, “you seem to take the question of forgiveness of wrongdoing wholly into your own hands. How about the forgiveness of God? Have you sought his pardon? Have you had your sins removed?”

“The forgiveness of God,” said the old man, “if by it you mean some sort of a change of attitude on His part toward the transgressor, is an infantile notion, wholly eliminated from a mind spiritually adult. It is a mediaeval conception. Especially is its childishness evident when you

imagine that forgiveness consists in the remission of the penalty of the wrongdoing as if the whole affair were a question of legality merely. The Commandments, so called, are only a formulation of the laws of one's own members. Every father does a similar thing for his child. He commands the little one, for instance, not to eat of unripe fruit. To his son, the sin of eating such fruit is the sin of disobeying his father, but that is only an appearance. Even in the Garden of Eden allegory, it is related that Adam and Eve suffered as an immediate effect the death—that is, the loss of their innocence—which Jehovah had declared would follow their eating of the fruit of that special tree, and this before He is represented as knowing of their disobedience. That He later drove the man from the Garden was not as a punishment, but “lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life.” *With the wise men, sin is recognized as a violation of the laws of his own members, and forgiveness is putting a stop to such conduct. Real forgiveness consists supremely in sending the evil away. God's part in forgiveness is to bestow the strength for the amendment of one's life. As one renounces his foolishness and ceases to disobey the laws of his own members, so does he forgive himself his sins.*

“And how about the upbraidings of conscience, the self-condemnation for the wrongs you have done?” I asked.

“Their only value,” he replied, “is to lead you to this act of self-forgiveness which consists in not doing such things any more. We must distinguish here very carefully between judging an act as evil, and judging the doer of the act as blameworthy. We may condemn the former without passing judgment upon the latter.”

To sit in a really judicial attitude of mind upon one's own behavior, this my friend looked upon as experiencing the genuine glory of being a man. “It is Divine,” he said. “It constitutes the grandest achievement possible for man. By pronouncing a judgment upon himself, just and true, neither condemning in a way he would not condemn another, nor excusing in a way he would not excuse another; and then by amending his life in harmony with such a judgment—by do-

ing this a man attains self-forgiveness. For it is not the part of the man that has been judged, but the part of him that passes the judgment that is the real self of the man."

"But how about the just punishment for violated law? If you have done the dreadful things you say you have, are you not self-condemned, and ought you not to be punished for them?"

"Punishment," he declared, "has no place in the Divine order. *What we call "punishment" is the painful effect of disorders, which are provided for the sake of the lesson they convey. They are educative. They are Divine messengers telling us not to do such things.* To add to their ill-effects by an artificially devised punishment is to meddle with the working of the laws of God. We are learning this in our most enlightened prison management. No wise penologist today approves of the idea that punishment is the purpose of our penal institutions. You may legitimately, therefore, get rid of punishment as a painful experience by your aptness in learning your lesson."

"If the lessons which transgressors get from their wrong-doing are so helpful in leading to good," I said, "would not this argue in favor of freely violating law for the purpose of getting the advantage of these valuable lessons?"

"If that circuitous route to wisdom be your choice," said my aged friend, "I answer, yes. If you prefer to go to heaven via hell—what is there to hinder? But such a choice is a fool's decision." George McDonald, a novelist of the last generation, advised his readers to get the lessons of life through their eyes and ears; for if you do not, he added, you must take them through your skin, which is a much more painful process. "I will guide thee by mine eye. Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle lest they come near unto thee" (Ps. xxxii:8-9). John dear, said the gentle mother, it is time for you to go to bed now. John hesitated; he wanted to sit up longer. John, said the father, will you go to bed now, or will you take a whipping and then go to bed?

“ I am tremendously convinced,” said my friend, “ my conviction thrills me through and through, that *we are in this world as children of God at school, and that we realize the purpose of our being here through learning the lessons presented to us in every experience, and at every turn. Getting this education is the Divine end for which we are here.* We are bound to get it. We may take it directly or indirectly; by noting the testimony of the eye and ear, or through the skin; by being guided by the eye of God, or by being held in with bit and bridle; by going to bed of our free action at the proper time, or by requiring a whipping first—but sooner or later, get that education we must. And when we get it, our own greatness is revealed to us. That revelation has been made to me; therefore my exultation.

#### IV

But the supreme ground for the self-glorying of this octogenarian was not from his attitude toward himself. I found that he had also and more especially come into his consciousness of greatness through his assuming the same attitude toward others. He found himself, he declared, at one with all. The consciousness of his own greatness was conditioned upon his application of a similar law of judgment to others. The significance he attached to their failures must be like that which he attached to his own. He measured them by no different standards from those he applied to his own acts. The others might have done things externally much worse than those he had done; but he could not set up the degree of wrong for which he could be forgiven as the limit of forgivableness for others. The slightest error on his part, in thought or behavior, identified him at once with all who do wrong, however they might differ from him in degree. If a certain measure of temptation in his life was so irresistible as to entitle him to disown the fault as not rightly to be charged against him, no matter how slight it was, he had only to multiply the degree of temptation to excuse any degree of wrong-doing. It is simply a question of multiplication. Thus my friend made out that the attitude he as-

sumed in his interpretation of the lives of others was an element demonstrating his own greatness. It reminds one of the remarkable story credited to John Bradford, the Chaplain of Edward VI., who, as he looked upon a criminal being led to execution, exclaimed: "But for the grace of God, behold John Bradford."

The most glorious feature of the old man's greatness as he judged it, was right at this point, namely: that *every other human is equally great*. His greatness was not competitive, but co-operative. It was a greatness common to all. *The greatness of a man because of his distinction from others is hell; the greatness of a man because of his identification with all, is heaven. The greatness of man as man is a greatness which gives the individual man a sense of humility in the presence of what he himself inmosty is.* With this interpretation of greatness we might be excused in adopting the behavior of a man of whom Wendell Phillips said: "His self-respect was so great that he always took off his hat at the mention of his own name."

The greatness which any man realizes as a man is a contribution to the greatness of all others. It has no limitation. The larger the number of great ones there are, the greater is every individual of them. Men may be said to pool their greatnesses by which the greatness of each is increased by that of every other one. The greatness of every individual in the whole universe is increased by every addition to that whole. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made" declared the Psalmist (cxxxix-14); but he was not boasting, for all others are "fearfully and wonderfully made," including the wretch of the slums. One may glory in the wonder of his eye, but he would not then be glorying in himself, for he did not invent the eye. "I did not invent being a man," said my friend, "and so the greatness I exult in is a greatness of what I find myself to be, and does not imply any sort of comparison with any person or thing outside myself. I am a man, and being a man I am therefore great."

# THE ORGAN

D. N. LEHMER

**F**AR up the hill, against the sky,  
A lonely tree is growing;  
A mighty live-oak, mounted high,  
Where every wind that passes by  
Can set its branches blowing.

Calm and serene it stands alone,  
Apart from all its brothers;  
When by the wind its pipes are blown  
It answers with an organ tone,  
Deeper than all the others.

In springtime, when the hazy mist  
Across the hill is straying,  
The south wind is the organist,  
And from its branches,—Nay, but list!  
The pipes of Pan are playing!

In winter, when on other trees  
No leaf of autumn lingers,  
Hark to the stormy symphonies  
That surge up from the organ keys  
Beneath the north wind's fingers!

High on the hill, against the blast,  
In living rock deep rooting!  
Would that my soul could stand as fast—  
The howling storm that rages past  
To harmony transmuting!

# THE STORY OF TRUFANOFF

ISAAC DON LEVINE.

*Iliodor Sergei Trufanoff came to America this fall with an interesting and unusual story. It was to be given publicity through a well-known magazine. Everything was arranged—when suddenly the long arm of Russia reached over and blacked it out. It has since appeared, in FORUM.*

**W**HEN the history of Russia for the past decade comes to be written, one of the hardest tasks for the historian will be to correctly characterize, analyze, and place the figure of Sergei Trufanoff, known as Monk Iliodor, who managed to keep himself in the limelight during the most tempestuous period of modern Russian history. The remarkable thing about it all is that the difficulty presented in this case will not be found in any other case, for all the public men in Russian life are easily divided into two distinct and opposite categories, the radical and reactionary forces. The first includes revolutionaries, liberals, progressives; the second includes bureaucrats, reactionaries, conservatives. But Sergei Trufanoff belongs to neither category. He represents no sharply defined political or theological doctrine. He stands for no single and individual party, group, or class. And yet he symbolizes a force or a body absolutely essential for the correct estimate and true understanding of the period of transition through which Russia is passing.

Born in the year of 1880 in the region of the Don Cossacks, Trufanoff attended elementary school at home. Then he was sent to Yaroslavl, to study in the seminary there, from which, after graduating, he was retained as instructor by the director. The career of Trufanoff through school was rather ordinary, and his biography furnishes nothing interesting till the memorable year of 1905. This was the year of the Russian Revolution. The Czar's October manifesto, granting liberty to Russia, reverberated even in the depths of the Yaroslavl Seminary. The faculty were formulating demands for more freedom when young Trufanoff began to threaten his colleagues with a report to the authorities that they were revolutionists. His threat had effect. At the same time, the series of pogroms that followed the October manifesto were shaking the country. The Black Hundred and the Real Russians, backed by the authorities, were terrorizing with knife and pistol the progressive elements. The bloody tide of reaction was setting in. Trufanoff soon became identified with the Black Hundred organization. His zeal in the cause of the Czar made him a nuisance at the seminary. Also Yaroslavl presented no fertile field for his activities. There were almost no Jews at all in this town. So to the



relief of the faculty, Trufanoff was sent to the Potchayev Monastery, in Volhynia.

Potchayev was already notorious by that time as the most redoubtable stronghold of the dark forces. Trufanoff was ordained monk in the monastery and given the name of Iliodor, under which name he is still known throughout Russia. There were weekly fairs held in Potchayev, at which thousands of peasants from the surrounding country were assembled. Here was an opportunity for Iliodor to do some big things. He was not slow in grasping it. He began addressing the large peasant congregations. His success was phenomenal. Many other monks from the monastery often spoke at the weekly fair, but theirs was the old, conventional way of speaking. Not so that of Iliodor. He was sharp, blunt, and sometimes unintelligible to the educated listener, but always understood by the raw mind and formless soul of the Russian peasant. His intellect and the audience's were akin, were practically the same. Much has been said and written about Iliodor's oratory. Few understood it. To the Petrograd or Moscow correspondents who came to hear Iliodor, his talk was a puzzle, a mystery, or a lot of nonsense. The truth is that Iliodor's speech was the audible expression of the moujik's state of mind, of the elemental Russian soul. If that expression were imperfect, it was nevertheless a true reflection of things. It mirrored the blind strivings of the peasant's soul, his search for the right and the just. If Iliodor left things unsaid, it was because his emotions could not be expressed in words. And his emotions were the emotions of his audiences, and they understood him perfectly. An understanding of his success as a speaker will also lead to a full comprehension of his entire career.

The fame of the young monk spread rapidly far and wide. He was taken as the apostle of the reactionary forces both by the radicals and the Black Hundred. He denounced the Jews mercilessly. He passionately professed his loyalty to the Czar. The first of these two ruling ideas in his addresses was a matter of mind and logic. The second a matter of emotion and sentiment. And also in this respect he symbolizes the Russian peasant. The love for the Czar, the Little Father, is rock-ribbed in the heart of the moujik. This is an indisputable fact, whether pleasant or not. The attitude toward the Jew is entirely a matter of information and knowledge. The vast majority of the Russian peasantry don't know the Jew. When the moujik is told that the Jews are responsible for all his misfortunes and troubles, he believes it. Iliodor knew little about the Jews. He imbibed a lot of misinformation, and therefore blamed the Jews for everything.

From Potchayev, Iliodor was taken by the Black Hundred organization of Tzaritzin, a large industrial city on the Volga, to become their leader and to edit their black sheet. This occurred in 1907. Here re-

markable events began to occur. Iliodor showed that he possessed influence in no less a sphere than the Court. The Governor of the Province and other high officials were on several occasions overruled by Iliodor in very important questions. It was sufficient for him to wire "somewhere," and he always carried a disputed point. Gossip was rife in the empire, though newspapers were forbidden to publish any news in this connection. That Iliodor had influence with the Czar is however an indisputable fact, as later events prove. It was rumored strongly in well-informed circles in Russia that the Czar favored the Black Hundred. If this were true, then the explanation of how Iliodor came near the Czar is obvious. The whole career of Iliodor disproves the stories that he was introduced into Court through feminine influences. It is indubitable that he had the opportunity to wield enormous power in Russia, but Iliodor was no charlatan, nor was he crooked, subtle, nor hypocritical.

Iliodor was too big a man to remain in the ranks of the Black Hundred organization to edit their paper. And so in Tzaritzin, as in Potchayev, he turned toward the masses. His influence here expanded rapidly. As a monk, living in the Monastery, he was subjected to the Church authorities. But Iliodor was original. While loyal to the Czar, he had little respect for the authorities. As years went by, his conflicts with the Church and temporal authorities multiplied. If he was condemned to solitude in his cell, he would disobey. This naturally added to his prestige among the masses. He was planning to build a large school for 5,000 poor children and educate them in the spirit of Christ and loyalty to the Czar. His followers increased by leaps and bounds. Tzaritzin became a pilgrimage centre. Tens of thousands eagerly caught each sound emanating from Iliodor's mouth. The authorities saw a menace in him, and finally planned to get rid of him. For disrespect to the church, he was sentenced to be transferred to the Novosilsk Monastery, a remote place. But he did not stay there long. He simply left it and came back to Tzaritzin. His immediate superior gave him protection, and entrenched in the midst of his admirers, he defied law and authority.

The nation was astir with Iliodor. Here was a revolutionary who held his own against the powerful machinery of the State and Church. The case finally reached the Holy Synod. On April 9, 1911, the highest church court in the country took up the question of Iliodor's disobedience to authorities. There were present at the session the Metropolitan of Petrograd and Over-Procurator of the Holy Synod, a member of the Russian Cabinet. A deputation from Tzaritzin came to ask the Synod to pardon Iliodor. The Synod found him guilty, but in view of his "sickness" sentenced him to a two months' stay in a Crimean Monastery. The deputation vainly pleaded the fol-

lowing day with the Petrograd Metropolitan for a pardon. "There is nothing left for Iliodor but obey this time," said the highest Church authority in Russia.

Then something happened. It became a case of Iliodor versus the Synod, *i. e.*, the Russian Church. The issue was clear-cut. And Iliodor won. April 14 the Over-Procurator was called out to Tzarskoye Selo, the Czar's residence place. An extraordinary session of the Holy Synod was set for April 15, this in spite of the fact that the Synod had adjourned for the Easter holidays and most of the members had left Petrograd. There the Over-Procurator reported that "the Court wants to see Iliodor back in Tzaritzin," and, what is probably the most unique case in the history of the Holy Synod of Russia, the decision of the Synod of April 10 was reversed and the wish of the Sovereign fulfilled. Iliodor had defeated the Holy Synod.

Then another character, dark and mysterious, afraid of the limelight, began to move across the screen of Russian life. The name of this new figure was the late-assassinated Rasputin, also a monk. Iliodor knew Rasputin well. It is even said that Iliodor put Rasputin in touch with the "high spheres." Another reported probability is that the enemies of Iliodor introduced Rasputin in order to get rid of the former. Whatever the origin, the result was actually the gradual removal of Iliodor from the Court. Rasputin was just the opposite of Iliodor in character. He was the typical charlatan, impostor, faker. He was sly and subtle, scheming and full of intrigues. He was not only a seeker of opportunity, but a creator of it as well.

What was Iliodor's reply to the efforts to oust him? It came in the form of increased agitation and denunciation of the authorities. He was as bitter toward them as any political revolutionist. He took back his accusations of the Jews, openly repenting for his injuries to the Israelites. His mind became more receptive for actual facts and knowledge. Finally, he began to talk of a church of his own, independent, loyal to Christ and the Czar. This carried a powerful appeal to the masses. One of his followers left him for the purpose of erecting such a church a tract of land and 60,000 rubles. But the authorities were rapidly gaining control of him. When he realized his powerlessness, he dramatically closed his career in Russian history with an act embodied in his "Renunciation" addressed to the Holy Synod. In it he renounced his allegiance to the Greek Orthodox Church. He appealed to the Russian people not to condemn him, for he "felt spiritual power within him" and he sought for eight years to be a "bright luminary," but the authorities would not let him develop his activities and influence. He closed with a promise to visit the grave of Tolstoy, which shows the spiritual state of Iliodor in November, 1912, when he made his exit from the limelight of Russian life.

# THE CONSERVATION OF WASTE

GEORGE WEISS

**N**ATURE has provided us with many things, but Man has devised the uses to which these things shall be put. Big Business of today is concerned not only in producing steel, oil, leather, paper, chemicals, dressed meats, furniture, textiles, etc. A few years ago Big Business was in the throes of an efficiency campaign. Today it is in the throes of an economy campaign. *Save the penny! Cut out the waste!*

Big Business has reached a stage whereby waste motion has been eliminated. Modern machinery has displaced obsolete hand labor. Now Big Business has turned to keeping down the waste bills. Business profits of today are a matter of pennies. The manufacturer who can underbid his competitor by as small a margin as one cent to every dollar is often in a position to carry away contracts that will yield him millions. The pennies count today. Big Business is so intensive and sharp that it is not merely a matter of making good articles, but also of making good articles at as low a cost as possible.

*Cut out the waste!* The water that passes over the dam must do its full duty before it can sweep along to the sea. As a nation we are extravagant. Every day millions of dollars go to waste. The smoke stacks of our factories pollute the air with fumes that could be converted into money. The genius who transformed cottonseed from an impediment into a commodity of immense value started the wheels of a great movement to make useful that which the world discards as useless. Perhaps the conversion of waste has not been given much attention in the past decade, but Big Business of today has taken up this subject with vim.

There is waste everywhere. Our factories are wasteful. Our mines are wasteful. Our transportation systems are wasteful. Our marketing systems are wasteful. Our consumers are wasteful. This land of modernity is almost archaic when contrasted with countries of Europe, where paucity of products has inculcated a spirit of thrift that has reduced waste to a minimum.

In recent years there has been increasing agitation for the conservation of our natural resources. The proponents of reforestation argue that wooded hills will eliminate both floods and drouths. The people who advocate barge canals declare that millions of tons of poor paying freight are cluttering up railroads that cost \$40,000 a mile to build, whereas canals that cost only \$2,500 a mile to build should be moving freight of this nature. Waste has thrived on the speed that is characteristic of the country and its people. The Ameri-

can people have elevated themselves into a sphere of high living cost simply because they wanted speed. What the people have sought in the matter of celerity has been found, but with a woeful waste of dollars. Now the watchword is changing. *Give us speed but be sure to save the dollars!* That is the new cry.

Big Business is now constantly alert to dollar saving. The gases that steel mills wasted are now being used. A new industry is being erected upon the gases that contaminated the air in the vicinity of the ancient bee-hive coke ovens. Saw-mill wastes are being turned into chemicals and the stumps of forests used for the generation of power. The chemist has turned cotton into a substitute for leather. He has lightened the weight of steel so that automobiles have been taken out of the luxury class. He has devised new methods for the extraction of gasoline from crude oil and natural gas. He has found how to secure lubricants, medicinal oils, paraffin, furniture polish, and road dressing from oils that formerly yielded us only gasoline or kerosene. He has discovered how to convert wood pulp into textiles. He has taken the corn of our Middle West and produced a substitute that is ousting molasses and also giving us starch, oils, acids, and salts. He has found methods to obtain potash from cement and from furnace slags. He has produced from bauxite a metal that has sprung into wonderful demand—aluminum. He has bettered Nature in the production of synthetic silk. He has taken our old shoes and hats and produced fertilizers. He has for years been using our old rags either for making paper or shoddy. He has taken our waste paper and produced box-board. Big Business is encouraging such work. Practically every big corporation is now employing large staffs of chemists and waste-saving geniuses to evolve methods whereby the dollar can be saved.

#### THE WASTE GASES OF THE STEEL MILLS

For years and years millions of dollars of gases were wasted by the steel mills. You sat in your train and in passing steel mill towns would see low hanging clouds. Now you pass the mills and the air is almost devoid of smoke. It is not merely a case of arresting the smoke. The smoke is being used. The gases that permeated the atmosphere are no longer wasted. Unused water did pass over the dam, but now things are different. Gases are conserved and are used until every ounce of energy and value has been exhausted. Years ago all of the blast furnaces in this country and also in Europe had what was called a single bell top. This top was like a cone and was lowered to permit the dumping of the charging material into the furnace. Every time the bell was lowered thousands of tons of gases escaped. This loss of gas not only retarded the smelting of the ore,

but made working conditions around the plant unbearable. Men suffered bodily ills. Their output was hampered by working in vitiated atmospheres. Who ever thought of saving these waste gases! "That is one of the things we must expect," said the old iron masters. In later years a double bell was invented. The loss of gases stopped. The top bell was lowered and the furnace charged. The top bell was brought back into place, the lower bell released, and the ore and coke and limestone dropped into the furnace proper. But that was not all. Hot gas was being continually pumped into the furnace so that some gas had to be allowed to escape. The inventors conceived a method whereby the gas that had performed its functions could be used to heat new gas. A pipe was installed at the top of the furnace and the used gas drawn down to the heating stoves where it was burned to heat the new gas. Water that had previously passed over the dam unused was now being used. The gas first helped to smelt the ore and was then brought back to heat more gas. How many thousands of dollars this system has saved iron producers no one knows. It resulted in bringing down the cost of producing iron and helped to create a widespread demand. Thousands of people used iron products because the lower price had placed them within their reach. The dollar saved brought millions in new business.

But do not leave the steel mills as yet. The waste gas from the furnace not only heats the new gas, but helps to drive the motors that turn the wheels in the rolling mill, that operate the bridge cranes, that create the illumination at night, and that carry the ore up the skip to the top of the furnace. At the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company ninety-five per cent. of the waste gases is saved and helps to produce 90,000 horsepower. The gases after having performed their initial functions contain some impurities, so they must be washed. Water is not always handy and it requires a great deal of water to wash the dirty gases from the big furnaces at the Bethlehem plant. Sometimes it is necessary to pipe a line for five miles in order to get clean water. Therefore once the water is brought to the washing machines the save-a-penny policy demands that it do its full duty. The water that is used for cleansing purposes gets hot. A sprinkling system is installed. Water is used to cool water. The Bethlehem plant instead of consuming 150,000,000 gallons of water a month now uses only 7,500,000 gallons a month.

A new American chemical industry is being reared on gases that formerly went to waste. The cry of the farmers for fertilizers is being stilled. The demands of preparedness advocate that the United States make itself independent of Chilean nitrates, with which to make explosives, are finding their solution in the conservation of waste gases. Billions of dollars of gases went to waste in the old

bee-hive coke ovens. To make coke you must take the gas out of anthracite coal. The old coke producer thought only of getting the gas out of the coke. Save the gas? What good is it? The coal was dumped into the bee-hive oven, which was then sealed. A little heat was introduced and this heat forced the volatile gases out of the coke, taking about forty-eight hours to accomplish this result. The gases percolated through the ovens and destroyed the fertility of the soil for miles about. But the coke was produced. That was all the coke man thought about. Now let us turn to the modern side of coke production. The by-product coke oven has been brought to a stage of perfection. After being ridiculed by the bee-hive coke producer, the by-product oven has made such inroads on the bee-hive oven that it is now admitted the swan song of the latter has been sung.

If it were not for the war it is likely that by-product coke ovens would not be so greatly in vogue as they now are. The war created a demand for benzol and toluol for the manufacture of explosives. These products are obtained from coal gases. Prices of benzol and toluol soared. The steel mills saw their opportunity to install by-product coke ovens, obtain their coke, and still sell materials that would pay for the ovens and make them self-supporting. In 1914, by-product coke ovens produced \$17,500,000 worth of products. In 1915 this had increased to \$29,824,000, while in the year just closed it is estimated that the value of by-products received from the modern coke ovens amounted to \$35,000,000. The by-product coke ovens produce tar, ammonia in three different forms, sulphate, liquor and anhydrous gas for illuminating purposes and for domestic and industrial fuel. In benzol products it produces crude and secondary light oils, toluol, solvent naphtha, and naphthaline, in addition to benzol. Before the war the Semet Solvay Company controlled all the by-product plants in this country. Then there were only 14 such plants. In 1915 16 more such plants were started. While in 1916 11 additional plants went into operation.

The government last year appropriated \$15,000,000 for a nitrate plant. It was proposed to extract nitrates from the air. The government could undertake to produce nitric acid by means of by-product coke ovens, but what would it do with the coke? It could not enter into competition with private coke producers and still it could not afford to have the coke go to waste. Ammonia is easily changed into nitric acid and is one of the chief products obtained from the by-product coke ovens. The gases from the coal are drawn off and carried to stills, where they are converted into the various products named above. Air fixation of nitrate is not a wholly successful proposition except where abundant water power is available. The cost of producing

nitrate in the by-product ovens is much lower than by the air fixation process. Advocates of preparedness maintain that the government should foster private manufacture of nitrates by means of by-product coke ovens, rather than engage in the manufacture of nitrates by the air fixation process. It is declared that it would be far better for the government to foster the installation of by-product coke plants, even if necessary to resort to the subsidy system that brought German industries to their high stage of perfection.

*If every ton of coke produced in this country came from by-product ovens we would be almost entirely independent of Chilean nitrates for explosives as well as fertilizers.* In 1915, 14,073,000 tons of coke produced in by-product ovens yielded 199,900,487 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 10,626,612 gallons of aqua ammonia, and 30,002,196 pounds of anhydrous ammonia. In 1915, we imported from Chile 650,000 tons of nitrates. Experts declare that the output of by-products from 40,000,000 tons of coke would be ample in almost entirely replacing Chilean nitrates for use both as fertilizer and for explosives.

The government should encourage the installation of these ovens. In the first place, they will render this country immune from the evil effects of a naval blockade in times of war with respect to supplies of explosives; in the second place, the by-product coke ovens form the basis for the newly established chemical industry and in the third place the farmers who require fertilizers to restore the exhausted vitality of the soil can obtain these fertilizers very cheaply.

German factories thrive under the subsidy system. American factories thrive under a protective tariff. This is the basis for the plea that the newly established dyestuff industry be placed on a basis whereby it cannot be affected by European competition. In Germany there is no over-production. The government sees to that. In the United States there is either over-production or under-production. Conservation of waste is one of the dominant factors in bringing American industries to a state of balance.

The United States could have been independent of Germany in the matter of dyestuffs years ago if it had only looked to the conservation of its waste. The gases that were wasted by the old bee-hive coke ovens formed the basis for the manufacture of dyes. One of the leading chemical manufacturers in the country, in describing the progress made in the production of dyestuffs before a recent convention of textile makers, said: "Before the war we produced about 3,000,000 gallons of benzol. Our production in 1916 amounted to 38,000,000 gallons. From benzol we obtain aniline oil, beta-naphthol, alpha-naphthylamine, paranitranilin, chlorbenzole, dimethylanilin, and paraphenylenediamine, which are the chief inter-



mediates for the making of dyes. We are today charging more for our dyes than did the Germans, but this is because most of the benzol is going into explosives. When the day comes that nearly all of the benzol is available for dyes, then the prices will come down close to those of the Germans and with a fair tariff we will be able to meet German competition. We are today producing colors that never before were made in the United States. *Our colors are every bit as good as those made by the Germans.* We have not reached that stage of the art where we can make the finer shades with which the Germans supplied us, but the day is coming when we will be able to do everything as well and as cheaply as the Germans."

By-product plants and dyestuffs plants can be considered along with other plants as the first line of defense. A dyestuff plant consumes benzol, toluol, phenol, nitric, sulphuric, and muriatic acids. Explosives are made from these very products. The machinery used in making dyestuffs varies but slightly from that used for turning out explosives. Germany proved that its dye plants could be turned into war plants. The Du Ponts are preparing to convert their immense powder plants into dyestuff plants when war demand for explosives ceases. The great powder mills in Delaware, New Jersey, and Virginia built to supply England's requirements would never have reared their way skyward had England fostered a dyestuff industry. The Du Ponts are interested in the new Federal Dyestuff & Chemical Company. Down in the mountains of Tennessee, where water power is plentiful, the Federal Company is now producing dyes and chemicals. By-product coke ovens have laid the foundation for a new American industry and since the beginning of the War no less than \$168,539,000 has been invested in dyestuff and chemical concerns.

#### IN THE HIGHER REALMS OF CHEMISTRY

This is the day of the alchemist. The man who merely lets you know what a thing contains, expressing his knowledge in terms of a chemist, is not an alchemist. An alchemist is he who can turn that which is now wasted into a product of value. The man who can fill his test-tubes with factory discards, the street wastes, the smoke from chimneys, and transmute these wastes into things we can use is the man for whom Big Business has an opening. Nature alone cannot solve our problems. Nature gives us the basic materials, but man must transmute these basics into the products that we can use. What good is dirt containing gold, silver, copper, lead, iron or zinc? The blast furnace and the smelting plants make these minerals of use. What use is it for the farmer to produce wheat or corn when he knows that world production is in excess of requirements in so far as food is concerned? The alchemist, however, has taken

these kernels of wheat and corn and produced many products that Nature cannot give us direct. Nature cannot produce starch in direct form. Nature does not give us glycerine. The higher realms of chemistry are being watched continually by manufacturers. Think of the thousands of dollars that a company like the Standard Oil Company spends each year in order to find a commercial use for something that it now must waste. The Standard Oil Company is but one of the many. The Corn Products Refining Company has accomplished wonders. The American Agricultural Chemical Company is another. The meat packers of Chicago, Armour & Co., Wilson & Co., Morris & Co., have demonstrated how every ounce of cattle is put to some use whether edible or not. The leather and the textile factories are constantly wrestling with problems of waste. The manufacturers of pianos, clothing, furniture, paper, glassware, have all adopted waste-saving devices that are converting what formerly constituted an expense into a profit.

The day of the heavy automobile has passed. Did it ever occur to you how the automobile was lightened. Formerly an automobile weighed 6,000 to 8,000 pounds. Weight required more gasoline and greater horse-power to accomplish the desired speed. Science evolved an alloy steel that reduced the weight of automobiles to 2,400 pounds. The automobile that formerly required a fifty horse-power engine now uses a twenty-five horse-power engine. The automobile that formerly consumed a gallon of gasoline in 15 miles now travels 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline. This is a true saving. In the automobile factories waste conservation is practiced to its fullest extent. Waste motion in operating a machine is a thing of the past, and waste of metals is rapidly becoming history.

Factory chimneys pour forth their filth. Did you ever hear of electric precipitation of dust? Here is a device that pounds the smoke against the side of a specially built chimney by means of electricity. The dust in the smoke drops to the bottom. A silverware maker who installed one of these devices reported that a ton of dust yielded 800 ounces of silver. A short time ago Secretary of Commerce Redfield termed the manufacturers of America as the "Industrial Wasters of the World," because of their indifference to waste-saving devices. A piano manufacturer found that sawdust clogged his machinery. He installed an exhaust fan over the sawing machines and drew off the sawdust to a tank in the boiler room where the dust was used to generate heat. Some day that piano maker will discover that his dust will yield him more if he sells it to alcohol or explosive makers.

The scientists of the Department of Agriculture are continually hunting for deposits of potash. A few months ago it was cabled from Cuba that immense deposits of potash had been discovered. The

discovery was hailed by American consumers but it later proved to be a myth. Germany is the only country possessing potash deposits. When the question was asked why our crops were small, how many people recalled to mind the fact that our farmers did not obtain a ton of German potash last year? The farmers cried for potash and the alchemists got busy. The kelp beds in the Pacific Ocean are now being worked in an effort to obtain potash. One genius discovered that potash could be obtained as a by-product of cement manufacture. Cement makers are now adopting the Cottrell system whereby potash can be obtained. Millions of tons of slag are moved from the blast furnaces of the country each year. Formerly the slag was used for filling swamp lands. Now the scientists think they can at least obtain some potash from the slag. They are working on the problem of how to get that potash out.

People are prone to scoff at wood-pulp silk, but the manufacturers of this product are making headway. The silkworm now has a strong competitor in artificial silk produced from wood pulp subjected to treatments conceived by the men who are improving on Nature. Cottonseed used at first as a fertilizer but now the basis for almost a score of products is regarded as important as the cotton itself. The chemists took cottonseed produced salad oils, paint, soap, glycerine, cattle feed, and cooking oil. The roofing manufacturers have been prolific in methods for the conservation of waste. First they used old rags, later they found that old carpets would do just as well. Now they are using tanbark from which the tannin has been extracted.

Out at Madison, Wisconsin, is the Forest Products Laboratory. The experts there have a miniature paper mill and they have convinced paper makers that other woods besides pine, fir and balsam can be used to produce wood pulp. They have shown how even the hard pine wood of the Carolinas can be softened so as to enable its transition into pulp. They have experimented for years with the problem of turning corn stalks, flax waste, and other field discards into paper; and some day they will be able to report having achieved that wonderful undertaking.

Secretary Redfield was right when he declared we were the wasters of the world. In this country we spend too much time in finding out how cheaply a thing can be done. In foreign countries the reverse is the case. How well can a given thing be done is the axiom that European manufacturers follow. Why did the German government equip all of its 28,000 locomotives with copper fire boxes? Copper was three times as costly and cast-iron just as serviceable. When the War came and copper imports stopped, the 56,000 tons of copper in those locomotive fire boxes, there being two tons of copper in each fire box, helped to solve the problem. European manufacturers are

always alert to the salvage value of what they produce. That is why reinforced concrete building has not made much headway in Europe. There is no salvage in a reinforced concrete building, while in a structural steel building the owner can find some one who will pay him for the privilege of demolishing the structure. Germany had an eye to salvage when all of the public buildings were equipped with copper roofs instead of tin plate. Why is it that nearly all of the kitchen utensils in Germany and Austria were made of copper instead of the enameled ware that is so popular in this country? Simply because of the salvage that was in them.

#### PUTTING WASTE ON THE CREDIT SIDE OF RAILROAD LEDGERS

American railroads have only in recent years classed the recovery of waste as being just as important as the rapid transportation of freight. The trackwalker now not only sees to it that the rails are in good condition, but that every nut and bolt that works loose from trains and falls to the ties is picked up and deposited at stated points. Once a month the waste car goes out and brings in the collections. The great railroad car shops using thousands of tools were great sources of waste. A wrench slightly worn went into the junk heap and was sold for a few cents a pound. Now the wrench is given a new surface and is as good as ever. Locomotive tubes, steam gauges, air brakes, axles, wheels, everything that a railroad uses are coming out of the railroad repair shops ready for years of additional service. Scrap beyond recovery is sorted out and either sold at high prices because it is sorted according to the established classifications of the waste trade, or in the case of such scrap as copper, brass, or bronze is melted into ingots and sent to the metal foundry to be re-worked so as to restore all the properties that are necessary for strength and elongation.

Railroads that formerly regarded their waste bills with dismay are now drawing profits from their salvage corps. Everything from a 300 ton locomotive down to a two ounce bolt is salvaged in such a manner that the greatest value is extracted.

#### PUBLIC CLAMOR STOPPED THE WASTES IN THE FORESTS

The lumbermen of the past were grieved when public spirited bodies objected to the ruthless destruction of our forests. They sulked because they thought that they alone knew how to conduct lumbering operations. Now the lumber man is thanking the advocates of conservation because they showed him the way to turn waste into money. Up to a few years ago it was the common practice to waste 65 per cent of a tree in turning it into lumber. Now over three thousand products are made from the waste that the lumber men formerly thought was incidental to their calling. There is a market for lumber

waste. Waste from the saw-mills, when given certain oil treatment, can be used for operating engines. Sawdust is being converted into ethyl alcohol, plaster, linoleum, and explosives. A billion and a half cubic feet of lumber were wasted annually. Now the waste has been cut to less than a third of that amount. But even that is too much and the manufacturers of wood pulp are seeking to save the liquor that is now wasted from their digesters so that sulphur can be recovered. The government experts have hydrolyzed wood waste and produced a "carbohydrate cattle food."

In our big cities there are operations wherein millions of dollars are wasted each year. We have the cheapest freight rates in the world. Our railroads carry a ton of freight several hundred miles for a few cents. It costs several dollars a ton to move the same freight from the railroad terminals to our warehouses or factories. The Census Bureau has only recently undertaken the work of finding out how much city deliveries cost. It has already ascertained that the cost of delivering ice is equal to 45 per cent. of its value. Our great milk distributors pay about 4 cents a quart for milk and then charge the city consumer 10 cents a quart simply because the charge for delivery is equal to 12 per cent. of the value of the milk. Millions of dollars could be saved yearly in cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore if co-operative systems of delivery could be arranged. The city of Washington for instance has 1,540 grocery stores—one for every fifty families, and each operating its own delivery service. Our cities are poorly arranged. Our manufacturing plants are too often miles away from the railroads, whereas factories alongside the railroads are showing the way to their competitors. The success of the Bush terminal project is striking testimony of the effectiveness of close co-ordination between manufacturers and the railroads. There is no waste of time, or of money.

Prof. Rudolph M. Binder of New York University, who has made a study of waste, declares that the high cost of living is the penalty of utter wastefulness. He asserts that each year we waste products of a total value of \$10,000,000,000. He declares that we waste 40 cents of every dollar that we spend. A billion-dollar Congress is regarded as representing the acme of extravagance, still the waste of one year in the United States would give Congress sufficient funds for at least nine years' appropriations. Prof. Binder has figured out that general waste costs every wage earner in the United States \$5.75 every week in the year. Waste? I could go on and enumerate a score of other sources of waste. Just think what \$10,000,000,000 a year would do! The railroad systems of the country are valued at \$20,000,000,000. Two years' waste would furnish funds for the duplication of every mile of track, of every terminal, of every car that American railroads own.

Ten billion dollars would put the American Navy first five times over. This staggering sum would erase poverty from American soil. It would, if properly conserved, build 500 dreadnaughts costing \$20,000,000 each. It would put a public library like that in New York in over 1,000 cities.

The day will probably never come when every cent of this ten billion dollars will be conserved, but the day is coming when a greater part of this immense sum will be saved to the American people. *Big Business wills it.*

## DEMOCRACY

JOHN ROBERT MOORE

**P**URPLE and rouge or Quaker gray, loud and raucous  
or gently sweet,

I am the goddess of best and worst: matron of home  
and girl of the street.

I am the quack of the marketplace, I am the itching palm  
of gain;

I am the torch of sacrifice, I am the dawn of the night of pain.  
I am the hard and shouldering throng, I am the spirit of  
unbelief;

I am the hope of a better world, I am the nation's heart of  
grief.

Nor seek to understand my ways, nor marvel that I fail to  
grow;

Mine is the youth of eternity, child of the stars and Titan  
slow.

Wanton as boys that sport with flies, I toy with the lives of  
men—

Thoughtless child from the cradle of heaven, with power  
to kill and to bless;

I fondle the babe in her mother's arms, I teach her the letters  
of life,

Till I cast her joyless youth on the curb as it were a tattered  
dress.

Tender as women that shroud the dead, I honor the lives  
of men—

Goddess of truth from the brain of God, I quicken the dust  
to breath;

I speak with the lips of my poets and priests, I fight with my  
warriors' arms,

Till I write their names in letters of life on the marble gate  
of death.

I am the frieze of the Parthenon, the graybeard senate of  
Rome;

I am the Alpine peaks of snow and the coasts of the  
English sea;

I am the Terror, the guillotine, the chant of the Marseillaise;

I am the slave to the rule of Mob and the spirit that sets  
men free.

I am the Plymouth of quest for God, the Salem of quest  
for creed;

I am the unforgiving kirk and the Covenanter's cave;

I am the war for the freedom of tax and the plunder of little  
lands;

I am the boast of the rights of man and the lash of the  
negro slave.

Tinsel and gilt or civil gray, ruddy with youth or stark  
blood-red,

I am the goddess of false and true: dust for the living and  
flowers for the dead.

Mine are the shames of your public men, mine are the shams  
of your civic halls;

Mine are the glories you dream to see arise in song like the  
Trojan walls.

Mine is the gripe of the alien hand, mine is the lust of the  
untamed brute;

Mine is the swarming clatter of day, and the starry calm  
when the world is mute.

Nor seek to weigh the plans of God, nor murmur, "It were  
better so":

I am the heir of the universe, child of the stars and Titan  
slow!

MARCH

25 CENT

# FORUM

*Founded by Isao L. Rice*

**The U** nited States :

**PEACE**

**OR**

**WAR?**

Vol. LVII

FORUM PUBLISHING CO.  
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America First

# FORUM

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FOR MARCH, 1917

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## FORUM for March

The grim hand of WAR is raised above America, ready to strike. The German government has at last compelled us to sever relations with it, and the vote of censure has been cast. All measures short of open hostilities have been or are about to be taken. We are indeed "slow to anger, but mighty in wrath." We have been patient—*very* patient. No nation of free citizens could have been more deliberate and forbearing. But even patience has an end, and that end has been reached. *Whether or not we shall be called upon to defend our inalienable rights with the sword remains to be seen. Germany must answer the question!*

The March FORUM, therefore, in the light of the international situation, will be given over largely to topics of the hour.

**THE UNITED STATES: PEACE OR WAR?** is the leading article of the month. Sir Robert Anderson, the author, is a celebrated English journalist. We are indeed fortunate to be able to present to the American public his views on the U-Boat crisis.

**UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING**, by Howard H. Gross, President of the Universal Military Training League, is another vital article on the present situation.

Mary Gaunt, the author of "Zeppelin Nights," contributes a remarkable short-story, **THE CYCLONE**.

The issue is concluded by five stirring articles on the child labor situation. *Laws are needed, immediately, to rescue the youth of our country from soul-shrivelling slavery.*



# FORUM

For March, 1917

## THE UNITED STATES: PEACE OR WAR?

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

**A**MERICA has at last severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and every day that passes adds some new aspect to the question of her entry into the European struggle. There can be no reasonable doubt that if, at an earlier period, the United States had decided to join the Entente Powers, their action would have had a marked effect upon the issue. If, for example, they had stepped in at the time of the Lusitania crime, the Balkan States would have been profoundly influenced, and our present trouble in the near East might have been averted. But the question now is—*in what way and to what extent can America help us at the present stage of the situation?*

The factors needed to enable anyone to deal with such a problem are not only a competent knowledge of America's naval and military strength, and full acquaintance with all the many phases of the War at this moment, but also the genius of an expert accustomed to handle problems of such a nature. Some incidental questions connected with it may, however, fitly be discussed; and in one of these at least our own country is peculiarly interested.

For example, if the great English-speaking Republic on the other side of the ocean concludes openly to join the enemies of German militarism, it will add fresh impetus to

the Allied cause. And although this may only strengthen our national resolve to crush the power of the foe, it will probably lead also to results that will be felt more keenly in many British homes than would reverses on the battlefield.

A generation ago Professor Goldwin Smith declared that the triumph of the German crusade against the Bible would mean a world without God. And the truth which underlies his words goes far to account for the barbarities of the present conflict. Epigrammatic statements of this kind, however, generally require some modification. A man who can give no reasonable explanation of his own existence is a fool. But though the atheist falls within that category, it is a libel upon human nature to assume that he must be a savage. If we were dealing with a nation of cultured atheists we might always appeal to them on the ground of all that is generous and good in our common humanity. But what characterizes the Germany of to-day is not atheism but religious apostasy. *It were well if Britain had as firm a faith in the true God as Germany displays in the false deity, whose sanction they claim for acts of basest treachery and most hideous wickedness!*

The monster deity of this kultur cult is near of kin to the god who in other ages was invoked to bless the tortures of the Inquisition and the martyr fires of Smithfield. And when men sink to the level of a degradation such as this, self-interest is the only lever that will avail to move them.

Neutral America has helped us in the past, and may perhaps render us a far greater service in the near future than America at arms. Were it not for American influence, our prisoners in Germany would have been as completely separated from us as if the grave had closed upon them. And if America were now to draw the sword against Germany, it is believed in some quarters that the best hope these prisoners would have of seeing their native shores again would depend upon a speedy and unqualified defeat of the Allies. For in that case German pride would doubtless lead to their being sent back to us with decent food in their stomachs and decent clothes upon their backs. *On the other*

*hand, America at arms might bring the War to a speedy close.*

It is not suggested that in any circumstances these war prisoners would be openly murdered. But the Irish peasant has a phrase that "there are more ways of killing a dog than by shooting it." The Teutons would have only to allow hunger and disease to do their work unchecked, and these unfortunate victims of a fiendish hate would perish quite as surely and much more mercilessly than by violence or rifle fire. Thousands of them have already been done to death in this way; and week by week the number grows. The truth of these statements does not depend merely on the narratives of the few who have escaped, or of the larger number who have been released in exchange for German prisoners in England. Some among us have received testimony to the same effect from Americans who have been officially permitted to investigate the matter on the spot.

The Central Powers have seemed at times to chafe under the restraining influence of America. In saner moods Berlin surely cannot fail to appreciate the importance of American good will. *But Berlin has fallen upon a mood of madness!*

The recent peace agitation in Germany—where agitation of any kind is impossible without Government permission—has acquired exceptional significance by the discussion it received in the Reichstag. It would almost seem, indeed, that the Government connived at the agitation in order to find an occasion for the Chancellor's speech. He would not dare to suggest that Germany shrinks from continuing the War. Yet his blatant invitation to the Allies to offer terms of peace was evidently an appeal to the gallery. And in this case "the gallery" means the neutral nations. And that again means, practically, the United States.

Assuming that the Germans now recognize the utter failure of their original scheme of conquest, it is clear that they have nothing to gain by further prolongation of the struggle. And no less clear is it, from their point of view, that their recent success in Rumania affords an exceptional opportunity for bringing things to an end without acknowl-

edgment of defeat. But how can this be accomplished, seeing that the Allies are by no means agreeable to it? It might have been possible only if America had swallowed the bait thrown out by Von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech, and consented to formulate peace terms which German "magnanimity" would accept. To us here in Britain the suggestion may appear so chimerical as to savor of dreamland. But with due regard to the state of public opinion in both Germany and America, and also perhaps to a certain vacillation which has characterized British policy both before the War and since, it might be estimated very differently by the Kaiser and his Ministers. Otherwise it is not easy to account for the Chancellor's speech, or for the freedom with which the newspapers have been allowed to discuss the question.

If then the Germans were really manœvering for peace, their only hope of success depended upon the friendship of America. This they have now jeopardized. *Is it conceivable that they should sacrifice it altogether?*

## AMERICA MARCHING INTO WAR

ROBERT M. WERNAER

**M**Y brothers!  
 Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution!  
 What do you think that we should do?  
 What do you think is the voice of solemn command  
 Should War show us his ugly face?  
 And not merely now—  
 The Present is only a gleam in the transit of Time—  
 What should we do when in future times War threatens?  
 Do not deceive yourselves!  
 It will not be an easy task;  
 For we are a nation of many nations,  
 And against one we may have to fight.  
 Do not deceive yourselves!  
 Our patriotism is not securely founded.  
 There are defects in the structure of the building.

We have not the pure vision of a great uniform plan.  
 We do not know wherein this nation differs from other nations.  
 Not all of us know! *not all of us know!*  
 That is the sad plight.

We are still bound to the race we came from.  
 Still bound to old-world traditions.  
 Many of us! *Too many of us!*  
 Those born abroad, and those born on this soil.  
 Those of the new stock, and those of the old.  
 Our faces are turned backward.  
 One half of us gives the hyphen,  
 The other half takes it.  
 Do not deceive yourselves!  
 It will be a great human struggle, a momentous test.

It will be a test of true Americanism.  
 "What is the War about?" will be the question.  
 "Is America in it? The Spirit of our land?"  
 Ah, it may be our undoing!

But then you will say: "We are prepared;  
 Our youths are drilled;  
 Our ships ready to steam out to meet the enemy."  
 Neither army nor navy will save you.

You say: "We have a big country."  
 Size will not save you.

You say: "We have money, *money!*"  
 Riches will not save you;  
 They are against you.

You say: "We have learned many things;  
 We are skilled; we are efficient."  
 Efficiency will not save you.

You say: "We have allies."  
 Allies will not save you;  
 They may blur your vision.

You say: "In the fight all races will join hands."  
 Yes, they will. I believe it.  
 But what will come after the fight?  
*After the fight?*



No, my brother, nothing can save you ;  
 Can save our country,  
 Your country, my country ;  
 Nothing you can think of ;  
 Nothing that you can see with your eyes ;  
 That can be weighed and measured .  
 No, my brother !

A sore the war may leave that will never heal,  
 A poisoned sore,—  
 Unless we know, before God our Maker,  
 That the war is fought in the name of the Soul of our land ;  
 For keeping alive its Spirit, Mind, and Being ;  
 For the sacred bond by which we all are united ;  
 For the preservation of America's lofty ideals,—  
 A democracy of many peoples,  
 A race-freed humanity,  
 The great Cosmic Experiment,  
 The new free State of Man  
 Which we, through our Soul and our blood, have won.

If this be the banner that is carried before us,  
 With a brave heart we shall go into battle—  
 One we shall be !  
 Justice, truth, the lofty ideal, will be our defenders ;  
 They and brotherhood will heal all wounds.  
 But the other war !  
 The selfish war !  
 The " patriotic " war !  
 The race war !  
 The war engendered by hatred and fear !  
 The war for the profit of our body !  
 The war on account of an alliance merely !  
 A victory won would be  
 A dagger thrust into our country's Soul,  
 America would cease to be—  
 The shouts of victory  
 Would be a requiem  
 Bewailing !  
 We should once more be  
 Like the countries we have left behind—  
*No more !*

# UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

HOWARD H. GROSS

(PRESIDENT, UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING LEAGUE)

**P**ERMANENT moral regeneration of the individual is induced and promoted by an accompanying physical regeneration. Flabby muscles, bleary eyes and a pouch of fat suggest feebleness and flabbiness. Whipcord muscles and a clean-cut symmetrical physique are the concomitants of clean living and a clean mind. Exceptions to the rule do not override it. A cripple may possibly become a great poet, but hardly a leader in industry or finance wherein physical endurance is important. In literature and the arts persons of frail frame may possibly excel, as Pope did, but this does not indicate at all that physical debilitation necessarily is the handmaid of genius.

Nationally speaking, upbuilding of the physique of our young men by Universal Military Training will be a blessing. Give our boys purer blood, greater physical resistance, larger lung capacity, stronger heart action, the endurance or skill to walk or ride great distances, and you will have morally regenerated the American boy. Juvenal, Roman poet, two thousand years ago, hit it off in his popular reflection: "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" Rome's glory began to fade when the patricians and the Roman soldiers forgot the correlation between physical and moral development.

The lasting impression on the national citizenry is created by that influence which most changes the character (for the good) of the most people. Military training will do much to bestow upon the citizens of the future a common viewpoint and will emphasize the fact that the patriotism of service is essential to popular government. The signs of the times, the world afire with war, may signify that we are nearing the day when the acid test will be applied and we shall know whether popular government shall survive or perish. Through military training a man becomes more

conscious of what good government means and that to it he owes a duty and obligation. A viewpoint now too prevalent is that our Government is an institution to be exploited—to see how much we can get from it and not how much we can contribute to its well-being.

Flabby days are these. As a nation we have gone money mad; we are translating everything into dollars; many of us neglect our political duties. Public obligation rests more lightly upon generation after generation, the rising sons and daughters seeming to excel in indifference. Military training, albeit rigorous, is applied with judgment so that the boy is strengthened physically. There are definite results, revealed by long study, of the regenerating effect upon the youth. Military training broadens the lad's vision; it makes him more patriotic because it tears away the curtain of ignorance and presents in transformation to his delighted eyes his country and his flag. It tends to create a higher sense of service. As the young man strengthens physically, the observer will note that he is broadening morally. As his shoulders straighten, his moral backbone stiffens. His character begins to take on healthy color. Military training likewise teaches our boys to think nationally, to think patriotically and with understanding rather than to think locally, selfishly and graspingly.

Speaking of the insouciance of our Americans of today, there has come into existence a prevailing disregard for authority by both old and young. There is too prevalent the feeling that the law was made for the other fellow. We proceed on our way thoughtlessly. Among the millions comfortably situated in America there is the spirit which is typified by the remark: "The good Lord dropped us down in this land of manna and honey, and, somehow, in some way we don't understand, we shall be protected from the spoiler."

It is time for a national shaking-up. It is time for old and young to take home the lesson that it is really more important for us to live for our country day by day than idly to wait for the crisis, and then die for it. Universal Military Training thus will democratize the people. It will

place upon all an equal obligation. It will prove to be the only enduring basis of our national life. Universal Military Training will help remove caste. The grandson of an oil king may quite likely be messmate and tent-companion of the son of the most humble artisan. It would do both good. The scion of Midas would rapidly discover that a poor boy is, after all, "human," and the son of poverty doubtless would find much to admire in his more affluent brother.

It is not saying too much to predict strong friendships between and among young America of all classes. *If Universal Military Training did nothing more than to eliminate caste and obliterate snobbery in this country, it would be well worth while.*

If, of one hundred boys, ten are trained and ninety are untrained, the effect upon the nation would be recessive rather than dominant, to make use of Mendel's idea. There must be general upbuilding, universal training, universal regeneration, morally and mentally, if the United States as a whole is to rise above sodden commercialism and take actual lead among the powers of the world. Study of the Swiss and Australian systems of universal military training leads straight to the foregoing deductions as to general physical upbuilding. There also is "German efficiency" to remember, but we of America neither need nor want an efficiency gained at the sacrifice of individuality. We must maintain individuality, the brotherhood of man, and simultaneously train our youth and remake them. *That will mean the regeneration of the Republic.*

Frederick Palmer, war correspondent of international fame, recently said: "Universal service has meant the physical regeneration of Europe. British battalions of clerks and factory hands whom I saw at Aldershot with sunken chests and round shoulders in August, 1914, I saw eight months later at the British front with square shoulders and deep chests. If the United States had universal service, universal physical training, and, say a year's military training for every young man, it would mean that we would be twenty per cent more productive twenty years hence." I would go

further than Mr. Palmer and state that six months' military training, if intensive, will achieve the same ends. It may be a bit trite to say that our citizenship implies universal responsibility, and that universal responsibility must include universal military training if our nation is to develop and extend without hindrance. However, it remains true. We in free America possess a definite boon in our citizenship. All of us have that boon. Not a few, but all. Therefore, all must assume the responsibility of defending the country, of protecting the fair name of the flag. To state this is its own argument.

Some training is better than none, and training a few must be more beneficial than not training any. I happen to know that the last statement is susceptible of proof—or at least productive of extremely interesting data. I have in mind certain statements appearing in the Congressional Record of March 22, 1916. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, in discussing appointments to West Point, brought out the statistics. I think these figures throw a strong light on the benefits to be derived from military training. Senator Weeks offered a summary showing the occupations of parents of West Point candidates and graduates during a period from 1842 to 1899. He also submitted data regarding the civil occupations of graduates of the United States Military Academy to 1903. After analyzing the data one is convinced that the trained sons were much stronger men, mentally and morally, using the latter word in its broadest sense, than were the untrained fathers. The data follows:

*The parents produced no President and the sons gave us one; the sons also furnished a President of the Confederacy.*

*The sons can claim three presidential candidates and the fathers none; the sons two vice-presidential candidates, the parents none.*

*The sons boast of sixteen governors of states and territories, the older people none.*

*There were 136 professors and teachers among the "boys" and 27 among the parents.*

*There were 87 presidents of railroads and other corporations among the graduates and only 6 among the old folks.*

*There were 17 mayors of cities among the men who were trained, none among the parents.*

*Of civil officers of the United States there were 171 who were West Point graduates and 85 among the elders.*

*The elders produced 12 superintendents of factories and corporations, while the offspring who were trained showed 62.*

*Of engineers, the parents produced 27 of all classes, including stationery and locomotive engineers, while the graduates turned out 63 chief engineers of railroads, 228 civil engineers, and 5 electrical engineers.*

*The parents showed 5 architects, while the graduates produced 7.*

*There was one author among the parents and 179 among the boys.*

*Under the designation, "No occupation," there were 191 among the old folks and none among the graduates.*

*On the other hand, the elders seemed to have the best of it to the following extent: They had 1,149 farmers and planters in their list while the more technically trained sons turned out only 230; the elders also had a preponderance of lawyers, 645, as against 214 among the juniors; there were 151 manufacturers among the old people and 77 among the "youngsters"; ability to go to Congress and play the statesmen seemed more common among the parents, who had 32 representatives at Washington, while the West Pointers could produce only 24.*

Six months' intensive military training will not afford the same mental drill, give the same amount of technical education, or bring the boys to the same high point of scientific excellence as will the four years' work at West Point or Annapolis, and the foregoing figures prove nothing with regard to the educational benefits of Universal Military Training. They demonstrate, however, that trained young men are likely to climb higher on the civic and political lad-

der, reach greater altitudes in the business world, than untrained lads.

This leaves largely out of consideration the possible introduction of vocational training by the United States Government when it shall finally adopt some system of universal military training. Inasmuch as the perfect soldier of today must know something of mechanics and the various simpler vocations, Uncle Sam may profitably consider the advisability of mixing into the curriculum of manual of arms and maneuvers an occasional variant of the homelier arts. Of course, the primary object is to make America ready and safe. My theme in this short article precludes the obvious deduction one can make on this score when we say six months' intensive military training will give Uncle Sam 500,000 trained citizens a year. These boys, having been trained, would at once return to civil life. This might quite properly mean a standing army proportionately smaller than would otherwise be required. Inasmuch as a huge standing army is another term of militarism, it is reassuring to know that universal military training would be so far removed.

I think we may quite safely conclude that the boy would be benefitted. To most of us this long ago was demonstrated and has been known; but if these few facts, figures and assertions help to make the matter clearer to others, I shall be glad I have compiled them and put them in print.

*A crisis confronts us. Our nation's most pressing need is universal military training, and the patriotic men and women of America should signify this fact to Congress.*

# ADEQUATE DEFENSE ON AN AMERICAN BASIS

ARTHUR COLTON

**I**F the American people knows itself—and there are elements in its history and constitution which indicate a considerable self-knowledge—it knows that it has some three or four, at least, very persistent and steady convictions or characteristics.

For those who, like the present writer, believe “adequate preparation” is a term that can be more or less precisely defined, it is clear that right now is the time it ought to be so defined. It is further clear that the policy embodying it must be persistent in order to be worth having at all; and that in order to be so, it must be inseparably connected with one of those convictions or characteristics already deep seated and ingrained. Otherwise the policy will not be persistent, and America will never be adequately prepared.

We know well enough now that this war might have exploded in our direction at any time within the last two and a half years. The German drive toward expansion has been a phenomenon. South America is the only part of the world where the German empire could expand indefinitely without imperilling the vital interests of any great state, unless it were the United States. Such an expansion would apparently have relieved the British Empire of the danger to her most vulnerable point at Suez, which German pressure into Asia would inevitably make imminent. Why should the British Navy imperil the British Empire by preventing German steam from blowing off where it would do that empire no very great harm? But whether the attack on South America be made with a “saved” moral face, as in the Franco-Prussian war, or with a ruthlessness as ineffectually covered as in more recent examples, will not war with the United States, in either case, be probable if not inevitable? And such an across-the-sea war, with the British fleet quiescent and the American fleet inadequate, will it not result in



the conquest of a large part of South America, and a possible invasion of the United States?

We also know that when the present war is over, whether we enter it or keep out of it, the probabilities are in favor of a general peace for some years thereafter. Nevertheless, when we have again subsided into our normal condition of indifferent neglect, with a regular army still "inadequate," and sapped by neglect to a demand value of fifty per cent below its paper value, and a supposedly federalized militia of a demand of who-knows-what, it is difficult to see why, ten years from now, our condition is not likely to be as perilous as it has been for ten years past.

We know moreover that, if the United States had the great German military empire on the north in place of Canada, and the great French military republic on the south in place of Mexico, the United States would be military too, and find doctrine enough to justify it. *The geography would make the doctrine.* We know equally well then that, as it has no such neighbors or is likely ever to have them, it is not going to be a military republic, presently or in any future near enough to be worth discussing.

A man may become a fanatic on the subject of insurance, take out huge policies, and then work himself to death earning premiums, or worry himself to death over the imaginary imminence of his dying or being done away with by his heirs for their profits in the matter; but that does not prove insurance a wicked distrust of Providence, or any kind of lapse in morals or common sense, or prove the propriety of leaving orphans to the sole protection of the brotherhood of man. It proves the need of definition, of determining what is reasonable insurance for a particular individual in his particular circumstances. If he carries an insurance that would keep his wife and young children from actual want, it may be said in a sense to be adequate, without implying reproach if he is able to, and does, increase that provision to a higher, if still reasonable, definition of adequate. Adequacy may be defined in terms, though the terms will be relative.

*What, then, is "adequate preparation"? And with what persistent conviction or characteristic of the American people can that preparation be linked up, in order that, once made adequate, it may be also persistent?*

1st. Adequate preparation for America means adequate defense. Aggression has no limits, and aggression has no part in the conception.

2nd. Adequate is a relative word and the thing itself is relative, not absolute.

*Adequate preparation, then, means such a condition that an invasion would be so nearly impossible of success as to be highly improbable of attempt.* As a peace-loving people, we are not satisfied with a prospect of invasions defeated. We are only satisfied with the prospect of no invasions attempted. A nation practically impregnable as a defending power, and contented with inadequacy as an attacking power, is in possession of a maximum probability of peace; for it offers a minimum of temptation, first, to other nations, and second, to itself—a minimum chance that we shall not draw the arrogance and greed of other people, or cultivate our own.

So long as the military force of the British Empire is not very much greater than ours, we are adequately defended so far as the British Empire is concerned. They have a huge navy, but they had prior to the War, no army that could have invaded with enough promptness and power to stand any chance of success. If as the result of the present conflict that empire should continue to maintain not only its superior navy, but also an army in any degree comparable to the German or French standing army in times of peace, the United States would then be inadequately defended as respects the British Empire.

The United States has not been adequately defended against Germany for some years past, because not only has the German Army been immeasurably stronger than the American, but the German Navy also has been distinctly, though measurably, stronger than the American Navy.

How can America have, and continue to have, such an army and navy? How can she be guarded as steadily when she is asleep, or indifferent, or distracted with infinite business, as when alert and aware? Having settled that you must have adequate defense, that adequate defense means a navy of such and such actual power, par value, payable on demand, and an army of such and such actual power, par value, payable in part on demand and the remainder at 30 and 60 days' call; to what persistent American characteristic can you hitch that necessity? What American conviction, ingrained and deep rooted, will supply a steady pressure and support.

The answer offered here to this question is not a complete answer. It undoubtedly has bearings on other elements in the problem than the requisite supply of trained men for the rank and file, always fit or nearly fit, for immediate service. But for this element only, which we suppose to constitute the prime difficulty, it does claim to meet the issue. The characteristic of the American people which we are in search of is its deeply rooted faith in education. States, cities, and towns have all plunged heavily on education, with a steadier approval and support from the people than for almost anything else. The educational institutions supported directly out of public taxation by states, cities and townships in 1913 contained somewhat less than 20,000,000 pupils, and cost about \$500,000,000 for that year. The towns and cities supported over 100,000 high schools alone. It is proposed that the nation too plunge heavily on education, and obtain adequate defense as a by-product. It is believed that national schools would draw a steady approval and support from the people, and that the by-product would be supplied with that steadiness which it must have, if the nation is to obtain reasonable security in a world where nations are everywhere growing more national, more coherent and self-conscious, more structurally tense and rising like Wordsworth's "Batlements that on their restless fronts bore stars."

Those who believe in universal military service—not so much that they want, or believe it necessary for, the United States to be a great military power, as because they seem to

see in that service, its disciplines and its loyalties, the cure of many a political and social ill, the drawing closer of every citizen to his country, the lifting him out of the petty tyranny of personal interests; and because they seem to see in this, if not an ideal path, at least a path that seems to lead somewhat toward their ideal of citizen and state—those who so believe may be right, or partly so. Some path of service we must find at length. But it will be a long time, not years but generations, before a majority of their countrymen will agree with them, before the average American will change his habit of thought on that matter.

Let us suppose that the adequate defense, as described, demands, behind the regular Army and Navy, a navy reserve of 50,000, and an army reserve of 500,000 men; and for the convenience of round numbers let us confine ourselves to the army reserve, bearing in mind that the same applies to the navy reserve with whatever differences and proportions belong there. The half million needed are not militia, or amateurs with a military smattering. They are drilled soldiers, of not less than two years with the colors.

One hundred schools of 1,200 students each (or 200 of 600 students each) and a two years' course, would graduate 60,000 men a year. Subject to call by the nation at need for ten years, and with no other demand on them except an annual inspection for fitness, and the penalty of being sent into camp for extra drill if found unfit—this reserve would stand permanently at 600,000 or, allowing for leakage, at the half million required.

The schools have no entrance requirements beyond what the common schools supply. Anybody can go, who is sixteen years of age and sound and normal in mind and body. If applications overrun capacity, the selection is made on the basis of physique, intelligence and character, and not on the basis of an education already more advanced. The schools are all vocational and all military. The solution, the waste-saving, lies in this, that you can make the competent military and the competent economic man—the trained soldier and

the expert farmer, or accountant, or mechanic—at the same time out of the same man; just as West Point can turn out as competent a civil engineer as the Sheffield Scientific School—and does. It is the military life and the daily drill that makes the soldier; not the many hours daily but the daily repetition.

National Schools, with ten years following in the reserve, are a better means of securing an army reserve than short term enlistments in the regular Army, with six years following in the reserve, because they give a better prospect of actually “producing the goods;” a better prospect, not only because they will draw a steadier and more insistent support from the general public, but because they will be more attractive and advantageous to the prospective reservist. They will offer a proposition that will look better and be better; hence they will probably draw a large surplus of high grade applications. Two years at a National School will be a good thing for a boy, nearly always; it will take him before his economic life begins and give him a better start. Whereas, a short term enlistment is not an attractive proposition. It would probably always tend to run short of supply at any acceptable grade. Two years in the Army is not always a good thing for a man. It takes him after his economic life has begun, and breaks it in two, and does not necessarily start him again any better. Ten years in the reserve, in payment for two years’ support and training for his after work, “looks pretty good.” It looks like a fair price for a value received. Six years in the reserve after two years in the Army is in payment—for what? Will a short term enlistment and the reserve be more attractive or less attractive to a young man than the present Army. To a civilian it appears to be less. National Schools are no obstacle to the Army’s adopting short term enlistments. The reserves may be bitterly needed long before these slowly growing schools, slowly increasing in number, have filled the quota with their graduates. The point here is that short term enlistments look very doubtful of success in maintaining the quota, and the National Schools look nearly certain of it, eventually.

A standing army is a subtraction from the economic life of the nation, necessary but still in the main a subtraction. National Schools may be an addition. They should return more than they cost in the increased economic value of the graduates. The National School graduate has given a sort of insurance contract to the nation, which has paid him a lump sum in education and taken out a ten year special accident policy with him. If the value of the education and the chances of the accident specified could be computed by actuaries, it would be found that, as an insurance company, he had done a very profitable bit of business. If it is admitted that the nation ought to insure itself as a moral duty to those dependant upon it, this is the best policy offered because it is the surest; and the cheapest because it is a "mutual" policy. That is, a part if not the whole of the cost is paid back in the value which the education or industrial training of a boy affords to the nation through the boy. A semi-federalized militia may be a cheaper insurance in the sense that the premiums may be smaller; but then, it is not good insurance; it will never pay the face value of the policy, and no one knows what per cent.

A reserve through National Schools is better than any semi-federalized state militia, or even wholly federal volunteers, for several reasons. But this is enough. Because it could be made an efficient army in a month, and the Volunteers, or Militia, probably not in four months, possibly not in six. These half million National School graduates would not be as good as half million West Point graduates, but they would have had two years of the military life and the army drill, and that at the time of life when one learns quickly and holds long.

If the American people knows itself, it recognizes, in its own nature, natural failings. They are the natural failings of any large, busy, peaceable, loosely integrated democracy. Just as any average sedentary man, knowing that he must have some exercise every day or his health "goes bad," recognizes that his chance impulses will not provide it. When

he was a boy they did, perhaps; but they will not now. He must establish a habit. His daily golf or dumb-bells must become an institution. The habit will keep him well. Now golf, if obtainable, is better than dumb-bells, because he will take to it more naturally. Instincts in his nature will rise to greet it, but to dumb-bells those instincts are negative. So his doctor advises: "Exercise you must have, and keep it up. Get golf if you can, even if it costs more money and trouble, because it's more natural. You'll like golf and consequently you'll keep it up. Dumb-bells I don't believe you'll ever like, and consequently I don't believe you'll keep it up."

The man who knows himself will be apt to agree with that disbelief. "Liking" is a force which can keep him continually well. The probable "liking" of the public for its National Schools is a force which can keep the nation continuously supplied with that part of an adequate defense which they are intended to supply, and which must be somehow supplied if the nation is to have any reasonable security in the world as it is. The proposition does not cover immediate defense. It is a long look ahead. You cannot start 200 schools at once. You can only start a few, and then a few more. The efficiency of each school is a slowly growing organism about the nucleus of its faculty and its tradition. Non-military vocational teachers can be obtained more or less quickly for a large number of schools; but officers, military teachers, at present cannot be obtained. Our state and municipal educational systems have been slow growths, and National Schools will not spring up over night. The thing must win its way on its merits, and the people must come to believe in it. Increasing appropriations will spring from increasing faith. But it has this advantage, that the people cannot be temperamentally against it to begin with, not habitually indifferent to it afterward. It is in step with the normal American's habit of thinking. It will not furnish the half million reserve five years from now, or ten years from now; in twenty years possibly, but only ten years after the full quota of schools has been established and filled with the full quota of the reserve be complete. After that

the schools will maintain the reserve out of their own forces.

If the people spend 500 millions a year for education through their local governments, will they grudge spending 50 through their national government. Not that, nor twice the sum, if they see as good value. So far as expense is concerned—for National Schools worth their cost educationally and in economic value to the nation, and furnishing in addition the prime element in a really adequate defense, with little or no diminution thereby from their educational and economic values—is it extravagant to believe that the people would spend willingly, for this, many times what they would spend suspiciously for a half-federalized, half-state militia, which returns little or nothing, educationally or economically, and whose adequacy is more than doubtful?

The framers of the Constitution, in drawing the line between Federal and State functions, did not always and everywhere draw it as the wisest of them knew it ought to be drawn. They drew it, in places, where they had to in order to "put it over" at all. The best of them knew that all military matters should be strictly federal, and no state have anything to do with them, just as well as they knew that foreign relations and the coinage of money should be strictly federal and no state have anything to do with them. On foreign relations and coinage they drew the line correctly, but when they came to military defense, they could not "put it over." The states were jealous and fearful. The framers had to make a jog in the line, and there it is, a more obsolete nuisance than a vermiform appendix. The Army is a foreign relation.

But the states have abandoned most fears and some jealousies. The average citizen now is not afraid of his National Army, and cares little about his state militia. It must be suspected that the recent congressional majorities represented interested groups rather than much public opinion. The phenomenon looked like the pull and haul of localities, like some sectionalism and more group-interests. It did not look like nationalism, or patriotism, or common-sense. We may permit ourselves to hope and believe that



the people are not now, in reality, as sectional or as petty as those congressional majorities would seem to have represented them to be, and more ready and willing to place the defense of the nation definitely and altogether in the hands of the nation.

To sum up. The proposition to supply the necessary army and navy reserve through national schools, is fitter than any other for adoption as the settled American policy, because:

1. *It is adequate, to a definition of adequacy which is adjustable to the facts.*

2. *It is genuine, because it will supply a reserve certain in numbers and known as to quality and training, which can be put into the field with a calculable efficiency within a calculable time.*

3. *It is cheap, in the long run, because it will return its cost, wholly or in part, in the increased economic value of the graduate; because it is a two years' preparation for economic productivity, rather than a two years' withdrawal from it.*

4. *It promises the success which the method of short term enlistment does not promise, because it is a better offer to a boy thinking about his future career, than such enlistment is to a man whose career is, or should be, under way. It will give him a lift in life, and the short enlistment does not promise any personal benefit to compare with it. Hence, applications will tend to surplus and success, enlistments to shortage and partial failure.*

5. *It promises a steady maintenance for the future, because it rests upon, and can reasonably expect support from, a fundamental belief or characteristic of the American people.*

6. *It is democratic, because it is a solution reached by seeking first for the people's existing beliefs and characteristics, and building upon what you find.*

# KELP

(AN ODE OF DESTINY)

GOTTFRIED HULT

**I** NTERLACED flora, maze and tangle of growth!  
The same I saw last night and yester-year,  
The same God saw in yester-æon—  
Wonderful to us both!  
Whether in North afar its peace or here,  
Or fusing dream with waters Caribbean,  
To keep identity of selfhood so,  
To thrive on menace, unperturbed to grow  
Despite the impact of the tidal seas,  
Merits a little heed in days like these.  
Assaulted constantly by burly breakers,  
Yet ne'er repaying blow for blow;  
Peacefuller than Quakers,  
Albeit Ocean bugles in its ear  
To legionary onset and a host  
Makes thunderous bombardment of the coast;  
Ne'er giving way to fear,  
Keeping in strength and spirit equipoise,  
Despite confusion, turmoil, noise;  
Surf-buffeted, storm-howled-at, ocean-hissed,  
Yet still—pacificist;  
Gigantic, yet with Sabbath mood alway,  
June or December, night and day:—  
Verily here I find  
In stringy kelp of homely brown  
What I have searched the world for up and down,  
Nor hoped might ever be,  
Whether in world of matter or of mind!  
Of such as Kelp the Kingdom verily! . . .

Changeless, and yet—all changed!  
For where is aught the same in world so wracked  
And anguished as to-day's!  
Almost I walk estranged  
With sea, with morn, impotent to react  
To the bloom, the glow, wherewith they meet my gaze.—  
I said: " Poor thrift, this sleeplessness abed!

I'll up and hie me where the Sea halloos  
 His tides. I'll up and share the morning red  
 With ocean kelp. Mayhap a blend of hues  
 Rarer and richer now is on the ooze  
 Than I have thrilled to yet,  
 Trysting with sea at rise of sun or set."

Surmise was not amiss:  
 Ne'er bed of kelp more multi-hued than this!  
 A spirit of beauty is abroad this hour  
 In rarity like a flower . . .  
 What infinite repertory Nature hath  
 Of joy: winged sun from ocean's chrysalis,  
 And cataract of stars out of her gloom!  
 But man perverting her to ill,  
 Making her serve his wrath,  
 Making her sting, and stab, and kill—  
 Therein and thence is doom.

And can it be  
 Yon amplitudes of kelp are being made  
 Means of the world's war madness, too, and aid!  
 That yonder girdle of the sea,  
 (How all aloof from hate!)  
 Oozy ocean cincture of continents,  
 Held a hidden sword, a shining blade,  
 Whereby the world's Berserker wrath augments  
 Slaughter, this time of fate!

O the Nemesis in things,  
 That thus out of discovery only springs  
 More poison-fanged a world and keen of claw  
 To lacerate and rend!  
 While steadfast Science labors to the end,  
 Translating matter into term of Law,  
 Of bringing things beneath the sway of man,  
 Man 'neath the sway of things bemeans himself  
 As never hitherto since time began.  
 Anathema! "Retro me Satana"  
 To Science, if indeed her summing up  
 Be ill for human kind! Ay, dash it down,  
 If for the race be poison in the cup!  
 At least, the days of Ghibelline and Guelph,  
 Howso they splashed their blood-feuds o'er the town,  
 Could not coerce sweet Nature to their ends  
 Of vengeance and affright;

At least when Greek fought fellow Greek, their might  
 Of mutual destruction found not help  
 And furtherance in clinging beds of kelp,  
 Awakened out of oozy sleep in bends  
 And windings of the Grecian shore,—  
 Ah, never, never more  
 These waters should be named Pacific!  
 Surely all forfeit is the name they bore,  
 Being put to use so martial, so terrific! . . .

Here in high Dream's employ,  
 And tense Hebraic mood,  
 Purged of all individual alloy,  
 These leagues of mighty ocean I surveyed  
 As symbol of like vast pan-racial good.  
 Then suddenly the soul in me  
 Rose geyser-like in wild apostrophe:—  
*America, my country, art thou weighed  
 In the balance and found wanting? O thou Land  
 Of promise unfulfilled, and high desires  
 Blasted like waves upon an iron strand!  
 With thy dread failure thou dost make afraid  
 Who trusted thee, hoped for thee, and lit fires  
 For beacons on thy mountains. Thou dost reel  
 With wine, art fat with feasting, and thy lips  
 Are the abode of wantonness and mirth;  
 Thou peoplest the great deep with ships,  
 And on the uttermost earth  
 As conqueror hast trod and set thy heel.  
 Yet thou hast made of weal  
 A fetish god, and worshipest thy gold  
 As calf-delirious Israel of old.  
 It was not for the dancing of such rite  
 Thy feet have forded seas  
 With pillar of cloud by day and fire by night;  
 Nor passed they through those dire calamities  
 Of other nearer days, whereof the woe  
 Still lives, to stumble now and go amiss.  
 O lifted up by that vast earthquake throe  
 To be the world's enskyed Acropolis,  
 Thinkest thou to be hid! . . .  
 Forgive my lips, forgive me that I chid,  
 White Wonder of indomitable will!  
 But I would see thee as I once did see,*

With prairies, mountains, wave-anointed strands,  
 The Virgin-born of lands,  
 Fulfillment of thy singers' prophecy,  
 And of all nations the Messiah still! . . .  
 The sea itself upheaves  
 To pace the world with tides, and scattered leaves  
 Its kelp to etch the pathway of its march.  
 The roar summons me back from elsewhere—  
 The human welter of energy,  
 With brinier kelp from waters more resistless.  
 Almost I would the vastness seething there,  
 The waves with feet that prance, with necks that arch,  
 All the super-beauty of the sea,  
 Might drug me to forget, with heart grown listless,  
 The pitifulness and pathos of man's life,  
 The pitifulness and tragedy of his strife.  
 Just when democracy was nascent; just  
 When man was climbing upward out of dust  
 With something of momentum, and a new  
 Zest of achievement thrilled him through and through;  
 Just when he thought to lay more bastions low  
 Of privilege and error, and make way  
 With ancient exploitations, and to grow  
 Into the stature of Himself, indeed—  
 Then this Nay  
 To his dreams, to his hopes, to God! . . .  
 Then Belgium trodden into the sod—  
 Ploughed under by the Teuton human plough,  
 Before which freedom is a noxious weed,  
 That, flowering, menaces with thorn and spike;  
 Then in that racial crisis, we  
 Battening on blood-lucre, Judas-like;  
 Nor even protesting, save for our own rights,—  
 Studious of our own ease and how  
 To prosper, whereso victory or defeat!—  
 But wherefore, wherefore repeat  
 Here within earshot of the moaning sea  
 The story of man's plunge adown the heights!  
 I'll discipline myself to be resigned.  
 Withdrawal still is possible and sweet,  
 Withdrawal still is home—  
 Pillow and cup and bread to soul and mind,  
 Wearied and sick of things as they of yore.  
*Civilization is a little foam,  
 Riding a little kelp, and cast ashore,  
 And canceled by a little noon forevermore.*

# WHAT OUR MANUFACTURERS ARE DOING FOR EUROPE

SAMUEL CROWTHER

**D**O "war orders" mean as much to us now as they did a year ago?

You do not find the groups of feverish brokers and near-brokers and former gold-brick artists in excited confabs, swapping millions of dollars worth of rifles that never were, and never will be; and there is not the same rush to contribute to the dowries of the "war brides." When a shoe-string speculator gets into the game today, he hints at a ship instead of munitions. There is hardly a wreck on the two coasts which has not been offered for charter or sale. *Has the push of the war orders ceased? Are we now busy largely with home affairs?*

The Germans have abandoned their pastime of clamoring for an embargo on arms; ships are not catching fire with the same regularity; the Secret Service men are not rounding up human arsenals with the winsome publicity as of yore. All the outward evidence is that the storm of war orders has passed.

Undoubtedly, the country is prosperous in an industrial way; the men and the women of small fixed incomes, the clerks and all those who do not work for wages and cannot quit their jobs with the prospect of finding another within the hour, are not quite so enthusiastic about the prosperity. To these people the prosperity is objective. They know that some one must be getting more money, for they must pay more for everything that they buy. Many people are earning more money than ever before in their lives, while others are put to it to make ends meet. The prosperity is industrial. Flannel shirts are having their inning at the expense of white collars.

What have "war orders" to do with all of this? Can we view the end of the European struggle with prosperous indifference?

Here are the facts.

New war orders are not being booked in the same volume as last year, and those that are being booked are somewhat different in character, but the war-order business in so far as the manufacturers are concerned is at the very peak, because they are now working at the maximum in filling the orders which are already in hand. Last year was the year of talk about war orders. This is the year of fulfillment. We would be taking more orders and exporting more material to the belligerents only if our factories had a greater capacity. Practically every factory which can make anything for the use of the armies abroad is filled through this year and most of next year. Some factories are engaged well into 1918. The home market is asking for a great deal of material, but its demands are by no means abnormal, because home merchants do not care to buy much beyond their pressing needs with prices governed by foreign war demands. The steel makers say that a great deal of new construction is being held back by the high prices and the long and uncertain deliveries.

Figures concerning home production and exports are somewhat misleading, because the value of the exports has skyrocketed out of all proportion to the increase in quantity. For instance, in 1914, we exported 414,000,000 yards of cloth and in 1915, 396,000,000 yards. The value of the two big invoices was nearly the same, about \$28,000,000.

In 1915 we sent abroad 736,000,000 pounds of steel, valued at \$10,000,000, while for the fiscal year of 1916, the exports were 1,500,000,000 pounds and valued at over \$37,000,000. In the case of cloth, the prices had so increased that we could get the same amount of money from Europe as before for 18,000,000 yards less of goods, while only doubling the export of steel brought a tripling in the cash return. Most of our manufacturers have increased their plant outputs, but the increase in output has not been in proportion to the increase in price. When we note that the value of a certain product has doubled in the export figures, it does not mean that the volume of that product has doubled. Taking

the whole field of manufacturers, it is safe to estimate that one-quarter may be lopped off every export figure as representing an increase in price without an increase in volume. The World War has caused a demand for goods far greater than the supply; we are short on goods; hence prices go soaring. It is the demand from Europe and not the home demand which fixes prices. Prices are only relative and big figures should not dazzle us.

The volume of exports is steadily mounting, month by month, and will continue to mount as the factories complete their additions to plants and thus increase their production. But the new war orders are calling for rather different material and rather different articles than during the boom of 1914-1915. The former munition demand was for small shells filled with shrapnel. The present demand is for six, eight and nine inch shells; and there is also a steadily increasing inquiry for shell steel to be worked up abroad. Bethlehem Steel is now doing a larger and more profitable business in steel bars and the like than in munitions proper. The factories of England, France and Russia have so enormously extended and increased their efficiency that they are more anxious to have the materials for munition fabrication than to have the fabricated articles.

A table was recently compiled to show the extent of orders due primarily to war conditions in the total volume of our exports. It shows that the increase in exports to Europe in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, as compared with 1913, amounting to nearly a billion and three-quarters of dollars, should be ascribed solely to war needs. Compare the month of September, 1916, with the same month of 1914, and you will gain a very fair notion of what the War means to the workman in our factories. We find one group valued at twenty-two millions, which we either did not export at all before, or only in trivial amounts. This new business comprises the acids, including carbolic and picric; commercial motor cars; parts and tires; cheese; certain kinds of manufactured cloth; ammonia nitrate, soda, salts, etc., fuses, gun-cotton, gunpowder, smokeless powder, loaded projectiles,



empty shells, trinitrotoluol, miscellaneous explosives, harness and saddles, pumping machinery, aluminum manufactures, brass bars, celluloid, paper, wrought iron pipe, gasolene, wearing apparel, barbed wire, wire rods and pig zinc. A host of other kinds of war goods increased mightily. Passenger automobiles and condensed milk increased four times; railroad cars and parts jumped from \$17,000 to \$600,000; cotton cloths doubled; caustic soda increased six fold; fire arms jumped from \$43,000 to more than \$1,500,000; engines and parts quintripled; knit goods went from less than \$5,000 to \$500,000; leathers increased five times; metal working machinery went from \$79,000 to \$2,000,000; brass manufactures from \$62,000 to \$7,000,000; iron and steel increased more than five fold—and so on.

This comparison is only for one month, but it shows the trend of the manufactured products, and why it is that manufacturing is booming in almost every direction. No single industry is self-contained. Not even the United States Steel Corporation can go it alone. They must buy certain products from the outside. The most elaborate census ever made could not trace every finished product through all operations back to the original sources. A single rifle calls upon the forest, half a dozen different kinds of mines. The sources and the operations on the way mount up like ancestors and make one dizzy.

Going throughout the long lists of exports we find striking increases in manufactured products. The breadstuffs increased mightily in 1915 over 1914, but they fell off in 1916, while manufactured products bounded forward. Tables are dull reading, but the following summary of exports for 1913, 1914 and 1916 produces some astounding contrasts. The articles listed are those in which the increase can be explained only by war needs. Contrast 1913, a normal peace year, with 1916.

Articles.	Fiscal Years Ended June 30		
	1913.	1914.	1916.
Explosives, including cartridges, dynamite, gunpowder, etc.....	\$5,267,566	\$6,272,197	\$467,081,928
Copper, and manufactures of.....	140,164,913	146,222,556	173,946,226
Sugar .....	1,681,302	1,839,983	79,390,147

Zinc, and manufactures of (ore ex- cepted) .....	1,063,889	406,208	45,867,156
Horses .....	3,960,102	3,388,819	73,531,146
Mules .....	733,795	690,974	22,946,312
Chemicals, including sulphuric acids, drugs, etc.....	26,574,519	27,079,092	124,362,167
Brass, and manufactures of.....	8,554,636	7,472,476	164,876,044
Breadstuffs .....	211,098,339	165,302,385	435,696,629
Cars, carriages, automobiles, aeroplanes, hand trucks, etc.....	54,585,888	51,676,222	167,742,608
Manufactures of cotton.....	53,743,977	51,467,233	112,053,127
Rubber, and manufactures of.....	14,324,894	12,441,220	35,180,096
Leather, and manufactures of.....	63,893,351	57,466,261	146,613,815
Iron and steel, and manufactures of..	304,605,797	251,480,677	621,209,453
Totals .....	\$890,252,968	\$783,206,303	\$2,670,496,854

Take the other end of the equation—that is, the factories themselves. The most feverish activity is to be found with those concerns which are preserving foods or are making munitions or goods for the armies, either directly or indirectly. The meat-packers throughout the country say that all their increase is due to the War; they are working day and night. The copper firms are almost saturated with orders from the belligerents. Germany ordered 200,000,000 pounds of copper to be delivered after the war; while England, only the other day, distributed an order for 200,000 long tons to be delivered in monthly installments. This is said to be the largest order of copper ever placed. The refining capacity of the country has increased more than a third.

The textile trade in two years has changed an unfavorable trade balance of \$150,000,000 to a favorable trade balance of \$15,000,000. The manufacturers say that about one-third of this was directly for war needs. The cotton goods production has doubled and the knit goods has increased eight times. Russia placed a single order with the American Woolen Company for 5,000,000 yards of heavy woolen cloth for overcoats; this single order requires the labor of 35,000 operators during half a year. Every shoe concern in the United States that will take orders has them. One large company which employed 6,000 men in 1914 now employs 11,000, and when they have finished extending their buildings they will have a still greater working force. In former years the shoe maker who had employment for a total of half a year

held himself lucky. Now, many of the shoe factories are working twenty-four hours a day.

The biggest increase has been in the making of explosives, in which the Du Pont concerns have been the greatest factors. In two years \$500,000,000 in powder and explosives have been delivered, and the orders that are now on hand and unfilled are reported to be of like amount. Closely allied to the powder makers, are the chemists. The business of the chemical concerns has been limited solely by their ability to produce sulphuric acid. The manufacturing of chemicals is a curious business, in that it is founded largely upon sulphuric acid, which enters into the processes that produce most war chemicals. The chemist must find a market for his by-product and it is practically impossible for him to supply a single chemical at a profit. They have generally been rather conservative and have not gone ahead recklessly piling up by-products for which they had no market. Some few of them have greatly extended their plants, but the average have only intensified the uses or installed additional machinery in their present plants.

The big munition makers are the Bridgeport plants, the Remington people alone having added 13 buildings to their equipment with a payroll that includes 50,000 employees; the American Locomotive Company who have large orders for eight inch and six inch shells; the American Car and Foundry Company with a big order for nine inch shells; the American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company; the New York Air Brake Company which is making fuses; the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, which includes the old Midvale Steel Company; the Cambria Steel Company; the Remington Arms Company of Delaware; Worth Brothers; the Coatesville Rolling Mill Company; the Baldwin Locomotive Company, which has built special plants for war work; the Allis-Chalmers Company, about one-third of whose business is devoted to war; and finally the Bethlehem Steel Company, which has the greatest and most diversified war contracts in the country, when its various subsidiary concerns are taken into account. Bethlehem has delivered all its submarines, but

it has orders for shells and for steel of various kinds which extend over the better part of the next two years. In addition to all these large companies there are multitudes of machine shops and machine companies scattered throughout the United States who are either making munitions directly, or are manufacturing parts on sub-contracts from the big bidders.

Even more insistent than the demand for munitions is the European demand for metal-working machinery. We exported \$61,000,000 of such machinery in 1916 as against \$14,000,000 in 1914. And the only reason that we did not export more was that we could not make it. The demand for machinery is so far ahead of the supply that second-hand machinery, which in normal time would be scrap, is bringing a higher price than the same machinery sold for when new. All the big machine workers in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, the Middle West and elsewhere, are booked to capacity for more than a year; many are refusing foreign orders.

The automobile and the aeroplane makers with standard products have all the business that they can take. In 1914 we sent abroad 784 trucks, while in 1916 we shipped 21,265 trucks. Where we shipped 6,410 motorcycles in 1914, we sent 17,500 in 1915; and nearly all of these have gone to France, Russia and the United Kingdom. The total value of our automobile shipments has gone from \$33,000,000 to \$120,000,000, while tires have ascended from \$3,500,000 to nearly \$18,000,000.

In addition to the articles used directly in war, is the demand for the material to revamp European railways. France has placed total orders for 175,000 tons of steel rails, largely with the Pennsylvania Steel Company. Russia wants 100,000 tons, and the Italian State Railways are seeking 30,000. Russia tried to buy 5,000 new freight cars, but was compelled to take rebuilt cars. Russia took \$19,000,000 worth of railroad cars in 1916. We sent over 799 locomotives, of which more than 500 went to Russia; and we also shipped 59,000 gasolene engines.

The demand for steel for all these activities is beyond the capacity of our steel works. Just before the War, the steel mills were going at 40 per cent capacity, at a rate of 18,000,000 tons a year; while today, they are going at 100 per cent capacity with a production rate of 46,000,000 tons, and all are extending their plants as rapidly as possible. The United States Steel Corporation has more unfilled orders than at any time in its history, while both at home and abroad, inquiries for steel and iron go begging. J. P. Morgan & Co. tried to buy 500,000 tons of steel and had to take 120,000 tons. The home producers of shells are after 300,000 tons of shell steel. Russia is now begging for 150,000 tons of barbed wire to be used in the trench warfare. And all the warring nations want wire nails, staples and plain wire in whatever quantity they can get them. The steel business has reached fabulous proportions.

War orders ramify into hundreds of directions. For instance, we find a grinding wheel concern in Worcester, Massachusetts, which operated with less than 1,000 men four years ago, now running with more than 3,000 men. The demand for condensed milk has stimulated the tin plate industry as never before, although canned goods, other than milk, slightly dropped off since 1915, but 1915 was, at that, 18 times as great as 1914.

It is impossible to judge whether munition orders have been profitable. H. H. Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Company, which took a great many war orders, said: "It is expected that the net result will represent a substantial, but not an unusual manufacturing profit on the amount involved." H. P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co., announced not long ago that although some manufacturers had made pretty profits, large profits were the exception rather than the rule.

The stocks of the war companies in the boom days made sensational advances, ranging from 25 to 554 points. But since then, there have been declines running all the way from 10 to 200 points. The dividends, with the exception of General Motors, which declared a cash payment of 50 per cent,

have been disappointing to the speculators—although Bethlehem Steel declared a 30 per cent dividend. Many of the other companies, the prices of whose stock advanced enormously, have declared small dividends where they had none before, but in few cases have the dividends been high when the selling price of the stock is considered.

In 1914, the total value of manufactured products in the United States was \$24,246,323,000, and the value of the exported portion was about \$1,000,000,000. Contrast this with the fiscal year of 1915-1916, when the value of exported products of manufacture was \$2,658,907,330. In July, 1916, our exports had further risen to a rate which will give \$3,732,000,000 if maintained through the year.

What do these figures mean? They mean that approximately an extra demand of about 10 per cent has been made upon our industries as a result of the war. Now 10 per cent is not a very large demand considered on a small sum. But the experience of manufacturers is that the difference between hard times and good times is less than 10 per cent. For instance, when cotton is 10 per cent short of the demand, cotton will go up about 10 per cent.

When you strip our industry of the abnormal values caused by high prices, it will be discovered that a not inconsiderable portion of the increased wealth upon which we pride ourselves is only inflation, and that it is the stimulus of the demands of the warring Europe which is dominating our industries. Europe is providing the 10 per cent pull that turns adversity into prosperity in manufacturing. *We are doing much for Europe, but Europe is doing more for us.*

# TO MY GRANDMOTHER

(SARAH L. FLOWERS—DIED FEBRUARY 21ST, 1917.)

H. THOMPSON RICH

**N**OW she is gone, who was too dear to part with—  
Gone! and a sudden emptiness, like pain,  
Seizes my soul. This candle-light we start with,  
And carry flickeringly, and lose again  
In the black void of time—what is it? where?  
Say whence? What lasting purpose in the burning?  
When dark are the ways the spirit has to fare,  
And none there is to lead, and no returning.

*I cannot understand—she is to go  
Back to the less than nothingness of sod  
That gave her birth, a flower diurnal:  
I cannot understand! And yet I know  
That somewhere in the ultimate realms of God  
Her deathless spirit has found life eternal.*

# THE CYCLONE

MARY GAUNT

THE man and brother, with a fair sprinkling of the woman and sister, were engaged in religious exercises in one of the corrugated iron churches of Grand Bassa; and every now and then, on the hot steamy air between the palms and oleanders, came the sweet sound of negro voices singing hymn choruses.

Matthew Fenton was sitting out of the sun in a corner of a negro trader's verandah, and the missionary, Isaiah Peacock, was leaning back against the wall. He and his daughter, Rebekah, ministered to the spiritual and bodily welfare of a little community of Vai tribesmen who dwelt a couple of miles behind Lower Buchanan, the capital and only town of Grand Bassa, Liberia.

Fenton liked the Reverend Isaiah. He wondered occasionally whether his admiration for his pretty daughter, Becky, had anything to do with it, but on the whole he had come to the conclusion that even if there had been no Becky with wistful brown eyes he still would have felt that the American was a good chap doing his best to live up to his ideals; and, since his ideals were Spartan, far higher for himself than they were for his neighbor, sometimes making heavy weather of it. He was staring out at the surf which crashed monotonously against the sloping beach. It fell back again, leaving, for a moment or two with the water draining off it, long stretches of smooth bare yellow sand, where the little crabs like black pincushions on stilts scurried for safety to the shelter of their holes.

"Wal," said the American dryly, "I'm nootral, I am, by order of the Mission Board an' the President of the United States of America. But for a," he paused and swallowed audibly, "fool, give me a patriotic Britisher rushin' home to be a target for a bullet an' neglectin' of the opportunities this free an' enlightened republic of Liberia offers to the enemy. But I'm nootral, I am!" and he raised his chin till



his little grey goatee, the only hair he wore on his face, pointed straight towards a rickety shack a little way down the grass grown path Lower Buchanan called a street.

There were two native traders, Liberians, in Lower Buchanan. Matthew Fenton, the Englishman, who had been trading in the hinterland where no German or Liberian dare go, lodged for the moment with one of them; and Peter Castro, the other man, gave hospitality to the two German piassava traders who had come to the town when Togo-land fell into the hands of the English. The little street was choked with palm and oleander and other bush, but through a break Fenton, following the direction of the missionary's keen old eyes, could just see Castro's rickety verandah and Voss and Schuhart resting a glass against the post and taking it in turns to look out to sea.

He laughed scornfully for there was nothing to see but a leaden sea under a leaden sky, a sea grey and colorless and smooth, without the white top of a single wave to break the monotony. Only against the shore the line of surf crashed eternally.

"One way of killing time," opined Fenton.

"Squareheads don't kill time," snapped the missionary and he swallowed vehemently, "but I'm nootral, I am, by order——"

"The devil you are!" broke in Fenton, who did not feel called upon to swallow his language even though he hoped to make the missionary his father-in-law, "now what in Hades have two squareheads looking out anxiously to sea——"

"Want a steamer before the tornado that's over doo most like. I can drop to that if I am nootral, for loadin' after a tornado's—wal the Kroo boy's a highbrow reg'lar, but even he ain't ekal to handlin' heavy stuff. Quick, mind you, quick a'ter a tornado."

"But," began Fenton in puzzled tones, "piassava isn't heavy," and the old man looked at him scornfully.

"Josh!" he said, with a world of regret in his tones, "some folks is born jays, reg'lar highbrow jays!" and he

rose up slowly, descended the verandah steps, crossed a line of driver-ants thoughtfully, and entered the conventicle whence was issuing another burst of native song.

Fenton followed him. He had half a mind to go up to the Mission Station and see Becky, for if he left for England by the "Chama" it might be that he would never see her again after this week. But the old man had more than hinted that he was missing his opportunities here, and he felt he must work the problem out. So he too strolled over and looked into the chapel.

It was one of those where anybody took the lead whom the spirit moved; and, the hymn being finished, the spirit had moved a very fat and very black negress with a baby's little round white sailor hat stuck on the top of her frizzy black head to confess her sins in the face of the congregation.

"Oh, Lard!" she was saying in swaying sing-song with a deep nasal twang, "Oh, Lard! 'a hab de sin ob a high stummick." She had, Fenton saw. It was outlined by a tight-fitting, flaring red cotton check dress. But he felt she did not mean it that way. "A'm proud an' uplifted, an' not humble. A'm uplifted wif de thought ob worldly riches——"

"Ah!" groaned the congregation warningly. They were all ragged scarecrows, but in their own way devout and very much inclined to agree with Mis' Pattie Pickney as to her sin of pride.

"Mak' me poor in sperrit, Lard, for the poor in sperrit shall inherit de earth."

Fenton knew "Mis'" Pattie Pickney. Since she had done him the honor of taking in his washing, she had always worn that red dress and that baby's hat with the little tails stamped with golden anchors hanging down behind; and when he remembered the tumbledown shack, outside which he had seen his pyjamas spread on the ground in the sun, he really wondered that she had felt it necessary to pray to be delivered from the danger of riches. Riches, he thought were not likely to come her way. The Reverend Isaiah was on his knees. His creed was simple. An honest prayer anywhere,

from any lips, among any surroundings, would rise to the Most High.

But this afternoon surely his thoughts were wandering, for to Fenton watching it seemed that in the midst of the good lady's most fervent outburst the lid dropped over the keen old eye in a distinct wink. Perhaps he regretted such active intervention for he bent his face in his hands with repentant swiftness and the young man listened to the end of the prayer without seeing his drift.

When the congregation came out Fenton, still in the dark, followed Mis' Pattie Pickney to her home; and the Reverend Isaiah lent him his company. Just here the beach curved out into a point behind which was a little more shelter than anywhere else for a surf boat, and on the end of that point with the surf eternally booming within a stone's throw was Mis' Pattie Pickney's abode. She called it an abode herself.

As the two white men wandered silently after her in the dense steamy heat, Fenton's mind went seeking, seeking. How did the doings of the two Germans concern him and the British Empire? If they had any little game on they would certainly keep it secret, for though they had perfect freedom of action in the free and enlightened republic of Liberia, so had he, and a wireless call would most probably bring the "Dwarf" or some other English ship upon the scene to the German's undoing. But what could they do? *What could they do?* And how in heaven's name could the lady who condescended to do his washing help them. But again the Reverend Isaiah was no fool, and in spite of the Board and the President of the United States his leanings were decidedly pro-Ally.

The shack was built mostly of rusted kerosene tins. A sack did duty for a door, a sack stopped up a square opening that was a glassless window. And there was no chimney. Not that that was any great deprivation, thought Fenton, as he lifted his solar topee and mopped his moist forehead. Still, he supposed she cooked occasionally. *Ergo*: all cooking operations had perforce to be conducted in the open. And he

had listened to the owner of this palatial residence praying to be defended from the deceitfulness of riches—and the missionary had winked!

“D—n!” said Matthew Fenton, “now what can a bundle of rags like this old girl possibly have to do with the War?” and the last part of his remark he frankly addressed to the Reverend Isaiah, for it was evident that he was taking his neutrality hard.

“If you go on thinkin’ at this rate,” was the prompt reply, “you’ll strain them side flaps of yours. Surely for fair we might leave the poor old thing in the bereft class?”

“We might, parson,” said Fenton grimly, “if I hadn’t happened into the chapel this afternoon. The only people I know likely to have any loose cash are those squareheads you were watching. That ship they’re looking out for—do run along home, parson. I’m going to enquire into Mis’ Pattie’s neutrality.”

“In the daylight!” said the missionary with feeling. “You,” he had to gulp down his views, “particoolar ass!”

Fenton laughed and that laugh angered the old man.

“I don’ seem to figure it out,” said he, moved out of himself at thought of an opportunity likely to be missed, “it wants ginger, it does, more’n this young man’s got. If I hadn’t found religion, God forgive me, an’ I wasn’t strictly nootral by order of the President an’ the Board—Lord! Lord! It’s a case of standin’ broad jump, an’ he ain’t up to it.” And he struck one fist fiercely against the other and let himself go in one soulful burst of profanity that mightily relieved his feelings.

Never in his life had Fenton liked his future father-in-law so much. Never had he so clearly understood what it was that charmed him in his daughter. He stretched out his hand and laid it on his shoulder.

“See me take the jump, parson,” said he. “No, don’t strain yourself, just stand by. Tell me, can I trust the Vai tribesmen?”

There came over the missionary’s face a look that was good to see.

"Surely," said he, drawing a sigh of relief, "as nootral as I am myself."

"King George himself could ask nothing better," said Fenton cheerily.

"I'm nootral, I am, but I'll butt in so far as to tell you the German's have roped in Tin Tack an' his Kroo boys," said the missionary soberly.

"Then I must put my faith in the Vai tribesmen," said Fenton.

The Reverend Isaiah held out his hand.

"Put it there, young man," said he with a sigh of contentment. "An' remember," he cocked a wise sailor's eye at the horizon, for he had been a whaler before he had been called to the mission field, "The glass is goin' down an' there's goin' to be a tornado'll pretty near blow the stuffin' outer Lower Buchanan."

"To hell with the tornado!" swore Fenton, and he damned it from the bottom of his heart as he went off to Mis' Pattie Pickney's shack.

"What about those pyjamas of mine?" he asked of a black and rolling eye that appeared between the doorpost and the sacking.

Some feeble effort had been made to clear away the ever encroaching undergrowth and a little cassada was growing up, but there was certainly no sign that the owner of that cabin need has prayed to be delivered from the uplifting occasioned by a sudden influx of wealth. The only thing about the place that was not in the last stages of decay was the windlass and rope over the well. That was new. And he wondered why newly acquired wealth should have been wasted over that. For the well was a failure. Mis' Pickney frequently bemoaned the fact that it was dry and she had always to bring her water from a neighbor. The fact added to his washing bill.

"Oh Lard!" said Mis' Pickney in some distress, and he promptly pictured her as wearing the pyjamas under the red cotton, "de good Lard send de humidity an' it be impossible to dessicate de penplemums nigh' garments."

The humidity there was no doubt about. The air was so hot and heavy that any exertion was an effort.

"True for you, Mis' Pickney," said Fenton, "but look here. I've got to get away up country before I go off in the 'Chama' and you must let me have those pyjamas dessicated or undesicated, you savvy, Mis' Pickney?" and he came a little closer to where a pink corrallitas was gallantly struggling to hide the fact that the doorpost was considerably out of the perpendicular.

Mis' Pickney gave an unmeaning giggle, giving a good view of her round black face and fuzzy head and then with an agitated squeal dragged the sacking against the drunken doorpost.

"When a lady's all on her lonesome," she shrieked, and he felt she was enjoying herself hugely, for as a good-looking young white man he had been an honored guest in the cabin more than once.

"All right, Mis' Pickney, you hand me out those pyjamas, or I'll come in and fetch 'em."

"Dey am dat aqueous an' drippin'," wailed Mis' Pickney.

"Well, you get the aqueosity out of 'em sharp, or I'll have to know what for," he ordered. "The Chama's due any time after Saturday and I must be back for her," and he strolled on to the point with the comfortable feeling that he was conveying to all Lower Buchanan and incidentally to the Germans that he would be out of the way for the next three or four days.

He turned when he reached the bank overlooking the sands. On one side of him was the sea, the Atlantic Ocean stretched away to the West. On the other he had a good view of all the little peninsula with its back ground of beautiful verdure clad hills. But it was not the beauty of the scene that struck him, it was the immediate surroundings of the new windlass. The Fates had been kinder to him than he deserved and his heart gave a great jump as he saw, hidden from the front by the greenery, close against the mouth of the well a long package he recognized at once. They were gun running

then, gun running to the Cameroons, of course. There was no mistaking that package. Rifles are done up in two man loads. The loads had been broken for convenience and this was half a load. Only some one standing on the extreme point could have seen it; but he wondered why it had been left there, slight as the risk was. After all only a man who had got a hint would have been likely to notice, and he carefully ignored the well as he went back to the cabin again.

"Mis' Pickney, is Jake going to take the parson to Monrovia in his surf boat to-night?" The surf boat was there drawn up on the beach and the question gave a reason for his stroll in that direction.

"Huh!" she said with scorn, taking it exactly as he had intended she should, though he winced all the same, "you's tinkin' to do some courtin' on the sly, is you?"

"Be hanged to you!" said Fenton.

There was only one thing to be done. To-night he and the Vai tribesmen could clear the well, clear it easily, he did not doubt; but then, what to do with the rifles and ammunition? As he went up the rough path to the hinterland where lay the Vai village, he turned it over in his own mind hopelessly. It was all very well for the Reverend Isaiah to suggest in a perfectly neutral manner that he should lay hands upon the munitions, but what in thunder was he to do with them when he got them? Leave them in the Vai village for the tribesmen to trade back to the Liberians and so back to the German traders? Besides, when the Germans found their cache empty they would certainly seek their goods; and since they had "roped in Tin Tack, the head of Kroo Town," they could seek with force. Fenton felt desperate as he went to make arrangements with the Vai chief for the stealing this very night. He would load the munitions into canoes on the little river at the back of the town and start up country with them. It would be a venture to make the most stout-hearted quail. Still, he must take the risk. There was no other way of disposing of them. He could not fling them wholesale into the river or the sea, that would be but to excite the cupidity of his boatmen and to leave them was out of the

question. Margins are small on the outskirts of the Empire and it might be these rifles and cartridges might just turn the scale in favor of the Germans, could they be got into the Cameroons. He would start up river with them this very night, leaving instructions for the missionary to wireless for the "Dwarf," saying there was a British subject in distress in the hinterland. He certainly would be very much in distress if the Germans with their Kroo boy following on his trail. They would show no mercy. Man for man he reckoned the Kroo boys were better men than the Vai tribesmen. Should he ever see Becky again? Could he steal a moment to bid her good-bye? And his heart was as water as he thought of her. But he never wavered. He saw his duty, even as the Reverend Isaiah saw his, and he intended to see things through to the bitter end. If only he had not been such a fool as to let the Kroo boys drift into the hands of the Germans. They would rather have served him. The Vai men were not so stalwart, they were craftsmen.

It came to him in a flash! The Vai men were craftsmen, good craftsmen. Surely they could make up dummy loads in the wrappings of the old loads. If they could put these back in the cache there was no reason why the Kroo men should not load them into the coming steamer. He grew hot and cold all over as he put the matter to the Vai chief and he thanked his stars that it had occurred to him to learn the vernacular so that he could make himself thoroughly understood. The Vai chief scratched his head and felt his chin thoughtfully, but he decided it might be done if the great Lord would pay. And the great Lord could pay.

That was so much to the good and he sped down for a brief moment to the mission station. Becky was giving her father a meal on the verandah and contrived to look cool and desirable even in the tropical heat. And perhaps he was leaving her for good and all. Was it quixotic of him to meddle?

"Parson," he said, taking the girl's hand under the table, "I guess a boat load of munitions won't make much difference one way or another in the Cameroons."



The missionary laid down the hot biscuit which the Englishman called scone and looked at him.

"Huh!" said he to the surrounding country, "hasn't the squunk of a water rat or a tadpole."

"Oh, yes, he has," said Fenton, "but he wants to make sure it's going to be worth while. Did you ever try to drop an empty bottle in a street? Did you? Then perhaps you'll gauge some of my difficulties in disposing of enough guns and ammunition to take Liberia so as not to excite suspicion in the man and brother, and if it isn't going to be worth while——"

"Oh, quit it!" said the missionary, "if I warn't nootral by order of——"

And Fenton respected his future father-in-law's astuteness. The business had to be carried through, whatever the risk.

"Well, I'm taking your word for it even if you are neutral," he said, and the missionary pushed his plate away and laid a pair of earnest hands on the table.

"Young man," said he, "there's a tornado comin' that I reckon'll corral Lower Buchanan. An' any little combine you're workin', Mat Fenton, had better be swabbed off to-night."

There was no doubt about it, such help as he could conscientiously give he would give with a free hand.

"All I can do I'll do to-night," said Fenton earnestly, "but I can't get away till to-morrow night. It'll be time enough if the squareheads don't get wind of the thing," and he gave the hand he held a little tender squeeze. "Now my idea is to get away most of the stuff to-night and to-morrow night, with the rest of my trading gear, I'll clear off up the river. I'll maybe be a bit hurried and if you'll see the canoes off to-morrow night whatever happens, mind, whatever happens——"

"You can count on me bully throughout," said the old sailor, resuming his biscuit, and Fenton felt he approved the course laid out and was somewhat comforted.

And that night in the breathless darkness he and

Ansumanah, the chief, with eighty hefty tribesmen, inspected Mis' Pattie Pickney's well and made the pleasing discovery that the reason why a half load of rifles had been left on top was because the well was so chock-a-block with loads there was room for not a rifle more.

It was ticklish work. Again and again Fenton thought they were discovered, and discovery would mean failure, for the Germans would naturally have the Liberians on their side and on this occasion the Liberians would have right on their side. The Vai tribesmen went about the business circumspectly. They came clad in their birthday garments in case of interruptions, for they had no mind to be caught trespassing and it is very difficult to get hold of a gentleman whose only dress is a good coating of cocoanut oil. They lifted those loads silently and swiftly. The only noise they made was drowned by the crashing surf. Still, Fenton kept an anxious eye on the shack where presumably Mis' Pattie Pickney slumbered; and very anxiously he watched the line of shadows that stole back through the sleeping town. Three journeys they made and then he breathed freely. The well, which was dry as a bone and as a well must always have been a failure, was empty and the first part of his job was accomplished. Now if he could only succeed in getting in the dummy loads before the steamer came or the Germans dropped to it their store had been tampered with! He was desperately anxious, for when a secret is shared by so many people it is hardly likely to remain a secret long.

*(To be concluded)*

# THE SUBMARINE

MARSHAL SOUTH

**L**EAN shadowy shapes that haunt the silent depths,  
Where wanes the light and phantom terrors breed,  
Above those dark impenetrable deeps,  
Where blind sea-adders twine among the weed;  
Nosing amidst the gloom, wet plates agleam  
With ghostly radiance of the sea-spore's breath,  
Threading the depths with silent swirling screw—  
*The Submarine, grim messenger of Death.*

Lean clammy craft of death that search and prowl,  
Seeking the loom of some titanic keel;  
Seeking in silence, though the skies above  
Tremble with gunfire and the rush of steel.  
Deep in the soundless levels where they glide  
The waters slither by with silent rush;  
Within the long lean hull the motors purr;  
Tense fingers close on valves in breathless hush.

The steadying pause; the smothered snort; the bolt,  
Hurled upward at the looming mass of steel;  
The tearing cauldron and the foam flecked void  
Where green fumes rise and tortured waters reel.  
Downward she sinks, down, down towards the ooze,  
The titan dreadnaught—vanquished in a breath;  
*Far from the sinking dead the Submarine  
Glides to the gloom—grim courier of Death.*

# A WAR-TIME SUNDAY IN PARIS

ISABEL VAN DER SLUYS

**T**HAT first War-Easter, Paris woke smiling after the manner of brave Paris. There was still a chill in the air but the day was bright. The waters of the Seine danced between its sober stone banks, under its stable stone bridges, as though conscious that they had come down from the Valley of the Marne, where Notre Joffre had turned back the monster that threatened to strangle the life of France, conscious that they were going on to Rouen where were English headquarters, earnest of the great army of new-made friends that should come whence formerly came only foes. From the Valley of Death and Salvation to the City of Alliance and Hope, the waters flowed. What matters the present on the Feast of the Resurrection?

The little island of the ancient infant city, crowned with the glory of Notre Dame, nestled as ever in the arms of the on-flowing river. From an early hour, as Mass followed Mass, living streams crossed and recrossed the open square before the Cathedral, thousands coming, as they were bidden, to keep the Queen Feast in their Mother Church. An hour before the High Mass we had found a place of vantage, high up in the triforium-gallery, under the first choir arch. From there we could look down on the heads of the choir below, on the ministrants at the Altar to the right and the packed mass of human praying forms in the nave to the left, or could rest our eyes in the depths of the North Rose-window opposite, whose rich greens and blues first altered my childish impression of a garish all-gold Heaven.

It was beautiful and impressive, but after all the Mass is the Mass in the simplest Mission Church of the New World as in Notre Dame de Paris. Here were gorgeous vestments, costly jewels, and soulful music; but praying human beings are more impressive than vestments or jewels or music and what most stirred us was the character, the spirit of this multitude that had come to offer the Sacrifice of Thanksgiving

on the Feast of Unconquerable Life while their France was at death grips with her cruel enemy, their loved ones perhaps at that moment dying. The intense attention, the rapt devotion choked one.

The nave was black in contrast to the brilliant color in the choir but it was not yet to a great extent the black of mourning. There were crepe veils to be sure; but it was more the black of the elderly lady, of the French school girl, of the chic Parisienne dressed as always for the time and place; and still more the habitual black of the Parisian lower and lower-middle classes, as the habit of the lower classes must always predominate in any democratic gathering. Nor was this a mere women's meeting. There were few men in the nave, but the aisles were choked with them. One young man I saw, not in uniform, white, emaciated. One needed not to ask why he was not elsewhere. His presence, as that of the few wounded, emphasized the absence of the others, the strong young ones. These hundreds were middle-aged men or old, the fathers of Fighting France. There were workmen in Sunday blouses and workmen in Sunday suits, tradesmen, clerks, professional men. This one might be a magistrate, that one a banker. They were mostly substantial if not prosperous. The predominant male was not the small-waisted picture Frenchman, but the heavily built type, well proportioned, neither stout nor slender, with square closely trimmed black-bearded chin.

Looking at them one could but wonder at the mental obliquity—or was it moral—that made us judge France decadent, our attention held by the sensuous harmonies of one meaningless opera, the voluptuous cadences of one witless poem, the objectless whirl of one futurist picture, our eyes dazzled by the lights of a section where no respectable French woman ever goes, where few of the men are French. *Was it the evil in us that made us see only gay Paris in beautiful France, only the evil in Paris?*

From the height of my indignation I was caught by a dash of color in the dark sea below, a bunch of yellow flowers close to a bowed silver head.

"It is Colonel d'Agnesseau and his wife," my sister whispered. "I never saw her wear bright colors before."

"No, but it's a hopeful sign," I suggested, my thoughts on the battle line. "Roland, so far ——"

My sister nodded.

I could see in fancy the proudly held, brown-curled head, the lithe, erect figure, the rich color borrowed from out of doors, the laughing hazel eyes, the mischievous curved lips, of the quick-tempered, mild-natured lieutenant who had dined with us so often at the *pension*, bridged with us, chatted with us—a year ago. And the merry, golden-haired, blue-eyed demoiselle whom we had once seen in the same box at the Opera Comique, where was she? Was her little home in Lorraine destroyed? Was she in danger or was she safe and at that moment praying for the life of her lover, perhaps in the more fashionable Madeleine, or had she forgotten?

She loved him as he loved, her Roland had told us unashamed, explaining that she had been brought up in the new manner which the French are taking from the English and Americans, and of which he only half approved. Naturally only half approved, for while it left her free to listen to his love and to refuse other suitors favored by her parents, it also left her open to the personal solicitations of those other suitors. As for his suit, so far it was helpless, he had said; neither family would listen to even a suggestion of it; but he would find a way. With the kindly old colonel possibly I thought, but with Madame, noticing the way her lips came together, it was doubtful. That was a year ago.

When the angels' song of Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth, Peace, Goodwill to Men had filled every cranny of the vast church; and the loved archbishop had blessed his flock, absent as well as present, one could but believe; and the nave had emptied, we, having climbed down from our eminence and reached the porch of the Virgin, greeted our old friends.

We found them changed. We had felt that they were always denying themselves to give to their popular son the wherewithal to mingle in that Society to which he was

entitled by birth. For that and yet to enjoy something of him and of their dear Paris in its gayest season they submitted to the cheap pension where in one of our spasms of economy we had met them, and then to a round of dull country visits till they could go to their tiny flat in Nice. Yet Madame, a pretty little woman much younger than her husband, had always been well dressed, if simply, entirely in black, with something of chic. To-day her two-years-ago suit was going brown at the seams, the bonnet she usually wore when not swathed in crepe for some distant connection, had lost its dignity with its aigrette, in place of which, standing up rakishly against the black lace was the bizarre little bunch of jonquils.

No, they had not gotten to Nice. Too far from news. Impossible! A friend, who had not come up from her chateau near Tours had lent them her apartment on the Champ de Mars. Very lively down in Touraine! Several military depots from the invaded territory moved there. Fortunately they had been able to let their own apartment to an old gentleman who couldn't get home to Warsaw. "Such a lot of Poles and Russians at Nice always!"

"Such a lot of retired French officers at Nice always!" I retorted.

He smiled under his silky, silvered mustache but answered soberly, "Such a lot of French officers at Nice now, at least temporarily retired, if not for life, and soldiers too, the brave children!"

"Yes, I saw them. They were all along the Riviera, lounging on green banks, in the little parks, on the promenades, out window balconies! The railroad was literally lined with them and at Nice the whole hill of Cimiez was covered with them."

"You were at Nice then?" he took up, interested.

"Came up that way from Rome, rested a day after the ordeal of the frontier. Why do all trains in war time arrive at the frontier just at midnight?"

"To discourage travel perhaps," he laughed. "And how was Nice?"

"A city of hotels metamorphosed into a city of hospitals, a city of pleasure into a city of pain. Though," I corrected, "most of the wounded seem convalescent and cheerful, basking in the blessed southern sun. What an experience it is for some of them! Picture the bewilderment of a peasant from a remote mountain village of Auvergne or the Cevennes brought up, convalescent, from the palatial ward in the Hotel de — with its memories of royalty, to share with a Marseillaise laborer perhaps, a twenty francs a day private room and tiled bath."

"*Les paysans du Midi*, too!" he emphasized with a northerner's superiority.

"Then drawing up suddenly, without explanation, without continuity, he burst out, "Oh, you think that was a fine Mass you had today! But you should have seen a military Mass in the presence of the Emperor!" his voice softening on the loved name. "An outdoor Mass, the sword points all glistening in the sun, in the Salute! *Ah! Quelle spectacle!*"

The Colonel brought me back, interrupting himself to say in a matter-of-fact voice, as he waved vaguely toward the fine cone-crowned mediaeval towers that flank the entrance to the Conciegerie, "My father was imprisoned then."

"But how could —?"

"As a baby, in the Terror. My grandmother should not have come up from Normandy. True she had to sleep three nights out of doors under a hedge, with nothing much to eat but chestnuts and apples, and a baby to nurse, born after they murdered the king; but later some faithful peasants took her in, hid her in a loft and would no doubt have cared for her, but she would come to Paris."

"Where was your grandfather?" I asked.

"When she was in there?" He hesitated, red spots coming in his blanched, sunken cheeks. "*Emigré*. Over the Rhine. It wasn't right. What if the people had gone mad? It was France. To join France's enemies! Nothing excuses that."

I drew back clumsily from the sore spot I had inad-



vertently touched. "Why don't you use your title, Colonel?"

"What is a count without a chateau?" He shrugged. "They burned it. They thought he was with the army. He was, till they forced Lafayette out. He was loyal to the constitution, but they didn't care; they burned it because he was a count. He was trying to get home, in disguise, by a round-about way. He arrived in time to see the last wall crumble, all but the tower that was built by the crusader d'Agnesseau. He thought his wife and child were killed. Then he emigrated. He never knew they had lived. He died fighting against France."

There were tears in the faded blue eyes. It seemed a wound that would never heal.

Trying to turn his thoughts, I said gently and as I thought gallantly. "You will always be Monsieur le Comte to me."

With that sometimes staggering French frankness he answered quite simply, "Oh, yes, the bourgeois always like it. My daughter-in-law is very much Mme. la Vi-Comtesse."

"Daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, yes, didn't you know? The pretty little Meunier girl. Roland spoke of sending you cards, I remember, but how could cards find such quicksilver? We laughed at the match at first. Aside from their birth I had had a prejudice against the father for thirty years. He was a sub-lieutenant in my company. They raised him over my head, twenty years my junior and retired me an officer of '70. Said I was reactionary. They didn't trust me." There was bitterness in the old man's voice now, and pain.

"But it wasn't Meunier's fault," he went on impartially. And it seems he didn't think a poor retired colonel's son good enough for his heiress daughter!" He laughed. "Yes, she was to be an heiress, my wife found out. Mines and factories and things in the North!"

The swirling gesture of the aristocratic arm expressed at once the immensity of the fortune and its indefiniteness, in his complete innocence of such matters. It was like a child's account of the wealth of a fairy princess.

"Of course that altered our point of view and an investigation of our pedigree altered theirs. Though to be fair that wasn't all. Meunier was determined his daughters should marry at once, and this one would marry no one but my son. He, the general, had been in Germany, was there this time last year. Saw things with his own eyes. Speaks German and looks enough German to pass for one in a train or shop. Talked to the people. Went to Essen and Kiel. Followed, of course, by the Secret Service. But he saw enough. Come home stark mad, I thought, talking about war when all was quiet. I'm an old man and I was out of touch with things. I thought our troubles were over and there would be nothing but peace and rest for me till the end. Ah well, there have been men older than I driven from their cottages, and they love their hovels better than a prince his palace, they have nothing else. And old women driven before soldiers, bayonets in their backs!" The fire I had thought dead for years leaped in the old count's eyes.

"So you consented to the marriage?" I brought him back.

"That goes without saying. He was wonderfully generous about the dot. Couldn't do enough. And so with all his daughters. He has no son, so he married them all to officers before they could think. All but the school-girl. There will be no officers left for her and her like, poor little things, unless they marry cripples or blind men. And now Meunier is a prisoner in Germany—he was in command at—you remember—and all his fortune gone. What the Boches haven't destroyed they will before they go. But Yvonne is a sweet little girl, in spite of the queer advanced way she was brought up. You Americans would like her."

"They were married as soon as war was declared?"

"Oh, no. Meunier wouldn't wait for that. Said there would be no time after the Kiel canal was finished. They were married four days after the opening, June twenty-eighth, the day the match was struck at Serajevo as it turned out. A bad omen!" he finished, shaking his head.

Puzzled, but taking courage from the jaunty spring

bravery of the bonnet not far ahead of us now, I ventured the question on my mind.

“ You have good news from your son? He is well so far?”

I had taken his arm again. I felt it tremble. He seemed absorbed in knocking a pebble out of the gravel with his stick. Then looking me in the face with brave dim eyes he answered in that word that to those of us that have seen is fraught with more anguish than any other.

“ *Missing.*”

I could say nothing.

“ It was like this,” he went on. They had recrossed the Marne, were advancing, but had a little set back. My son’s regiment wasn’t supported. On the right they could make no headway, the left was falling back. They had to fall back, too. It was a bayonet charge, through a village, in a hail of shot. Roland’s company had gone too far. He was in advance. You know how impetuous he was. He must have heard the call for retreat just as he fell. Three soldiers tried to pick him up and fell. The officers were signaling, calling them back. He raised up on his elbow and yelled at them to obey, swore at them!” grimly smiling with soldierly enjoyment of his son’s supreme moment. He paused before finishing quietly.

“ That was the last they saw of him. The Germans were over him. Some say they saw him fall back on the ground again. When we got back there was no trace of him. The women pin their faith on his strong voice, but there is nothing in that. I saw a case like it at Sedan. Man’s voice was as strong as mine. He fell back dead.”

Seven months! Surely the most seriously wounded prisoner would be able to communicate with his family in seven months, and an officer! My face must have shown my wondering commiseration of a childish confidence as my eye fell on the flaunting yellow just ahead.

“ Oh, you don’t suppose I have any hope. I haven’t had for months. It is for our daughter.” There was no in-law this time, I noticed. “ My wife talks bravely even to me, but

I feel sure she is deliberately deceiving herself the better to act her part. You see her flowers." He smiled appreciatively. "I stuck them in my wife's bonnet Christmas day when our little girl was low spirited, getting hysterical. When she is out of danger I expect my wife will collapse."

"You haven't told me, Colonel——," I hesitated. "She——"

"He! Thank God it was a boy. Yesterday. That is why we were at Notre Dame. My wife said Ste. Cothilde wasn't big enough. A fine boy."

"And the mother?" I begged, tears in my eyes, seeing once more the laughing, teasing, blue-gowned girl over whose white shoulder leaned an ardent young officer, oblivious to the eyes of the opera or of the beautiful Venetian scene on the stage while the Barcarolle made fitting accompaniment to his own love making.

"She is young and strong," the father answered, "but we must keep up hope till she is well. We have played our parts well."

"And afterward?" I murmured.

But the colonel was too many years from romance to dwell on that. He followed his own thought.

"He'll be christened Roland, for his soldier father and his soldier grandfather. It's a good name. My grandmother, all alone in the chateau, France falling to pieces it seemed, gave it to the baby that went through the Terror. No one in the family had ever borne it before. It was a revolutionary thing for a young wife of the old régime to do. It is a name that has served France well. And this one's father wasn't an emigré. He died fighting for France, like the first Roland. That's something. And France, France goes on!"

We had come to the point of the historied old island where the protecting arms of the river clasped hands, as it were. We joined Madame and my sister in the shadow of France's great Henry. He, too, had known war and the murder of innocent women and children—but *France had lived.*

Madame was talking feverishly. With all due respect to the valiant Gallieni, she was saying, it was without doubt the prayers of Ste. Genevieve that had again saved her Paris from the "Huns" as they had saved it centuries before.

Then, seeing her husband and myself, she reminded us that on that very spot had stood the fort that had defended Paris against the ruthless Vikings; and taunted the three of us that it was our fathers that had threatened Paris a thousand years ago, for on the strength of an ancestor that had "come over with the Conqueror" the colonel had adopted us as Normans, while another ancestor in the train of Eleanor of Aquitaine at the English court made us cousins to Madame. We retorted that the South of France had been at war with Paris and the North long after our Vikings had turned into peaceable Christians.

In the midst of such badinage how could I speak of the loss of her idolized son?

We parted laughing, promising to attend the christening, each going our way. On the Pont Neuf we paused, held as always by the beauty of the scene so pregnant of memories. Looking down on the waters gliding past the moss-grown abutments of the bridge that was new in 1603, waters that had come perhaps from the Marne where Roland d'Agnesseau fell, waters that would wash perhaps the ruined town that the crusader d'Agnesseau had built, the age-wise river seemed to smile up at me: "But I am still going on."

*And France is still going on!*

# THE CHILD LABOR SITUATION

MAX HARRIS WILENSKY

**T**HERE has lingered with me, while thinking of this subject, the thought of a truly American, and hence, truly human nature, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; who, at her great institution in the slums of that city, stresses the importance of our country's grasp of the commonplace, crude, and yet vigorous, in the lives of its very poor children. Before quoting her, let me say that we look in vain today for a nobler type of womanhood—one making her culture, through the spirit of sociability, reach out into the dark places for the development of all classes and races of our complex population, and in thought and act living an early girlhood's vision of helping to love humanity into more nobility of living through the love of little children. She loves the commonplace because of its potentialities and pleads above all for a fair chance for the children of all classes, at work and at play, to be properly nourished by a nation for its own future service. She understands, as few do, that genius and achievement live in the hut more than in the palace, because poverty invigorates to creative work as often as wealth enervates to sham imitation. In her thoughtful and deeply sincere work, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," she says of youth in industry or the child laborers in our country:

"Knowing as educators do that thousands of the city youth will enter factory life at an age as early as the state law will permit; instructed as the modern teacher is as to youth's requirements for a normal, mental and muscular development, it is hard to understand the apathy in regard to youth's inevitable experience in modern industry. Are the educators, like the rest of us, so caught in admiration of the astonishing achievements of modern industry that they forget the children themselves?"

By our undue stress of commercial activity in a young republic such as ours, we have made industrial supremacy a selfish, anarchic aim of the individual, instead of a means

to the full development of the American people. Greed takes the lead over honest efficiency, being more emphasized in our daily relations. The words of a great statesman, now President of the United States, "I would not feel any exhilaration in belonging to America, if I did not feel that she was something more than a rich and powerful nation," have not found wide acceptance as an active principle of industrial conduct. We admire the grand things achieved in industry, boast of the wonderful institutions in our land for the care of cripples, diseased, and the industrially incapacitated of our youth; and yet we will not understand that the faulty system of child labor at our doors perpetuates an evil against little children throughout the nation; we will not understand the feebleness of catering, through institutions of benevolence, to a sentiment of altruism, compared to the enforcement of a good law to kill an evil at its source. We have not had time to grasp the deep significance of the thought of President Wilson, recently expressed upon the subject of patriotism, "*It seems to me that the peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it, but to regenerate it.*"

Why, you may ask, such emphasis on the general aspects of child labor? Let me answer that, by further relief demanded in the child labor situation of the United States, I mean more than added legislation. Relief is demanded more imperatively at present in the enlightenment and education of public opinion, to a better appreciation of child values. It is futile to enact laws on child labor in a state, if the people lack the appreciation of their value to the child. Moreover, *in these days of betrayed legislation, it is difficult to determine whether the statute laws are really the voice of the people.* And that is what we must get at first of all. It is not believed that the final intention of the people of the State of Georgia, for example, is fulfilled in present child labor legislation, which tolerates an illiteracy of over 63,000 children between the ages of 10 and 14—next to Alabama, the greatest number of any state in the entire Union.

Let us consider further the conditions in Georgia today. We learn from the analytical charts in the 1915 publication of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, entitled "Child Labor Legislation in the United States," that Georgia is the only state in the entire Union that permits children under an age as low as 12 years to work at dangerous, injurious or immoral occupations\*—most other states making the minimum 16, 18 or 21 years; and even the Philippine Islands making the minimum 16 years. *Georgia is one of eleven states in the Union which still permit manufacturing establishments, mills, laundries and places of amusement to employ children under 12 years of age.* In Georgia the general law is that such employment is prohibited under the age of 14, but the exemption clause permits such employment of children of 12 years who have widowed mothers dependent upon them or who are dependent upon their own labor for support †—the very children who need the state's protection most.

There has been a signal advance in Georgia in the adoption of section 3137 of the Civil Code which limits to ten hours a day and sixty hours a week the labor of all employees in cotton or woolen manufacturing establishments, with certain rather extensive exceptions; for as late as the enactment of the present law of 1914 Georgia was one of only 5 states in the country which allowed 10 hours a day and 66 hours a week of work for children under sixteen years of age. But this provision is restricted to cotton and woolen manufacturing establishments, and leaves unregulated all other fields of child labor, except that night work in messenger service, between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m., is prohibited for children under 16, and in manufacturing establishments, mills or places of amusement between 7 p. m. and 6 a. m., for children under 14 years and 6 months.

There has been an advance in Georgia in the require-

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\* See Georgia Code 1914, Penal section 750.

† See Georgia Code 1914, Civil section 3149(a).



ment of documentary proof of the age of a child applying for an employment certificate. As late as the present law of 1914 the law read, "required for any child employed in a factory (excepting an orphan, etc.), the affidavit of parent or guardian stating age and date of birth"; and this affidavit was made to the mill president himself, of whom it was presumed that he would see to it that no child under age would be allowed to work; that, according to the law, the child under 18 had attended school for 12 weeks, 6 weeks consecutively, and the child under 14, for 12 weeks consecutively. There was no proof of the completion of a specified amount of work in school before employment was permitted, as in Oregon, New York and a half dozen other states, where proof was the school record of the child, as vouched for by the superintendent of the public schools. Today, however, under section 3149 (b) and (c), no child under 14 years and 6 months can work in a mill, factory, laundry, manufacturing establishment or place of amusement "unless the person, firm or corporation employing such child has and keeps on file accessible to the officials charged with the enforcement of this article, a certificate from the superintendent of schools in the county or city in which such child resides that such child is not less than 14 years of age, has attended school for not less than 12 weeks of the 12 months preceding the date of issuance of such certificate." But, even, here an exception is added for orphans dependent on their own labor for support or supporting widowed mothers.

Of the 48 states and the territories, we find twenty which prohibit child labor in mines below the age of 16. We find Montana prohibiting child labor in manufacturing establishments, as well as mines, below the age of 16, and Michigan and Ohio prohibiting child labor in manufacturing and mercantile establishments and offices as well as in mines, below the age of 15. *If 20 states prohibit work in mines for children below the age of 16, why should not Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi and other states do so in their mills and factories, which are just as dangerous to health as mines? Surely, Montana is not so much richer in natural wealth than*

Georgia, Mississippi or South Carolina that she can afford to be more humane with her child labor laws as applied to mines, than these states with their laws applied to cotton mills and factories. And why should 37 states prohibit children below 14, under any circumstances, to labor in manufacturing establishments, mills, laundries and places of amusement, and Georgia continue her exemption clause which permits a child over 12 to be so employed and South Carolina and Mississippi, for example, permit outright such employment over 12 years!

But the evil of Child Labor lies not only, as so far shown, in the employment of children of an improper age, or at improper occupations, or for too great a period of time, or while in improper physical condition; *but also when the operation of such employment excludes opportunity for education.* Georgia's illiteracy among its native Anglo-Saxon, as well as its negro population, is appalling. As stated, next to Alabama, Georgia has the largest percentage of illiterate children between the ages of 10 and 14 years of any state in the entire country. And closely linked with that fact is another—that Georgia is one of only two states (Mississippi being the other) without a compulsory education law. And it is important to bear in mind that the further relief which is needed in child labor conditions cannot be limited to a mere removal of the child under age from factory and mill life, but compulsory attendance at school must follow such removal. In fact, we can readily see that mere removal of the child from the factory or mill, without compelling school attendance, would, in many cases, aggravate instead of relieve. Dr. Felix Adler, professor of political and social ethics at Columbia University and Chairman of the National Child Labor Committee, has this to say of the relationship of compulsory education laws to child labor legislation:

“It is not enough to shut the children out of the factory; we must also bring them into the school and compel the parents, if necessary, to send them to school; the movement for compulsory education everywhere goes hand in hand, must go hand in hand, with the child labor movement.”

And the 1915 Report of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor upon Child Labor Legislation in the United States, p. 22, contains this statement:

"In this question of occupation regulated indeed, as in many other questions concerning the employment of children, the compulsory education law of a state must be considered in connection with the child labor law."

This is not difficult to understand. The most effective way of preventing illegal employment of children is by compulsory education, throughout the entire period during which employment is prohibited. Think of it—46 states and Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska and the District of Columbia, all have this requirement, while Georgia and Mississippi are the only states without a compulsory education law. Georgia requires only 12 weeks of attendance at school for children over 14 during the one year previous to employment. If a law such as that in Georgia prohibits children under 14 from working, it should go further and require them to be at school during the entire school-age period up to the time of prohibited employment, and during the entire school term of every year of that period and not merely for an almost valueless 12 weeks of just one year previous to employment. Because of the willingness with which parents send children to work under the legal age, in the state where children under the legal age of employment are not obliged to be in school all of the school year, complications and difficulties in enforcing the child labor law of the state invariably arise.

Using Georgia as an illustration, we have seen that it is far behind the great majority of states in our country in child labor legislation that is based upon an educated public opinion which acts, and that whatever good provisions the present law contains are almost nullified by the lack of compulsory education. Using the same illustration, let us consider specifically another proof of needed relief in child labor conditions—the lack of factory inspection—which shares with the lack of compulsory education in rendering almost nugatory the child labor laws of a state. The lack of real factory inspection as a distinct function of the State, in 16 states

and 2 territories, and its total absence in 9 states, afford the most signal instances of the need of further relief in child labor conditions. In Georgia, for example, without factory inspection, the new child labor law of 1914 is but feebly enforced. Factory inspection was the chief provision clamored for in 1899 and had to be left out of the law then proposed, in order to get any legislation at all upon the subject. Seventeen years have passed and still very little has been done to fill the need in Georgia. And yet, maltreating a child in Georgia, but recently seemed to cause Georgians to lose their heads. The feeling of indignation against this one instance of child maltreatment might be felt to be genuine, if the same feeling were manifested also in the countless daily instances of maltreatment of children in factories and mills through the evasion of the child labor law.

Do we realize the great necessity of a definite official for factory inspection in a state? "In states where there are no officials for inspection," says the National Consumers League, "there is no enforcement of child labor legislation. The value of child labor laws depends upon the number and quality of inspectors, their tenure of office, and the money appropriated for their use." And, as stated to me in interviews with two men of the city of Atlanta, who have given this question careful consideration in Georgia, Mr. Hooper Alexander, now United States District Attorney, and Mr. C. T. Ladson, above referred to—without factory inspection the whole fabric of child labor legislation in Georgia is too weak for service. It is not urged that the factory inspector be given the power of issuing employment certificates. The local boards of education—in Georgia, the superintendent of schools alone issues such certificates—are the only officials who ought to have this power. But Georgia needs imperatively factory inspectors with decent salaries, whose business it is to inspect and prosecute for violation of the law, and not merely a commissioner of labor with only general duties as to inspection, and whose other duties make inspection possible only when a complaint is brought to his attention, which an indifferent citizenship rarely does. The law will

never be actively beneficial and forcefully operative with such conditions prevailing as to factory inspection.

It is no answer to say that Georgia—to continue the illustration—has a preventative to factory abuses in the provision of the present law found in sections 3149 (c), (f) and (g), of the Civil Code, 1914 Laws. Section 3149 (c) reads:

“The Commissioner of Labor may at any time revoke any certificate if, in his judgment, the certificate was improperly issued. He is authorized to investigate the true age of any child employed, hear evidence, and require the production of relevant books or documents.”

Section 3149 (f) reads:

“It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Labor and his authorized assistants to see that the provisions of this article (S 3149(a)—3149(h)—) are enforced.”

Section 3149 (g) makes violation of the article by a corporation or firm, parent, guardian or superintendent of schools, a misdemeanor.\*

Are these provisions preventatives? No complaint will be lodged against a mill or factory by the average citizen, who has no true knowledge of actual conditions, such as is here set out only after much investigative labor. Paid factory inspectors, whose business it is to ferret out violations of the law, are necessary to remedy the present conditions and make the law effective. As expressed by Mr. A. J. McKelway, formerly of Atlanta, and now at Washington as secretary of the National Child Labor Committee: “\* \* \* the manufacturer too often, the parent nearly always, and sometimes the child, is on the side of the mill.” Factory inspection will see to it that the name of every person working on the premises, whether that person is officially employed or is simply “suffered to work,” appears on the roll of the firm or corporation employing them. Otherwise, factory inspection too will be a farce.

It is not necessary to recite further actual facts as they exist in Georgia to illustrate the need of further relief in our child labor conditions and the urgent necessity of enactment

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\* For penalty for misdemeanor see p. 8 (Code 1914, Penal section 1065).

into law of the Keating-Owen Federal Child Labor bill. In a word, Georgia, as one of the backward states, is today still classified in the black list as to child labor conditions, as one of 9 states without any special officer for factory inspection, as the only state permitting children over 12 to work at dangerous, injurious, or immoral occupations, and one of only two states without compulsory education. Merely from this brief summary of salient defects in the present law, I believe it can be fairly said that further relief is urgent in those backward states of which Georgia is a striking illustration.

Of course, one will not agree with this conclusion, if he or she believes we should encourage conditions of individual aggrandizement through the moral starvation of many. But, surely, no one will uphold that brutal, selfish living of men and women supported in luxury by dwarfing the bodies and minds of little children. Shall we tend through our ignoring the education of early youth, that urges a spirit of fine considerateness in human relations, towards the anarchy and chaos of individual might making right; or shall we direct our growth towards fraternity, towards moral strength and mutual living? Was the sentiment of altruism, distinguishing man from beast, developed in the human nature for no final purpose? Can we answer that and say that the sale of the God-given right of every child to its period of normal physical, mental, and moral development can be justified on the ground of commercial greatness? Shall we help to perpetuate the control of cruel taskmasters who know no love beyond their selfish family circle and who demand of others, bricks without even furnishing straw; or shall we strive in the direction of building up the American Nation—yet surely but young in building—as a nation in which shall flourish the small towns, the villages and hamlets, with their hundred happy homes, where there is no more maddening loneliness but leisure used for appreciation of the beautiful outside—and yes, even within—the sphere of daily toil! By our undue stress of the commercial spirit, we have forced the masses to encourage desertion from the farming lands, the real strength of our country. We have forced them to the cities

through the hue and cry of high prosperity heralded as there quickly obtained, and thus led them to send their boys of tender years into the breaker, and their little girls and boys into the silk and cotton mills. *Why, the very machinery of our Southern cotton mill is adapted to child labor. The spinning frame is built for a child of 12 to 14, so that an adult would have to stoop at the task.*

The great economic cry of these United States is for the proper adjustment of labor to leisure, of industry to culture, of city to country life—a cry which has echoed through the ages, following the overthrow of mighty empires and the degeneration of great races of men. Ever since four thousand years ago the human race fled from the Pharaoh to personal liberty, history has again and again repeated its lesson, so often unheeded, that slavery in any form can never endure. Assyria, Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Rome—they all passed away because their pampered civilization was nurtured upon the blood of industrial slaves drawn by the lash of the taskmaster.

And today, “Westward the course of empire takes its way!” Shall we continue the mistake? The success or failure of this great experiment of Democracy on the American continent hangs upon the actual answer in our national life. The habits of the young from 10 to 20 determine the habits of the nation. Therefore, the dehumanizing curse of child labor must cease. The position of Georgia illustrates the need of further relief, and how terribly slow is the awakening of an indifferent citizenship “shut up in measureless content” with its immediate private interests. It has grown so accustomed to the injustice, it either merely waxes sentimental on the subject without inconveniencing itself individually by remedying it or is unable to note any distinction between justice and injustice in this matter.

Before closing let us ask, what are the reasons advanced for the employment of children for more than 8 hours a day in factories and mills under 14 years of age and in mines under 16 years, and the denial to them of the common-school education, which should be theirs by a moral right? *What*

*are the reasons?* It was claimed in 1899 before the House Committee on Child Labor, that the reduction of the labor of children to eleven hours a day in cotton mills in Georgia stopped the building of mills in the state for five years. Are little children employed at 93 cents a week, the wage actually paid to young children in some of our mills, factories, and canning camps—are such children necessary to keep up the mills of Georgia or any other state? What an opportunity for the South, now expanding in manufacturing to a point of rivalry with the North, to prove that there at least, where the raw cotton is grown, she can well afford to make unnecessary their little children's labor in the cotton mill!

And not only in the cotton mill, the mine, the factory; child labor on the farm also must cease. We have not been accustomed to thinking of child labor existing on the farm. The farm boy must be allowed to rise above the tobacco-squirting hilarity of the laborer, born to a one-ply course of existence. Environment is more than half of success. Because a human being has been degraded through the denial of a meagre part of the opportunities which you and I have had, because he has no freedom, no school, no outlook, in outrageous mockery we loathe his degradation and give it as the reason why we should never be allowed to escape from it. Never allowed in childhood a glimpse of life awakened, the existence of the farm boy is often cramped into a snuff-chewing boyhood and a pine-whittling manhood steeped in the enervating superstitions characteristic of our country villages. What a shame against the state of Georgia for example, and what a weak foundation for steady advance in agricultural life is the fact already mentioned that there are over 63,000 illiterate children in the state between the ages of 10 and 14—next to Alabama the largest number of any state in the country! And these illiterates are found almost entirely in the rural communities or backwoods sections of the state. And because of this status of the child, it is not difficult to understand why the American tenant farmer, the poor Southern "cracker" as he is called, unconsciously looked down upon by the city man, and pitifully suspicious



himself of the city friend who would help him, has little ambition, despite the vigor which country life should give him. On a recent visit to the little town of Loganville, Georgia, one of the local farmers explained to me, while on a drive over his farms, the tenant system, by which he fed and clothed his tenants and gave them one-half of the profits of their labor. I remarked to him that it seemed to me his tenants then must take as much interest in the success of the farm as himself. "No," he answered, "that's the trouble. If I do not watch them, drive around here every few hours to see that they do their work, they just slink back into their lazy I-don't-care existence, knowing that they are provided for by me and that they don't have to work any faster than necessary for the daily provision. They just haven't the ambition—that's the whole thing in a nutshell."

This farmer-landlord was oblivious of the fact that on his own farms, boys of 12 years were working who had but two weeks schooling in the year. He saw nothing wrong in that. The tearful sentiment of the noble women of the state, often ridiculed by the self-satisfied, continues to plead for an awakened public sentiment that will make a compulsory education law (yet to be established in Georgia and Mississippi) not a hardship, but a blessing to the poor in the country. They see that there is a connection between the lack of a common school education to the child in the rural community and the shiftless labor without ambition on the farms. They realize that the culture of the city is of small value if it has no actual connection with the farm; and that despite the apparent health glowing over the fields of the South, it will continue to have the stoop, the sallow face, the sunken cheek, and listless spirit in her country boys and girls, who should be vigorous and healthy as long as city culture has no bearing on ignorance of hygienic conditions in the country.

Let it be clearly understood that this plea is not a sentimental one against healthy labor at the proper age for children. *The demand is for the right of the child to free development, under normal conditions for its true adjustment to the world, during its impressionable period of life.*

# WHY CHILDREN WORK

MARION DELCOMYN

**W**ORK is the cork-jacket of living. Work is so much a necessity of existence that it would seem less a question of *why* children work, than *how*. But though work is good, it unfortunately often is carried to excess in the case of the child.

The result of this excess is strikingly seen in the stunted growth of the young men and women who daily pour out of factories and mills. Watch them for yourself and see. Watch the children come out limp and weary, tots many of them, with or without their mothers. Pale, sad, tired little faces—too tired to smile, too tired to play. Why is this so, you ask? Better laws governing child labor have been, or are about to be, passed in most of the States. But the new Federal law, as well as all State laws, which have been passed to prevent child labor, have been aimed at the employers of such labor, and do not strike at the root of the evil. They are simply steps in the right direction. And the employer, who for so many years was the scapegoat, on whom all the blame for child labor was heaped, now is foremost in all welfare work planned and carried out for the benefit of the workers, adults and children alike. All of which is perfectly true, with this exception: that the blame was placed on the wrong goat.

This should be quite obvious to anyone studying the problem, for *child labor is as great a scandal as ever*. Let us then look for the real power behind it that we may put the blame where it belongs. Let us state the bald facts. *The real culprits are two: first, the parents who profit; next, you and I who heedlessly permit it.*

The roots of the tragedy of child labor are found in the homes of the children at work. There they are nurtured by greed, avariciousness and stupidity.

The "cry of the children" is the bitterest and most sorrowful that rises from human lips, their little bodies stunted and crippled at a pitifully tender age, in order that their earn-

ings may be added to the hoard of those who gave them life, for the very purpose of exploiting them subsequently.

Legislation has been invoked in most of the States of the Union to regulate the hours, the work, and the age of the little labor slaves. But no legislation, no welfare work started by the employers of labor, can be of permanent effect with does not receive the co-operation of the parents. *Those who are fighting for the rights of the children, almost invariably, find their stoutest foes in the fathers and mothers, who coin shameful dollars from the bodies and souls of their own flesh and blood.*

A host of statutes, in a number of States, fixing an age limit, have not yet succeeded in keeping little children from working 10 to 12 hours a day, in mills, factories, canneries, fields. A bit of perjury in connection with certificates does the trick. And all for gain. Gain for the parents, murderous injury to the children.

The Federal child labor law (Keating-Owen bill) recently passed, will, it is hoped, help to set a higher standard for future State child labor laws. Much more than this a Federal law can not do. Nor will this particular law *do* much more, dealing, as it does, with only one side of the problem, namely: "The interstate commerce in the products of child labor." What, for instance, is to hinder the children who, under this law enforcement, will be excluded from certain factories, from going to work in any one of the many other places where child labor is employed? Nothing, at present.

Uniform State laws forbidding (with heavy penalties attached) children under sixteen years of age to work in stores, offices, on the streets, in laundries, workshops, factories, mills, mines, truck gardens, canneries, fields, etc., etc.; and, at the same time, providing for adequate investigation of birth-certificates, must prove the one sane remedy.

Such laws, *strictly enforced*, and such laws alone, will prevent the exploitation of little children. *Child labor is a disgrace in these United States, one that should be prohibited by law—not regulated by it.*

See the little tots at work in the canneries. Side by side

with their mothers; the mothers who have sworn falsely about their age, when questioned. Snipping beans or peeling tomatoes; their little bodies swaying to and fro in one mechanical action, repeated thousands of times in the day, with a regularity of friction that would wear out a cast-iron shape. Passive and uncomplaining the children work on and on, from early morning until late, often very late, at night. Standing or walking all day, according to the kind of work. For it is a bitter fact that most of their work is of a sort at which they can never sit down. The whole system is wrong. But not till the blame is properly fixed can we expect better things. It is absurd to believe that child labor could exist did not the parents want it, and a supine public tolerate it.

Let this be stated boldly: it is the parents who are determined that their children shall add to the family income, regardless of health, law, or any other consideration. They follow the dictates of their cupidity; their one idea is to make money. Not the poverty of the family which makes the children's earnings indispensable, but the greed and ignorance of the parents, is at the bottom of all child labor. And, because of this labor of their children, the parents are usually in fairly comfortable circumstances.

*The family income depends on the number of children, the more children the more profit. Hence an increased birth-rate in all factory and mill districts, as well as in mining towns.*

There is *no* legitimate excuse for exploiting little children. There is *no* reason for permitting the cupidity of the parents to injure the children's future well-being, and degrade the physique of the nation. Of such are the citizens of the next generation, their vitality gone through persistent hard labor from babyhood, labor demanded by those who brought them into the world. For years to come, if we permit this scandal to continue, we shall be a people of undersized stature, deplorable physique and low mentality. Child labor is an infamous waste of the nation's most valuable asset. Nor can it be too strongly emphasized that this is mainly a rural evil. We look to the country districts for the

vitality to replenish the nation. Child labor is destroying this vitality, and hitting the nation where we should expect it to be strongest. Educate the young men and women who are to become the parents of the near future, and they will themselves insist upon better education and opportunities for their children.

No one can fail to notice the absence of children at play in factory and mining districts. The reason is simple. The children in these districts have been bred by habit in a sort of artificial disdain of play, and taught to place the point of honor in an ostentatious impatience of "kids playing"—all of their own age. Are *they* not "helping" mother and father?

Did space permit, many pitiable examples could be quoted here—of cases where children under twelve are supporting the entire family. A few must suffice, however.

Mrs. V. (N. C.) was the mother of three girls, respectively 11, 8 and 6 years of age. Sallow-faced, big-eyed, all of them, though otherwise there was no marked resemblance between them. Their mother who, scarcely more than thirty, through drink, laziness, neglect of body and health, looked like a woman of sixty, paid no heed to their welfare. Their fathers? Three different men, who had come and gone in a day!

These little girls worked in a cotton mill from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., with 45 minutes for dinner, which they ate in the mill yard. Usually this meal consisted of pieces of boiled salt pork, a few raw onions, and chunks of corn bread; all cold. Mary Elizabeth, the eldest girl, cooked every bit of their food in the evening after mill hours. She also washed their scanty clothing (ironing was unknown) and kept herself and the two younger ones fairly clean; remarkably clean, one might say, all things considered. And, at last, not far from midnight, she would drop to sleep on the floor, where the three slept on a few old quilts, in a corner of one room. The mother, drunk, occupying the bed both by day and night.

When, one day, Mrs. V. was asked, by an overbold

questioner, why she allowed her children to work so hard, she stated her reasons quite brutally thus: "Ain't I got a right to make them work for me? That's why I had 'em—that's why I brung 'em up, so's they could work for me." Just so! Put this same question to hundreds and thousands of parents, and you would get, practically, the same answer—if the truth was told.

Mrs. C. (N. Y.), whose husband, a carpenter, made \$3.50 a day in steady work all the year, together with her two children aged 12 and 13, worked in the canneries, the cranberry fields, anywhere she could find employment; for all but four winter months, this being the only time that the children were sent to school. Asked the reason for this hard work for herself and the children, since, as was known, they owned the substantial house with garden in which they lived, she answered: "Sure, we all works. My man, he wants to own some o' them other houses too!" with a gesture embracing the neighborhood.

There we are. It all comes back to the same thing. Greed for more and still more. No matter if the gross hardship, discomfort and neglect, imposed upon their own offspring for gain, result in permanent physical injury. Where is the intelligence of the public, that they can't see the harm in children being exploited the length and breadth of the land? Exploited for gain, by their fathers and mothers who are blind to their own interests.

Here and there we find a voice raised in protest, the voice of one who realizes that the main concern of the nation should be its children; and that you can't get worthy citizens where the children are enslaved, their growth stunted. That nation is most prosperous which most considers its children. No nation that forgets them can survive. *The future of America is rooted in the well-being of the children.*

Will not the public wake up and demand that the monstrous burden on the shoulders of thousands upon thousands of these little ones be removed? A burden placed there by

their ignorant parents, *by no one else*; but allowed by a supine public who, though knowing better, yet suffers it to remain there.

On the outskirts of one of the large cities of China, houses for the foreigners were being built on the top of a hill some two thousand feet high. The bricks needed for the foundations had to be carried up from the city below, and this work was done by children—tots of four or five years old carrying three to four bricks in their little hands, up and up to the top of the hill, two thousand feet. Those a few years older carried double the number of bricks. And all day long this procession of little children toiled up the steep hill, carrying bricks—for four cents a day!

This was in unenlightened China. Are we, here in this enlightened land, coming to that?

*Men and women of America, will you permit it?*

## CITY-DAWN

LOUIS GINSBERG

**T**HE weary Slattern-dawn is slinking on  
 Slowly along the sordid empty street;  
 She huddles close her misty shawl and wan  
 And drags her listless feet!

Drab store and ghostly office peer and stare  
 With many a window like a vacant eye;  
 Buildings loom darkly furtive everywhere—  
 And Dawn creeps by . . .

Some hulky wagon lumbers, rumbling nigh;  
 Rent is the hush by sudden blatant gong—  
 Darkness is scattered—whispers stumble by—  
 A trolley screams along . . .

Darkness is scattered—lo, and tides a-surge—  
 Tides of the faces flood the street at length,  
 Bounteously pouring forth in sweeping urge  
 Their love and hope and strength!

# THE FEMALE OPERATIVE IN FICTION

FRANCES WENTWORTH CUTLER

“*WE have removed woman from her sphere!*”

The cry of the perplexed citizen of 1917 rings startlingly from the novel of 1845. It is Disraeli's *Sybil*—one of those strange Victorian medleys of propaganda and melodrama, that gather dust upon our library shelves. Weapons they once were, in the bitter strife of social and political reform. Their warfare is but history now; yet they remain as records of that great struggle which changed the face of the nineteenth century—the industrial revolution.

To-day we live amid an even greater struggle, that in two and a half years has swallowed up completely the old order with its lesser conflicts. The woman's war is forgotten now; the very women who yesterday fought the London police are to-day serving as volunteer policewomen in England's training camps. But the War has not blotted out woman's work; it has demanded it, valued it, as never before. *Behind the soldier to-day stands the woman*, and on her labor depends his welfare—and the welfare of the nation.

“*We have removed woman from her sphere!*”

It is the old cry that springs to our lips as we watch the woman's army invade the munition factories in America as in Europe. For this “woman's mobilization,” startling as it seems, is but the dramatic climax of a century-long economic struggle. The barriers that war has shattered in a night were already undermined by the inevitable impact of industrial change. The upheaval has thrust women into strange fields, but it was the new machines that had pried open the gates.

For those who to-day ask eagerly of the future of the woman worker, the story of the “female operative” of the nineteenth century may hold an interest, perhaps a forecast. Yet if, arrested by Disraeli's prophetic warning, we turn back to those old novels of yesterday, can we hope to find



fact amid fiction? It is true that Disraeli's introduction boasts the realism of his scenes; that we need not Mrs. Gaskell's assurance to convince us that she lived in "Darkshire"; that Harriet Martineau prefaces her *Illustrations of Political Economy*, by the declaration, unique in its day, "I take my stand on Science." All this is reassuring, but it is not enough. For we are a generation wary of "uplift" in fiction—and we have too often met the Working-Girl Heroine.

But not in nineteenth century fiction. Here is a discovery that challenges interpretation. Nowhere among these novels of purpose has the working girl become the heroine, her wrongs the theme. Purposeful as is their warfare against the menace of the new industry—its poverty and ignorance, its sweatshops and prisons—not one of them is the conscious spokesman or champion of the woman in industry. The protest of the old order against the new machines—how it echoes from these yellowing pages! To the displaced handworkers, the revolution was a "sore time," the cause of cruel suffering and starvation. To the landed proprietors it was an "incoming pestilence," bringing in its wake "seditious infection" and "a very dangerous tendency to equality." But amid the echoes of corn-law riots, of Chartist petitions, and reform agitations, there is no voice to plead the woman's cause.

It is because nineteenth-century fiction has not portrayed the female operative as heroine, nor sought to uplift her, that we may hope to find in it an answer to our question: What did the revolution in industry mean to the woman worker? It were vain then to accost the lovely heroine. Against the grim background of industrial strife, she stands aloof from her smoke-stained setting, in it, yet not of it. Margaret Hale, shrinking from contact with the "rude and boisterous" factory girls of *North* and *South*, or charitably visiting the Higgins hovel, is from first to last an alien in "Darkshire." Sybil may call herself the daughter of the people, but she dwells as remote from them as is the convent from which she goes forth on errands of mercy. Eleanor, in *Alton Locke*, seeking to forget her sorrow amid the mis-

eries of the East End, is as foreign to its life as some daughter of the rich whose social sympathy to-day drives her to the settlement. This gulf between the heroine and her changing setting is strikingly illustrated by *Shirley*. The machine-breakers' riot which forms the opening scene, proves a mere episode from which we are soon distracted by the powerful personality of Shirley herself. These heroines may feel the power of the new environment, either through their feminine sensitiveness to the sufferings they do not share, or—for they are heroines first and foremost—through love for some workman or work-master hero. Even Mary Barton, the weaver's daughter, stands aloof from the struggles of her people till, heroine-like, she must save the man she loves. Amid the darkest scenes of strife and suffering, the heroine moves—aloof, compassionate, uncomprehending—the Lady still. But in the background are found those others, scarce heeded but prophetic, the female operatives for whom the changed conditions have wrought changed lives.

Few, but significant, are the glimpses of the first years of transition from "the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the houses, and even great ladies had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak." Foremost stands Galt's inimitable *Annals of the Parish*, homely records of village life, told with the vivid detail and irresistible humor that have immortalized Thrums. We watch the building of the first cotton mill in Dalmailing in 1788 ("and a spacious palace it was; nothing like it had been seen in our day and generation"). Then follow the "handsome dwellings" for the newly imported weavers. Yet on the heels of this "visible increase of worldly prosperity," comes a two-fold menace: the remote Scottish clachan is shaken at once by the Revolution in France and the revolution in industry. "But in the midst of all this commercing and manufacturing, I began to discover signs of decay in the wonted simplicity of our country ways. Among the cotton-spinners and muslin-weavers were several unsatisfied and ambitious spirits, who . . . were nightly in the habit of meeting and debating about the affairs of the French, which were just then gathering to a head."

Against these "plots and treasons of the democrats," the good dominie "went roundly to work." I preached a discourse against the French Revolution, that was thought one of the greatest and soundest sermons I had ever delivered." More insidious, even, was the other enemy, "that seditious infection that fevered the minds of the sedentary weavers, and working like flatulence in the stomachs of the cotton-weavers, sent up into their heads a vain and diseased fume of infidel philosophy." Nor was this the end. For this "new-fangled doctrine of utility," child of the new democracy and the new industry, infected even the women of Dalmailing.

Safe indeed was the dominie's wife, the second Mrs. Balwhidder, "busy with the lasses and their ceaseless wheels and cardings in the kitchen. Often could I have found it in my heart to have banned that never-ceasing industry, and to tell Mrs. Balwhidder that the married state was made for something else than to make napery and beetle blankets. But it was her happiness to keep all at work, and she had no pleasure in any other way of life; so I sat many a night by the fireside with resignation, sometimes in the study and sometimes in the parlor; and as I was doing nothing, Mrs. Balwhidder said it was needless to light the candle."

Behold, on the contrary, Miss Sabrina Hooky, the schoolmistress. For in the year following the coming of the cotton-mill, the proprietor brought women all the way from the neighborhood of Manchester in England, to teach the lassie bairns of our old clachan tambouring. There was an erect and outlooking spirit abroad that was not to be satisfied with the taciturn regularity of ancient affairs. Even Miss Sabrina Hooky, the schoolmistress, though now waning from her meridian, was touched with the enlivening rod, and set herself to learn and teach tambouring, in such a manner as to supersede by precept and example that old time-honored functionary (as she herself called it) the spinning-wheel, proving, as she did one night to Mr. Kibbock and me, that if more money could be made by a woman tambouring than by spinning, it was better to tambour than to spin."

So Sabrina, who although baptized after Milton, has not

only achieved her independence but justified it to the Dominie of Dalmailing, is menacing the age-old industry of "many a decent auld woman that had patiently eked out the slender thread of a weary life with her wheel." Be it noted that this instinct for success is nothing but the "instinct for elegance," recently stigmatized as the root of woman's failure. Sabrina's triumph, not in spite of, but because of her native instincts and aptitudes, suggests that the record of the woman in industry may not be, after all, "the world's *worst* failure."

It is also of the irony of progress that the Scottish annalist, the despiser of this "Utilitarianism," to which he unwittingly gave the name that John Stuart Mill made famous, should himself recognize the utilitarian pressure that was forcing woman into the new industries. It was the same stern necessity that in Puritan New England, was demanding that woman should follow her work from the home to the factory. "And," adds Miss Abbott, "there was no voice *then* to remind her that woman's proper place was at home."

Another significant glimpse of this transition period is the reminiscence of the old weaver in *A Manchester Strike*, describing the time when the father took work home to the cottage and set the mother to card and spin the raw cotton for the weft. Here is the old domestic industry but with a new master. Such a transition system was that of the New England "manufactories," not complete factories, but centers of home industry, to which the women brought the yarn they had spun, and from which they received fresh supplies for their labor. With the increasing improvement and adoption of machinery, the age-old home work of woman was gradually transformed into the sweating system, of which woman, in peace industry as in war work, was and is the chief victim.

A second stage in the invasion of woman's work by the machine is pictured in Miss Martineau's story, *The Loom and the Luggier*. Husband, wife and daughter weave side by side in a room containing five looms, the other two rented to neighbors. The total family income from this home factory is high, for its time, but it is earned at a higher cost in dirt and neglect. Here, as in the congested sweat-shop,

the machine has invaded the home, and is making it, not unhomelike merely, but inhuman.

The depths of danger that the sweating system holds for women have never been more graphically depicted than in that chapter of *Alton Locke*, *Light in Dark Places*, that haunts the memory like a modern Consumers' League investigation. Two half-starved girls sit stitching on the bare floor, covering their dying sister with the garment that will carry the deadly contagion to its wearer. They tell their pitiful story: "Between us we earned three shillings a week and we had to take off for thread and fines, and then they lowered wages again, and gave out work late on purpose."

The end of it all is summed up by Crossthwaite, the Chartist: "Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us, and our daughters to eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution." In these words Kingsley pictures the two-fold evil of woman's home labor as transformed by the industrial revolution into the "infernal" sweating system—the menace to mother and to daughter, and through them to society itself.

It is, however, on another type of victim that the darkest shadow of industrial maladjustment falls. Esther, the female operative in *Mary Barton*, and Lizzie, the sweatshop worker in *Alton Locke*, are alike victims of an economic pressure by which, as never before, the moral resistance of the woman in industry is tested. Back of the stern alternative to which they yield, starvation or prostitution, lie those incalculable undermining effects of modern industrial processes, which, as Jane Addams says "may at any moment so register their results upon the nervous system of the factory girl as to overcome her powers of resistance."

The story of Esther, driven by her love of finery and her fear of her family's blind repression, out of her home into temptation; the tragedy of Lizzie, selling herself to buy food for her sister. Here in the two-fold destruction of the family life by the mother's unregulated labor and the daughter's illicit life, is the effect of industrial pressure on the peculiar social and sex function of woman. A third men-

ace, that of industrial disease, is one in which the working woman shares and suffers with man.

But no picture of the female operative of 1840 could ignore such pathetic figures as Bessie Higgins, the consumptive cotton-spinner of Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*.

Such pictures as Godwin's description, in *Fleetwood*, of the Lyons silk factories, where 4-year old children tended bobbins from six in the morning till eight at night; or that in *A Manchester Strike*, which depicts 8-year old Martha earning her three shillings a week by standing all night long with aching knees amid the cotton-dust.

But is this all? Has the industrial revolution given us only the overworked mother, the over-tempered daughter, the consumptive? Is woman only the victim of machine-driven industry? For if so, what hope have we that she can endure the heavier burden of war—can pay its uttermost price—to forego, it may be, her birthright of marriage and motherhood?

Yet what of these two figures in their gay dresses, coral necklaces, and gold ear-rings? Harriet and Caroline, sketched in Disraeli's *Sybil*, might be the very girls in our street-cars and behind our counters. When Harriet's mother bitterly complains that her daughter could not bear the family privation and has gone to keep house with her "partner;" "when Caroline explains that she had come to the city because she could not bear country life,—we can hardly believe that this is the female operative of 1840 and not of 1916. "Fathers and mothers goes for nothing; 'tis the children gets the wages;"—the lament of the parent, helpless before an economically independent daughter, has a familiar ring. "That's the worst of factory work for girls; they can earn so much when work is plenty that they can maintain themselves anyhow," adds John Barton, more feelingly, alas, than truly.

So Caroline and Harriet, sipping their "bar-mixture" with "Dandy Mick" and "Devilsdust," at the "Temple of the Muses"—a temple indeed compared with our music-

halls and movies—presage the modern woman whose newly-won economic independence may strain the old-time family bond. That domestic institutions were even then feeling this new strain was discovered by the heroine of *North and South*, who, on looking for a servant in Darkshire, encountered the “difficulty of meeting anyone in a manufacturing town who did not prefer the greater independence and better wages of working in a mill.”

And what next? Are Harriet and Caroline Chartists—suffragists even? The answer, though faint compared with such a plea for economic and political freedom as Mary Wollstonecraft, almost fifty years earlier, had wrung from her bitter experience, yet reads like prophecy.

The “oligarchs” are with us yet, maintaining that woman’s place alone is changeless in a world where all else has changed. But governments that are to-day urging women to “release men” by filling their places in industry, can hardly silence their demands to-morrow by the old assertion that woman cannot serve her country in time of war. Here, then, in the awakening self-consciousness of these nineteenth century feminists, lies the hope of the female operative of to-morrow.

Thus, all unwittingly, Harriet and Caroline, in voicing their impulse toward group action, have forecast the road that their descendants must take. Years of ruthless industrial pressure have been needed to force the female operative into joint action. Of organization, industrial or political, she had in 1840 little thought. From man-made strike she was always the sufferer. “Never a woman yet who didn’t hate a turn-out,” observes Miss Martineau. Yet in two years, war has taught the lesson of co-operation to women, not in the factory only, but in the home. “Thousands of middle-class women,” writes Katharine Anthony of the women of Germany, “did not know the first principles of organization and solidarity; they are now working side by side with other women for common aims and purposes, released from domestic isolation for united social service.”

*The English munition factory where the “lady-*

*worker,"—the Miaow, as she is nicknamed,—is working her eight-hour shift side by side with the "work-girl," may be helping to batter down, not the enemy's trenches only, but the century-old caste feeling.*

Another constructive force amid the untold destruction of this war is the growing realization of woman's need for vocational training. Whether we look to Germany, where the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine is demanding continuation schools for girls, or to the Queen's Work for Women Fund in England, with its classes in skilled crafts, the same story meets us. What began as immediate relief and employment agencies have become movements for better training and for fitter tasks. The disappearance of the "luxury trades," the setting free of workers for productive industry, have taught us the uselessness of much of the labor to which we have sacrificed our female operatives. The cruel acid of war has tested the flimsy fabric of our work. Again the paradox—out of chaos, progress.

One forecast of this significant movement we find in the story of the female operative in fiction. Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, written primarily to expose the evils of the English prison system, mentions incidentally a unique experiment in the industrial training of women. The far-sighted chaplain, who reforms this prison, "had long been saying that women are as capable as men of many handicrafts from which they are excluded by men's jealousy and grandmama's imbecility." Unhindered by either, he succeeds in employing women in a great variety of industries. His advice to them has been literally taken: "Out of fifty occupations you might do twenty as well as he, and ten much better, and these added to the domestic duties in which you do so much more than your share, would go far to balance the account and equalize the sexes." *Could Reade have foreseen the female ticket-punchers and 'bus-drivers in Europe to-day, he would say that the account was balanced indeed!*

Certain world-old moral accounts, too, may be balanced today. There is a striking contrast between the abject



submission of Esther to her betrayer, and the defiant self-reliance of the heroine of a modern drama like *Hindle Wakes*, who refuses marriage for respectability only, because she is economically independent. Harriet's refusal to exchange her just-tested freedom for marriage may or may not brand her "selfish and a screw," but it does forecast the demand for an equality that shall be, not merely industrial, but ethical. One need only note how, in the warring countries to-day, limitations on the employment of married women are vanishing, how the state is caring for its mothers, married and unmarried alike, to realize that what the new industry began, the war is hastening—the revolutionizing of our code of social ethics.

But of such implications these novelists of yesterday are all unconscious. Without heed, without purpose, yet with bare and utter truth, they have told the story of the female operative. No heroine was she; too often the victim of her unequal struggle with overwork, disease, temptation. Yet we have seen her emerge into the independence that must precede fellowship; we have watched her gain the self-consciousness, achieved heretofore by the pioneers of her sex at untold cost, that foretells the fuller life.

The female operative of to-morrow—what hope for her—summoned to bear the work of the world that man is destroying? Her hope lies in the great gift that the War, out of its unspeakable anguish, has brought her—to *share*, as never before, the travail of the world. Because yesterday she entered side by side with man the long warfare of the new industry, she is to-day stronger in work, swifter in adjustment, wiser in co-operation. But yesterday she worked blindly, driven by relentless physical want. *To-day her country calls upon her, as it has called upon her sons; and she gives herself, as she gave them, proudly to a nation's need.*

# THE COTTON MILL

JOHN SHERWOOD

THE door opened and I stepped into a roaring, vibrant sweat-shop—the weave-room of a cotton mill. The floor swayed; myriad white spots jolted up and down; like hot flannel, the air was steamy and laden with lint. Over the looms bent human beings, a fag-end conglomeration of immigrant races. This was one of Zangwill's "melting pots." To a novice it was withering; the senses could not cope with the shock. The mill-agent noted the effect and finally bawled in my ear, "Well! what do you think of it? Here's your cotton mill."

The cotton mill had been my concern for a number of years. As work place, as industrial tragedy, and as a source of income it had challenged my interest. I had come here to seek a solution, a task hopeless amid this chaotic hubbub. Often in years gone by, as I sailed up the harbor, those grey, prison-like buildings that piled up over the hill had a piquant curiosity for me; but once, when I saw the operatives burst pell-mell from the tower door with the first blast of the whistle, I knew that I felt differently than those who labored there. Later came the discovery that those textile mills seemed prison-like, not only because their windows, laid regularly row on row, were architecturally suggestive of Sing Sing, but also because the word "prison-like" had been woven into my ideas by many social writings. A quantity of querulous pamphlets, legislative brochures, and industrial panaceas of all sorts had been aimed at the textile mill, and of these I had drunk liberally. I was aroused to the need of remedy. However, it was only when I inherited some stock that I came down to the mill to find out what was what.

As I stood on the threshold of that mill-room I tried to order these interests that had prompted my coming. Such thought was thwarted, however, by this newer series of confused and visible interests. For here was an uproar that shat-

tered—crashing, crashing in measured beat, a vast mechanical bin; a vibration that shook from floor to rafter, as a hundred looms jerked and racked, tearing their frames to and fro. The shuttles flew across and back with the woof as though discharged from catapults. God help the man that ever got in their way! Close by was an old weaver, trudging up and down the aisle to mend the broken threads. He spat on the floor. But worst was the humidity, sustained by jets of vapor squirting overhead. To my layman's mind the whole was diabolic.

You ask is all this true! These are facts as I found them. To be sure mine was a layman's perception, and much that seemed piteous at first was to wear off with familiarity—but the foregoing is at least an honest first impression.

If the weave-room is a scene of noisy confusion, the picker and card rooms in the basement are the places for hard work. There we went by a narrow stairway and passage, that back route used by all who supervise. The agent had pulled me away from the weaver's racket with a "Come on down and watch the Hunkies, they're the boys that can work." As we reached the firm concrete of the basement floor a huge bale dropped with a thud. A grimy laborer dragged it aside in a way that spoke volumes of this toilsome spot.

A number of bulky machines crunched and rumbled in powerful rotation. They beat out the raw cotton, loosened the fibres, and combed them out into a white rope that coiled automatically into tall, heavy cans. Swarthy laborers—suggestive of the romantic state of brigandage in swarthinness alone—broke up the bales, lugged the cans from one machine to another, or climbed on standing boards to clean off the combing cylinders; that was all. They were but the trivial adjuncts of a mighty mechanicalness. Machinery did the rest. I thought of that pest of the cotton field, the boll weevil, and that on him man might wreak his vengeance in these pounding machines. I pictured him caught up from his resting place by the iron tooth of the picker machine, smashed against the heavy hood, and beaten into pulp—for these were mighty

pickers. In the midst of so much power, I felt as little and as helpless as the boll weevil.

The purpose of this initial process is to extract the cotton fibre from dirty matted encasements. It is a mechanical threshing of the grain from the chaff; the better done, the greater the cloud of dust and lint blown out. The particular mill I am describing rendered "highest efficiency," if dust be the measure of worth. The air was saturated with lint. It permeated every nook and crevice; the overhead structure was obscured, its reticulated belts and pulleys enveloped as by a snowstorm. Dust covered the windows, clogged up oil holes, settled into eyes and ears, and, I presume, filtered into lungs.

One Portuguese, hoary with lint, reminded me of a grisly old man I had once seen driving a donkey on a sun-bleached quay of the Azores. Which was the greater drudge? Was my mill-hand progressing, or was he a deluded fag? I recalled what has been said about work: the age-long belief that man must live by the sweat of his brow; the economic interpretation of history, which substitutes that one acquires by dint of hard work. In either case work is held to be an inevitable evil, and livelihood, the major part of one's day, an ordeal. There is a small consolation. The economists say that English, Irish, French-Canadians, and other races have climbed up and out of this ruck to a higher standard of living. The conception of work remains static, but the fruits of labor are a degree higher. So I smiled good cheer to these present South European strugglers.

It is strange how one smiles-out one's solutions. Especially does one smile where reason balks, or the problem seems insuperable. One, public-minded, smiles-out democracy regardless of demagogic harangues and the fickle, human mob. The aristocrat, cleaving to an ideal, smiles-out true kingship through all his frailties. It is the resource of the baffled, the solace of the saint. The tired business man hits the nail on the head when he posts up his sign, "Smile, damn you, smile!" The smile is the glorious concomitant of the optimist, of him disillusioned who yet dares to hope, and

those who have beheld the Promised Land. In particular does the reformer beam—in a new world. He smiles himself aloft into the esoteric realm of ideality. Too often, I am afraid, those of us who are socially remedial smack of the Beaming Brotherhood who stand at the Church door, welcoming in the sinners. We're too sure that ours is a higher circle in the mounting circles of life. Yet I could do no more than smile encouragement to these toilers.

For the coil of white cotton there is a transition from the heavy, crunching machines to swift-moving frames that is analogous to the difference in work processes for the operatives in the various rooms. As the sliver of cotton was combed, pulled out through drawing machines, twisted on the fly frames, and roven by the speeders, we followed it into the spinning room. Here was a scene of animation. Spindles twirled in endless rows, streaks of belts crackled overhead; all at top speed. Here and there in the whirring lanes young girls deftly twisted broken threads, while elsewhere little girls hastened back and forth—a gang of doffers snatching the bobbins off. All was swift, rhythmic motion.

Swiftness was contagious; my thoughts came rapid fire. Did Commerce's demand for an accelerated flow of goods compel this speed eternally? Would shorter hours and increased pay counteract the evil? Why were adults and children mixed up helter-skelter, all doing the same sort of jobs? Was it that nimble-fingered childhood needed to be trained early to acquire the proper dexterity; was this corporation greed; or just plain, planless muddle?

I thought of Ruskin's outcry: "It is a shame to make young girls weary." For these girls the vigil was more ceaseless than for the Vestal Virgins, and there was no accompanying reward. To be sure, they once in a while sat, but seldom; mostly they were on their feet tending machines, alert, ever alert and bending. I had read that Lucy Larcom and her associates in the early days at Lowell had maintained a magazine and had done much in self-improvement after the arduous hours in the cotton mills. Was this present generation a depleted stock that could not do the things of Lucy

Larcom and her friends from the New England farms, or was this work that would have depleted the Yankee stock if it had stayed and labored here? I do not know. I only know that theirs is a terrific speed, and they stand on their feet all day.

My social admonishers, however, lay greater stress upon child labor than upon the employment of young women, believing, no doubt, that for the latter this is a makeshift until the early marriage day. That marriage may and often does give but short respite is seldom emphasized; the hue and cry is all against the "Children's Merry-go-round," as some writer has derisively dubbed the spinning room. Here was a lively, merry rattle, but it runs the livelong day, and the music has no jingles, and the horses are Shanks' Mares. All through the mill I had searched out the children. I peered into this room, or behind those machines to find out what they did. I saw children weaving—a few; I saw children spinning—a few. Here were old women drawing in threads on a warp and beside them youthful counterparts, doing the identical task. I saw children doffing; I also saw young men doffing.

Finally I broached the question to the agent, "How about this child labor business?" His reply was gruff and suddenly hostile. "Well, what of it?" I saw on the moment that I had taken the wrong tack. He was angry. Like a man who has made a mistake and is chidden by every one, he was alert in defense of his position. The work was not heavy, he said, and the sweepers and doffers, comprising the greater number of children, had frequent rest-periods during the day. Most of the children would not stay in school, and were far better off under his rigorous discipline than bally-hooing about the streets. The chief reason for their necessary employment, he said, was to acquire the various motions and requisite speed while the fingers were still pliable. Such an early beginning was also necessary to the learning of the business; for all the agents and overseers had come up that way.

These were specious arguments or God's truth, a trifle

overstated, according to whether one had graduated from Social Ethics or the University of Hard Knocks. Debate was of no avail. The agent believed his arguments true because of his experience and the point of view begotten by the urgencies of production. Brought up in a surviving Puritanism that taught thrift and emphasized the battle words of the Bible, he had read the same into his strife-filled work-day life, and was ready to defend his position until Doomsday.

Therefore I suggested that child labor laws had been passed by a number of States, that prophets claimed public opinion overwhelmingly against it, and asked him what the mills would do if child employment should be abolished. Astutely business-like he had it all figured out and disclosed his plan as follows:

“Do you see that kid over there shilly-shallying about with a broom, cracking ring-sides or bums over the shins, however he feels disposed? His services here are one continuous shindy. I keep him—oh, well, because everybody else does, and he’s quick. He’s a sweeper, the printer’s devil of the place; we’ve tolerated him as a sort of apprentice. But he’s sounding his own death knell with that broomstick tattoo; he’s inefficient. Old women can do that job.

“To tell you the truth, we can get along without most of these children. You see them doing the same sort of work as women, but they do only one-half as much. It’s been our only way of training them and we thought we had to do it; but if worse comes to worse and they are barred from the mills, they can be given finger exercise in the schools and come to us vocationally trained. We’ll get them older, get more work, have to pay higher wages, and hoist the cost a little—that’s all.

“Also there’s machinery to take their place. To-day all these children do is to stick bobbins in place, carry the stuff from one machine to another, or do some trivial work on the threads. Now all some one has got to do is to invent automatic feeders, and the jig’s up. Wheat goes into a Western binder and comes out sacked; it’s a cinch raw cotton can go into a mill and come out as cloth with a whole lot less

fingers in the pie. There are drawing-in machines in use to day that have done away with several workers, and self-doffers are now being perfected which equal the performance of the speediest gang of girl doffers. What you people want to do is to holler less about the evils of the machine era, and pray for the day when the great staple commodities will be produced almost wholly by automatic machinery, thus doing away with your labor problems."

Idealism questioning, horse-sense answering, we continued through the mill. The noise, I said, was an objection. That was easily disposed of, replied the agent; simply a matter of adjustment. The employes become accustomed to it, as I to the engine's pounding on a transatlantic steamer. Besides noise is a grievance of mechanism, and as possible of riddance as smoke, once brains and money are released from more urgent expenditures.

We disputed the matter of heat—pungent, debilitating heat, that sucked the life out of anaemic youths and left them lazy riffraff. This heat was deemed necessary for the proper treatment of the cotton; yet I found later in two or three model mills an elaborate ventilating system, which cooled the air considerably. The agent of my mill paid time-honored tribute to things as they are, and drew on the Scriptures to the effect that Eden and Empires had existed in far more excessive heat. But in answer there was Buckle to be quoted—that such empires had long since crumbled, vitiated by the very climate that had so bountifully provided for their languorous existence. Heat was an evil, and not necessary.

With questions at every turn, we came again to the weave-room. To my initiated senses the scene was scarcely more understandable than when first I saw it. It seemed to me an animated Cubist picture, a riot of bright checkered spottings with zigzags of darker tone. It was about as intelligible as a Cubist picture, too.

But with application I distinguished the human figures. Near at hand was an old buck-weaver, member of that itinerant camaraderie of down-and-outers who travel from mill to mill for the sake of variety, and an intervening drunk.



It was two weeks since his last lapse, the agent said, and God only knew how soon would come the next one. He coughed hectically from time to time as he bent to his threads. I furtively watched him take a chew of tobacco and later suck the thread into his emptied shuttle—filthy harbor of what-not germs for the next operative who should tend that loom. There is a law against suction shuttles, but there is also human nature. Sucking is the quickest way, and these folk toil by piece-work. A strapping girl with ruddy complexion saucily tilted her face, freely bestowing her graces. She was unconcerned by all this pandemonium, and heedless of the cost, for she had a storage of health which could not be exhausted for some time. A boy, cavorting around the further aisle, saw the agent and slunk off to his tasks. An old woman, haggard and threadbare, passed beyond my view. All ages, many types, the warp and woof of time.

I left the mill and climbed to the quiet of my home to mull over what I had seen. There had been so much to see, the problem was so ramified, I despaired of putting any of it to rights. For relaxation I picked up the "Life of Millet" which lay upon my table, and found its artistic descriptions added to the quietude of my retreat and formed a marked contrast to the tumult of the mill. As I read I noted with surprise how many of the laborers' ills had been his. Long hours, such niggardly reward that he lived mostly in poverty, a cold barn-studio as harmful to health as their overheated rooms—such had been his lot. Yet his spirit had grown and he had worked with satisfaction; for his work was expressive, was a continual challenge to his best, requiring study and a variety of interests for the consummation of its ideal. The hours were not long enough and pay was incidental; comfort, health, life, all a sacrifice, needful for his best. His work was his life, and compensated for all the attendant mischiefs of livelihood.

Interesting, ennobling work—there is the gist. Its lack in the cotton mills is of chief concern. Social efforts to fill in the afterwork hours with pleasures are beside the point, or at best but slightly mitigating. Short hours, more pay are

palliatives, nipping the canker little. Health and hygiene are the engineers' problem, and are already in the way of solution. There are men, leaders, who would meet the situation by inculcating in each person a sense of citizenship and duty—to do his best for society as a whole, regardless of how trivial his task. This patriotic twaddle will fool no man, for such servile work is atrophic to the mind. Dulled by monotony, it cannot long retain an ideal of high duty, even were such desirable. Work must become interesting and noble.

Irksomeness of work, then, is the root of the evil. The same weary routine over and over again is the textile operatives' lot. Carrying cotton from one machine to another, twisting a broken thread, remedying some slight error in mechanism is the monotonous sum of their days. I saw its fatiguing effect upon the young, the mental stagnation in the middle-aged, and the jaded resignation of the old who had plodded away their lives at this tedious pettiness. How ignominious for human beings to suffer such enforced meniality!

Accordingly I started reading and thinking in search of a better state. Many men have made such quest, but their Utopias have been almost universally of a rural order. Particularly attractive is the scheme of Ruskin's Saint George's Company to reclaim the land in simple, noble communities of farm and handicraft workers. Machinery, however, was forbidden by Ruskin, who read into industrialism a subservience enforced upon mankind. Most Utopians have been of an artistic mind, scorning uniformity, cut-and-driedness, anything machine-like. Their projected States—the States laid out for me in books—were all Arcadian.

But there are minds that love mechanics: matter-of-fact minds that condemn the romantic and inefficient. Pioneers, they are dynamic, wishing to do big things and have big things done. Designated "motor types" by modern classifiers, they constitute a large body and plan works on a big scale. To them machinery is an invaluable means, and regularity the mark of a well-ordered world. Such minds have some of the economists; they pay great respect to the powers

of superintendence, believing the ability to make or set up machinery, to lay out a scheme of work or regulate its manifold actions, to direct and control this multiplied power of machinery a highly technical and worthy accomplishment of man. Any contemplated Utopia, any betterment of cotton mill conditions, must therefore make provision for mechanics and those mechanically minded.

I continued to read and think about the cotton mill. In "Silas Marner" I learned anew the miserly existence of that old weaver, who tended his single loom. An old volume depicting the early seventies in England gives an interesting description of a "4-loomer," a girl much sought after in marriage because of her ability to handle so much work and her resultant earning power. And to-day with automatic attachments, one person can manipulate twenty-five looms. Why is it not possible, then, so to perfect the automatic quality of machines and the smoothness of running that it will result in a minimum of thread-breakage, allowing one person to tend so many machines that his labor enters the dignified province of superintendence? This would offer the needed opportunity for those mechanically-minded, and release the others for the work of Saint George's Company—agricultural and craft work with their qualitative touch that expresses and gives joy to the worker. And in my mind were two thoughts interwoven: that of the mill-agent, "Some day the great staple commodities will be produced almost wholly by automatic machinery," and that of a greater Prophet, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

# CURING TOMORROW'S CRIMINALS

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

**T**HE white façade of the new Children's Court of the City of New York spreads a wide circle of beneficence over the ragged edges of the East Side upon which it stands.

Mothers of the tenements bring camp stools and sit in the comfort of its sunshine all day, tending their babies. The threshold of the bronze-hung doorway is thronged with children of the streets at play. A friendly collie dog who lives near-by and watched the building from the ground up leaves the court doors now only for meals; he greets policeman, child, criminal, probation officer and social worker with the same cordial wagging of his tail. His friendly eyes follow them inside, to see if they have found their second welcome.

Each morning at 8:30 the Children's Society team drives up to the Court with its load of "cases"; children who have broken the law, children who are truants, children whose parents have forfeited the divine prerogative of parenthood by cruelty or drunkenness or crime. Instead of crossing a bridge of sighs these little ones feel themselves carried with a measure of deference through the gates of the Court yard which are opened by the school children of the neighborhood, those two fortunate ones who get there first. These self appointed gate-keepers peer in at the team's unloading with a tinge of envy in their interest. They have read the legend that is cut into the cornerstone of the Children's Court, tracing its carved letters with their fingers. "For every child may truth spring from the earth and justice look down from heaven."

So it was with a spirit of hope, rather than dread, that Jerry crossed the threshold of the Court a few months ago, under arrest of the City of New York and accompanied by a police officer. Jerry was fourteen years old, a slender, fair boy with a face of delicate contour in which there showed

lines of developing shrewdness. He was tall for his age. He presented the type of refined criminal whom reformative methods could not reach. That is why, probably, when Jerry was arrested for having planned and carried out a thoughtful system of stealing money, and gave his age as sixteen, he was remanded to the Tombs and confined there for some time with adult criminals of the worst type. It was discovered at last that he belonged in the jurisdiction of the Children's Court and he was released. He had been sullen and defiant in the Police Court. In jail he had almost convinced his fellow prisoners and the keepers that he was a young man instead of a boy. He had drunk the plots and crime brews of his cell mates avidly.

When the doors of the Children's Court closed behind him, Jerry's face lost its cunning in wonder at the new environment in which he found himself. He put his hand to his eyes, as if the quiet and peace of the marble entrance, the softly tinted halls, and the chapel-like court room in which he found himself blinded him. He was the only prisoner in a very beautiful room. The sunshine of a world that had never shone upon him very warmly unfolded him now, in a garment of colors reflected from the stained glass windows. Dark wood, carved as he had seen it pictured in stories of knighthood, made the furniture and walls of the room. Jerry forgot that he was being arraigned at a bar of justice. He forgot that the man in the long black gown whom he faced was a judge. The judge bent over and looked deep into Jerry's eyes, waiting for what he hoped to see in them; less shifting, a vision of the spirit of fatherhood behind the black gown, and then the truth.

"I lied about my name. It isn't O'Shaugnessy. That was the name of a crook I read about in a book and I gave them that name in the Police Court. I lied about my age, too," Jerry said.

The judge had not been disappointed. He leaned a little nearer, motioning to the boy, too, to come closer to the bench. "Yes. That's fine to tell me. Go on. Tell me all the rest," he urged.

With no curious court room audience to listen, with even the police officer who had arrested him standing like a friend by his side, Jerry found confession not only easy, but a comfort. His was a story of law-breaking that had begun in an attempt to earn money and put into use a latent business instinct of boyhood. Jerry had delivered vegetables for a morning for a green grocer and had kept the money that he had collected from customers. He had planned to buy a stock of vegetables from pushcarts, peddle in the afternoon, and return the grocer's money from his profits; but he had spent part of it, been caught and arrested.

"Why did you do it?" the judge asked.

"I wanted to go into business," Jerry explained.

"What would you like to do now?" came the unexpected query.

"Earn some money and pay back the grocer," flashed Jerry's reply.

Jerry was put on probation, the regular practice of the Children's Court of giving juvenile offenders another chance. The investigation of the probation officer, reported back to the Court, gave unexpected light upon the boy's case. A mental and physical examination conducted by a child specialist showed him to be anaemic, with a tendency to tuberculosis, and nervous. His mother had died when he was a baby. His father had tuberculosis and at the time of Jerry's arrest was in Bellevue Hospital. Previous to that time he had lived with Jerry in a Bowery lodging house of the lowest type. Here, Jerry had opened and begun learning the primer of crime. Never in his fourteen years had he known a home.

The next time that Jerry came to the Children's Court it was with a friendly Big Brother, his probation officer, who had surrounded the boy with what social props he could. These had included a home, sleeping outdoors and an outdoor job. He was having good food and his facial lines of trickery had softened into curves of mental and bodily health. He found the same sympathetic judge waiting for him, but in the "heart-to-heart" room of the Children's Court. It was a smaller room, the judge's bench was replaced by a long

library table, the presiding judge had discarded his gown, and the hearing was conducted with an even greater intimacy of contact.

"Jerry!" The judge had remembered his name. He smiled as if he were glad to see the boy. There followed the report of the probation officer in relation to Jerry's conduct in school, his moral welfare, his health. The report was favorable, but Jerry's heart almost stopped beating as it came to an end. He knew that he had broken a law of the City of New York. He knew that the law provided punishment for such as he, and he had not been sentenced yet. Well, he would take it, he decided, as the old hard look shadowed his fine, young face. You could learn in prison, he had heard.

"Can you be a good boy now, Jerry?"

The judge's question pulled the boy back into his reality of sunlight from the dream of darkness.

"Yes, your Honor."

There was a silence; then, "Will you be a good boy?"

"Yes, your Honor!"

Jerry waited. It seemed a long time, but at last he heard the door behind him open. The judge reached out his hand and grasped the boy's as one would that of a comrade about to depart for a happy adventure. The officers of the court, the doorkeeper stood aside. Jerry hesitated, gasped; then his eyes filled with tears of joy that he could not keep back as he stepped out, free.

We have come to believe that crime is not so much an offense against society to be punished by the public at a large expense of money and human efficiency, as a social disease either of the individual will or due to an infection of the individual in his or her environment. A new practice in the treatment of crime, as in modern pathologic measures, is a process of immunizing. That is peculiarly the theory of the City of New York and is its reason for having opened in January of the present year what is easily ranked as the best equipped and most efficient Children's Court in the world. Within its massive white walls Tammany Hall and the Republican party, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews,

and all the countless social agencies of the great city from the wealth of Fifth Avenue to the melting pot of nations, the East Side, are working hand in hand with a peculiar unanimity of purpose to keep the child offender of today from Sing Sing tomorrow.

For a period of about fourteen years New York City has been organizing its system of child jurisprudence. It has been planning a method of segregating children who are offenders against the law and separating them absolutely from contact with adult criminals. This was brought about in law by the passing of a measure last year which provides for a separate Children's Court. Formerly children were handled through a branch of the Court of Special Sessions which is really a criminal Court. The present measure has established a special branch of city jurisprudence for dealing with children's cases. The Children's Court as it exists now is under the official care of five justices: Franklin Chase Hoyt, presiding justice, and his associate justices, Cornelius F. Collins, John B. Mayo, Morgan M. L. Ryan and Robert J. Wilkin. Each one of these has shown unusual sympathy and success in the handling of child criminals. The under personnel of the Children's Court is planned for the greatest possible efficiency in carrying out its curative policies. The largest number of officers, forty-one probation officers, are employed in the field work that goes on outside of the Court's doors.

The function of the Children's Court which gives it an important place in the history of jurisprudence is that it definitely merges two forces in its disposition of each case: the legal and the reconstructive. It is not a social agency for the rehabilitation of the individual. It is not a reformatory. It is, predominantly, a court of law, but one of unique purpose. It aims to subordinate the child's offense to the causes. It emphasizes investigation which will lead to getting the best out of each child, and it adopts such measures in disposing of the case as will lead to restoring him to his natural balance. Its procedure includes, first, finding the absolute truth in connection with a juvenile case or offense; next, de-



ceding upon the treatment that will most permanently safeguard the child; and then endeavoring to keep the child in, or provide for him a good home. Sending a juvenile offender to an institution is the last resort of the Children's Court, and ordinarily only in cases of improper guardianship.

The \$228,000 building on East 22nd Street that houses the Children's Court was erected around these ideals. It gains its efficiency because its Gothic stone work and Renaissance color house a faith in the ultimate integrity of the individual, as a child. It does not try a child in the accepted meaning of the word. It tries, first, the child's parents; second, his community. Always, it examines his body.

The children, with their accusers, parents, guardians or officers, wait the calling of their cases in a large ante-room. Individual cases are heard, first, in a closed court room, beautiful in its chaste decorations, and insuring the greatest measure of privacy. Only those directly connected with the case for purposes of evidence are admitted. If the question is of improper guardianship and a father or mother must be arraigned, the children are sent to the playroom upstairs that they may be spared the hearing. This first court represents the law and is mainly concerned with those juvenile cases in which the offense was due to criminal inoculation in the home or in the child's environment. Children heard here for the first time are nearly always dismissed on probation for a later hearing.

The child's second arraignment is in the "little court" where the presiding justice conducts the hearing with less formality. The child finds him seated in what might be a quiet home library. The child may forget to say "your Honor," and no one reminds him, for here the justice represents the new force in child jurisprudence, the spirit of fatherhood. The first court may be said to symbolize the procedure of the community. The "little court" stands for the judgment of the individual.

Here the exhaustive reports of the probation officers are heard and form the main issue in the final disposition of the child. What does the brain specialist say about him?

What are his home conditions; moral, sanitary, happy or otherwise? How much money is being spent for the child's food, shelter, clothing? Is he having any religious influence in his life? How is he getting on in school? What social agencies can be used to better his body, or his morals? What individual progress in good conduct has he made since his last probation report? Upon the answers to these questions often rests the checking of adult crime. The probation period may extend over a period of three years. It is sometimes successful at the end of two months, having demonstrated that the curing of the criminal is dependent upon the provisions for health, morality, education and recreation provided for children by the community.

The sympathetic intimacy of the "little court" is showing results in the strengthening of the individual will. The children tell the truth. They make promises to do better, and they keep these promises. It develops in them a kind of social conscience that will be more efficacious than the police courts. A little Italian child of fifteen, her brown eyes wide with wonder and deep with tears, is brought here as the victim of an abduction. Her lover, a well-known character of the underworld, has just been sentenced to Sing Sing. The presiding justice, experienced in sorrow and sin, is speechless for a moment. The child's calm, lovely face, her folded hands, her worn garments make a Madonna picture against the pale walls of the court room.

"My child——" the justice begins, and then stops, for the little girl stretches out her arms to him and pleads. "Let me go to prison instead of him. It was my fault, your Honor. If you give me a chance to pay, and he has a chance to be free and work, I know it will make him good. Oh, send me to prison, I beg you!"

A small boy of twelve is brought to the "little court" by an officer of the Children's Aid Society. He has attempted for the third time his great adventure of running away from the country to the city. Dirty, hungry, discouraged, he smiles broadly, returning the welcoming smile of the justice.

"It wasn't any use, was it? They got you at the Grand

Central, didn't they?" the justice says. Then the tone of sympathy changes to one of interested curiosity. "How did you do it this time, Billy?"

In a second the boy's hang-dog shoulders straighten.

"Coal car, your Honor. Brought another fellow with me." Then he flings out his climax. "But I earned the money I've got. Didn't steal it like I did before."

The disposition of Billy's case shows a record of shelter and good food at the Children's Society, a brief sight of the wonders of the city he had wanted so much to experience and a letter to the farm telling his father that of such stuff were Columbus and Balboa.

"Do you think that the motion picture theatres are responsible for this?" I asked a justice after his disposal on probation of a boy who had been convicted of carrying firearms.

"No," he thundered. "I've lived where he does on Third Avenue. I know how he feels. He was just trying to be brave and he didn't know any better way than to buy a pistol."

That seems to be the new power in the successful dealing with crime: trying to find out how the individual feels. A guide in this study of how crime begins in feeling is found in the record of those sections of penal law most used in dealing with cases referred to the Children's Court of the City of New York. Of 14,000 children arraigned in the fiscal year of 1915, 6,000 children were handled under the improper guardianship code.

The remaining 8,000 delinquent children were arraigned mainly under those sections of penal law that cover disorderly conduct, petit and grand larceny, malicious mischief, assault and felonious assault, burglary and robbery and peddling without a license. Almost 1,000 children committed petit larceny against less than 100 whose offense was grand larceny. There were more cases of disorderly conduct than those of mischief with malicious intent. Plain assault overbalanced, by half, felonious assault. Half of the children arraigned were under 14, which shows that the natural instincts of childhood, perverted by the limitations of a city

environment, made these little ones law-breakers. They fought as savages fight; they stole money and objects which they could turn into money to enrich lives that were starving for such enrichment. Petit larceny covers and often, in the Children's Court, represents stealing food by the hungry. Disorderly conduct may mean the accidental breaking of a window through playing ball in a crowded street. The child peddler needs a chance to ply an honest trade, not the branding of a police court.

As the ages of the children, arraigned for the first time, advance, the Court records show that their skill in crime advances. They carry pistols and shoot each other. They shift from petit larceny to burglary. From fourteen to sixteen years of age, children are well along the road to Sing Sing, suggesting that crime is a progressive disease, gaining foothold with its advance.

Other significant facts are shown in the workings of the Children's Court in 1915, its first year of separate existence from the Court of Special Sessions. During the months of July, August and September, when social agencies were providing vacation recreation for the children in the city, and outside, and while they were still under the influence of this happiness in their lives, there were only about half as many cases of child delinquency. Another interesting fact is that *practically all the children arraigned admit the offense of which they are charged. They don't lie about wrongdoing.*

It is, of course, premature to state definitely that the Children's Court of the City of New York will lessen the work of the Court of Special Sessions. We may have a reasonable hope of this, however, from its first report as a separate body of jurisprudence. Its probation system, which stands for a discovery of the causes of a child's wrong-doing and his restoration to health of body or soul as the need may be, is successful in an 87 per cent ratio. It is possible that when the community realizes its duties in surrounding children with a greater happiness, and a larger measure of health, this percentage may be increased to 100.

# THE SANDWICH-MAN

O. C. A. CHILD

**T**HIS rain is pretty nasty if you stop  
To think about it, so I keep en route;  
I march along the gutters, through the slop,  
And chuckle as I lift each streaming boot.

For now I've come to this I might as well  
Take rain and shine as being much the same,  
And all of life as one gigantic sell  
And let it go at that and share the blame.

This board is rather heavy on my back,  
And this in front is slightly awkward too;  
I think I feel the tickling of a tack  
That some too zealous workman's pounded through.

Great Heavens, how it rains! I fear the man  
Who uses me for advertising space  
Will lose today, for no one stops to scan  
My front or back as through the rain they race.

I might, of course, take refuge in that store  
But then I'm paid to walk, so walk I must;  
And now—my conscience easy on that score—  
I'll nibble on this hunk of "home-made" crust.

Home-made he says it is (he ought to know)  
And yet I feel a walking pack of lies—  
As tramping through the city too and fro  
I advertise his blooming brand of pies!

# THE REAL MENACE OF PACIFISM

T. LOTHROP STODDARD

**T**HE outstanding feature of the present preparedness discussion is that it is being prosecuted upon more and more abstract lines. That this is so seems largely due to the cleverness of preparedness' pacifist opponents. From the very beginning this opposition has raised certain objections in the nature of abstract principles, and the advocates of preparedness have played into the pacifists' hands by arguing against the logical soundness of these theories instead of bringing the issue to the practical test of whether those theories, irrespective of their ideal worth, apply practically to the specific case in point—the present and prospective international situation of the United States of America.

Conscientious pacifism includes two elements: First, the "passive resisters", commonly known as "peace-at-any-price" people, who would refuse to oppose by force of arms even the most wanton invasion of our country; second, that much larger body which, while declaring itself hypothetically willing to repel an attack upon our home territories, yet opposes preparedness on the ground that no such attack can possibly occur if we ourselves refrain from aggression and conduct ourselves with strict regard for the susceptibilities of foreign peoples.

The passive resisters are so small in number and the doctrinaire nature of their appeal makes so few converts that their effective influence against preparedness may be disregarded. The main school of pacifist thought, however, must be very seriously considered. This type of pacifism has awakened widespread popular approval. It is entrenching itself strongly in certain sections of the country. If its progress be not counteracted, the preparedness movement seems doomed to practical failure.

The force of these pacifist arguments lies in their apparent sweet reasonableness. Keep out of trouble, says the pacifist, and trouble won't come your way; act on the Golden Rule, and others will accord you the same treatment. What could be more alluring, especially to people in our particular situation? We are the fortunate possessors of a huge country still underpopulated and dowered with vast natural resources. Being so well off, we envy no one, and nothing could suit us better than the indefinite continuation of the present state of things. We are therefore predisposed to peace. Absorbed with our domestic concerns, world politics bore us, and one of our pet nightmares has even been the fear of foreign entanglements.

Into this idyllic scene strides the champion of preparedness. Shaking us roughly by the neck, he bids us get ready for trouble. He de-

stroys our self-complacency, forces us to study distasteful foreign problems, and warns us of impending dangers that make us nervous and ill at ease. But just at this point the pacifist appears. He tells us that all this pother is quite unnecessary; that we have simply to mind our own business and keep along untroubled, in the good old way. We like the good old way, we don't like the disagreeable housecleaning that preparedness involves; and, what is more, we shall not clean house unless we become convinced that we have simply got to do so. This is one of the secrets of pacifism's immense strength. It appeals to that deep-seated human quality, satisfied inertia. The advocate of preparedness is a reformer, a disturber of things as they are. The pacifist is, in this respect, a "stand-patter." And, whether we like it or not, the truth is that "stand-pat" always wins over reform unless reform can dynamically convert the community to the necessity of positive, changeful action.

Just a word as to the theoretical soundness of pacifism. Regarded even as an abstract principle, pacifism seems to be a dangerous fallacy. The teaching of history is that war breeds war, that a people is never more bellicose than when it has recently made war, especially successful war, and that so long as there are such entities as independent nations no unarmed people can be absolutely safe from attack. Furthermore, our past immunity from attack, despite our military weakness, appears to have been primarily due to a combination of geographical remoteness, balancing of potentially hostile powers, and an extraordinary run of luck which has given rise to the jocular saying that a special Providence watches over children, drunken men, and the United States. But times have changed. The world has become small, the European war is fast destroying our protecting equilibrium of forces. *He who would base our safety upon a luck-fetish is indeed building upon the sand.*

When I observe the fearsome passions and appetites roused by the world's worst conflict, when I contemplate the vision of a brutalized, bankrupt Europe in face of a gorged, pacifist America, I am filled with overmastering dread. But, of course, I am well aware that the pacifist denies my premise and derides my fears. I further realize that, so far as abstract speculation is concerned, this is a matter of opinion. I feel strongly, but the pacifist feels strongly too; and, intellectually, he has as much right to his opinion as I to mine.

Beyond frankly stating my belief, I shall not here attempt to refute the ideal soundness of his faith. I decline to ascend into the empyrean of abstraction and there battle with him upon the speculative plane—as doubtless he would desire. Were I to do so I should thereby commit the very blunder against which I first protested, and these lines would become superfluous banality. I shall approach the matter from

a quite different angle. Instead of discussing the abstract value of the pacifist thesis, I shall merely inquire whether that thesis has any valid bearing upon our preparedness issue—given the fundamental temper and belief of the American people. In order to obtain a satisfactory answer, let us even assume for the sake of argument that the pacifist thesis is ideally sound; let us hypothetically admit that if we confine ourselves strictly to our home affairs and studiously avoid every possible cause of contention with foreign nations, we shall be let alone.

At first blush the prospect looks almost as attractive as the pacifist would have us think. Formulated as a general principle the pacifist thesis appears unexceptionable. But a little closer scrutiny may cause some of us to change our minds. General principles frequently conceal within themselves certain logical corollaries which may transport us into realms whereof we never dreamed. Here, at least, such certainly seems to be the case. Let us examine a few of the logical corollaries of pacifism as applied to American.

During the last two decades we have become possessed of a whole string of outlying dependencies stretching a trifle more than half way round the globe—Porto Rico, Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines. None of these outlying possessions can be called "home" territory. There is no prospect that racially or culturally any of them will become "American" soil. Our very title to them runs through filibustering or conquest. Yet these alien possessions of ours are eminently desirable from many points of view. Some have great natural resources, others are of superb strategic value. Can our pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever desire any of them? If not, what do we intend to do? Apparently the only course open to a pacified America will be to "go while the going is good." It may save us much unpleasant humiliation.

There is also the Panama Canal. The cutting of that waterway has transformed the Caribbean Sea from a dead-end basin into the greatest ocean highway of the world. This makes the Canal itself the greatest single commercial and strategic prize in the world. At present we hold the Canal as we got it—by force of arms. Can the pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever desire the Panama Canal? If not, what do we intend to do? Earth's choicest jewel can surely not be safely worn by such as we may be. The only course for a pacified American will be to neutralize the Panama Canal; to entrust it to the collective stewardship of the nations of the world.

Then there is the Monroe Doctrine: an elastic dictum, we admit, which many Americans today think has been stretched too taut. But so far as I am aware, those who believe in the Doctrine at all unite in saying that it should at least apply to the whole basin of the Caribbean Sea. Certainly, all our present actions are based upon an assump-



tion of America's Caribbean hegemony. Within this area our protectorate rights are many,—Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Panama, an undefined something-or-other in Mexico—and some of these rights we have assumed during the past year. Can our pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever challenge our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, our hegemony over the Caribbean Sea? If not, what do we intend to do? In the past we have declared ourselves ready to fight. Should we change our minds, the only prudent course would apparently be to jettison the Monroe Doctrine entire. Such dog-in-the-manger dicta are not for a pacified America. And then, we should remember our hypothetical acceptance of the pacifist guarantee that our own shores will not be assailed.

There is also the question of Asiatic immigration, especially immigration from Japan. At first sight this might seem to be a purely domestic matter. Surely, say most pacifists, our handling of such home problems can give our neighbors no vital concern! But is this quite true? Let us see. Those ambitious "Elder Statesmen" who cast Dai-Nippon's horoscope conceived a vision of aggrandizement and glory which, if realized, will make Japan one of the mightiest powers of the earth. But achievement always involves sacrifice, and since Japan's sacrifice has been commensurate with her ambition, her people today feel the pinch in truly agonizing fashion. The transformation of poor, feudal Japan into an industrial "Great Power" has been bought at a price that has reduced the Japanese State to semi-bankruptcy and is grinding the Japanese people between the millstones of intolerable taxation and a soaring standard of living. The situation is further aggravated by an immense increase of population, which is fast crowding the Island Empire to the point of suffocation.

Two things Japan must have if she is to escape from the vicious circle in which she finds herself: foreign capital for the completion of her industrial transformation, and outlets for her surplus population. No other path is open save renunciation of her grandiose ambitions, and this path Japan will never willingly tread, since those aspirations are her very breath of life. Yet today Japan sees both her vital prerequisites to greatness becoming more and more unobtainable—by peaceful means. As her financial prospects grow more dubious, foreign gold is correspondingly less inclined to risk Japanese ventures, while the European war is fast drying up the few streams of foreign capital upon which Japan could formerly rely. The way of the Japanese emigrant is equally hard. His once high hopes regarding Asiatic fields have proven the vainest of delusions: on the economic battleground the invincible Chinaman beats him all along the line. As to Latin America, even were the Monroe Doctrine out of the way, inexorable

economic law has decreed that Japanese labor shall find in Latin America ungrateful soil.

Under these circumstances it is not strange to discover that Japan's pent-up energy is beginning to prey upon itself. The poverty-stricken, exploited Japanese millions are demanding of their leaders the reward of their sacrifices, the fruition of their hopes, and their call is the more imperious in that they see an easy way. There is a country which could solve both of Japan's vital problems at one and the same stroke. That country is the United States of America. American gold could assure Japan's industrial future, American earth could nourish all Japan's surplus population and fructify the thin soil of Nippon with the savings of its emigrant sons.

But these are just the things that America will never do—except at the point of the sword. American gold will not voluntarily flow into hazardous foreign paths nor forge possibly hostile weapons against itself. As to the other matter, every well-informed student of American public opinion knows that, rightly or wrongly, the American people will never permit wholesale Japanese immigration.

Such is the dilemma which confronts the Japanese Government today. It should suffice to dispel the fiction that Japan's statesmen are inspired by any special dislike of this country. But that does not do away with the inherent peril of the situation: on the contrary, it makes that situation much more grave. If Japan's leaders are not swayed by prejudice or passion, they are faced with the iron logic of inexorable realities. On the one hand, the dull roar of a desperate people, the threat to ambitions dearer than life, the menace of Imperial Japan sinking beneath the red waves of the social revolution; on the other, the enticing possibility of salvation from all these lowering perils at the cost of a single victorious war. Surely we should sympathize with, instead of maligning, the Japanese people, especially as we will not, and I may add, ought not to gratify their desires, since we cannot do so except at the peril of our whole national and racial future.

Such are the facts. But, since these are the facts, can the pacifists guarantee that a desperate Japan will never try to save herself at our expense? If not, what do we intend to do? Defiance of embattled Nippon would ill become a pacified America.

These seem to be the basic difficulties of our foreign policy. True, they by no means exhaust the list. There are others with which we are today somewhat uneasily concerned—the rights of American citizens and American commerce upon the high seas; the rights of American citizens, capital and goods lawfully in foreign lands. But one simple question may suffice for all: shall we be ready to fight for them or not? If we are to be pacified we certainly will not fight

because we cannot fight. Modern armaments, like Rome, are not built in a day. They are the fruit of long and patient years. If extemporized, war's bloody touch proves them the most frightful of illusions. Preparedness or Pacifism: Those are the sole rational alternatives before America in this quaking world.

We stand today at a vital cross-roads of the national destiny. Between these roads we must take a definite choice. *The one absolutely fatal decision would be to stand and do nothing at all.* But now that we have examined the logical consequences of the pacifist doctrine, we should ask ourselves the question whether as a matter of fact pacifism could be the reasoned choice of the American people. To anyone who knows our basic temper the answer can only be an emphatic *no*. The necessary price of pacifism would be the deliberate renunciation of those causes for which the American people has always hitherto stood ready to fight and to die. Does the sane person think that tomorrow, next year, or next decade could possibly witness any such radical transformation of the national soul?

But, some may ask, if pacifist doctrines cannot prevail, wherein lies the peril? My reply is that it is this very impossibility of a pacifist conversion of America which is the real menace of pacifism. Could the pacifists really convert America to their faith there is a bare possibility that she might muddle through. She would then voluntarily eschew such high explosives as national honor, outlying dependencies, foreign policy, and racial exclusiveness, and in that way she might escape attack. What is absolutely certain, however, is, that if we do not give up these things we must prepare to fight for them. Any loose thinking, which attempts to secure pacifism's immunities without assuming the correlative obligations, must surely end in horrible disaster.

For, we repeat, the issue is not between preparedness and conscientious pacifism. That battle was won before it ever was fought. *Pacifism as a principle cannot convert America—the American people would never pay the price.* The sole question before us is whether we shall make ready to uphold by force of arms those rights and duties which we have always considered worth fighting and dying for, or whether an anti-national opposition shall so paralyse our present efforts at national regeneration that on some future day of reckoning we shall pick up the gauntlet foredoomed to ruin. *That is the real menace of pacifism.*

# WAR AND NATURE

JOHN CAMDEN DEAN

**T**HE causes and the nature of war are revealed to us by the study of biological and social evolution. Life itself is a battle. We call it a struggle for existence, in which the fittest survive. Our social régime is based on competition. Under this social system, life is hard and the struggle is a severe one; but it could not be made easier without impairing the quality of the average man. *The law of life is to destroy everything not worth saving. Nature's stern inflexible way is to teach by killing, that others may learn.* She sustains nothing that is useless or in vain. Of war Lecky says:

"It is in its essence, and it is a main condition of its success, to kindle into fierce exercise among great masses of men the destructive and combative passions, passions as fierce and as malevolent as that with which the hound hunts the fox to death or the tiger springs upon its prey. Destruction is one of its chief ends. However reluctantly men may enter into it, however conscientiously they may endeavor to avoid it, they must know that when the scene of carnage has once opened, these things must be not only accepted and condoned, but stimulated, encouraged and applauded."

Society, institutions, and everything that exists are the product of evolution. Man belongs to the social vertebrates and society is older than man. All social animals co-operate for mutual aid and fight collectively for mutual defense. Wherever there is life there is war. This is as true of vegetable life as of animal life. Strong vegetation destroys the weak, occupying the place of the vanquished, and the severest struggles occur between plants that are botanically nearly related.

*Nature makes war a necessity by her law of the survival of the fittest.* In all ages, and among all races the most momentous of arts has been that of war. In this twentieth century, the most civilized, most cultured, most religious, and most virile nations lead in this dreadful art. Our national emblems are symbols of ferocity. The British, Spanish and Belgian lions, the Russian bear, the German, Russian and American eagles, the Egyptian vulture, the Chinese dragon, are chosen from the fiercest carnivorous beasts and birds. We not only must fight with each other in war, but the natural world is hostile to us, and we have a constant struggle with nature. Nature destroys the weak, the cowardly, the degenerate, with cruelty and cunning. *The natural world was made for fighting, energetic men, and none other.* We become an easy prey to beasts, insects and vermin, if we once lie down. Natural events occur regardless of man's interests, and science has not been able to discover that nature has a purpose of any kind. She is secretive

and reveals nothing voluntarily. The greatest fight, the most enduring conflict is that between man and physical nature. *Our triumphs over nature are called civilization.*

Peace is seldom considered more than a purely negative condition. It is merely an interval between wars. Grotius regarded war as the positive part of international jurisprudence, and peace its negative alternative. Lately the Hague Conventions have given peace a standing apart from war and peace movements, to a small extent, have become a direct object of political effort. The Nobel Prize is offered each year "To the man who shall have done the most or best work for the fraternity of nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses." Religious enthusiasts, psychologists, and economists have beguiled themselves into the belief that the world is progressing toward the universal brotherhood of man and toward universal peace. Nothing could be farther from the truth. *There is no evidence that peace can be made universal.*

In a recent article, Henry A. Wise Wood presents statistics to show that warfare is *not* decreasing. Figures obtained by an examination of history from the middle of the fifteenth century to the present time prove this. He says that if the principal European nations be lumped, 52 per cent. of their time has been spent in peace and 48 per cent. in war.

"England in 800 years has spent 419 years at war, or over 52 per cent. of her time, while France, in the same period, has spent 373 years at war. In the twelfth century England fought over 54 per cent. of her time, while in the nineteenth century she fought 53½ per cent. Not much of a reduction. France in the twelfth century, fought 36½ per cent. of her time, and in the nineteenth century 35 per cent. These figures disprove the erroneous contention that warfare is decreasing."

The cruel, destructive war now in progress proves the thinness of the film called Christian civilization. In Edmund Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," he points out how the most benevolent sentiments, most humane, refined sympathies, often conceal passions that when aroused lead to savage atrocities. He tells us that before the Revolution, French families had their enemies within their own houses, professing the friendliest attachment. They seemed tame and even caressing. The most sentimental, humane affections were expressed, and yet the reign of terror was soon inaugurated. He says: "They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouths. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Military glory was no more than a splendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of self-defense, which they reduced

within such bounds as to leave no defense at all. All this while they meditated the confiscations and massacres we have seen."

The pure love of war and adventure is very strong in our American population. Two hundred thousand Americans volunteered in a month for a war with Spain, in which there was little provocation, which appealed to no sense of wrong against this country. Many wars have resulted from doctrines, rhetoric, and illusions. *A doctrine that is almost certain to involve us in future wars is the Monroe Doctrine.* We plan for the civilization of lower races, but we generally exterminate them and never absorb them. Our devices for the civilization of other races are generally more destructive than open war.

Nietzsche, the extreme individualist, applauds war. He declares that *the mission of mankind is to produce great individuals*; this and nothing else should be our aim. The weaklings and failures should perish; what is falling we even ought to push down. The strong men, the geniuses, the climaxers, should not be sacrificed to the masses. One man is ten thousand, if he is the best. The gifted men, the men of force, the ideal men alone are worth while. Civilization itself has been created by great individuals, and it is for them. All things that strengthen the sense of power in man are good. Everything that springs from weakness is bad. Neither the State, nor the people, nor mankind, exist for their own sake; the climaxers, the great individuals are the goal.

He says: "War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity, but your bravery, hath hitherto saved those who have met with an accident. There is no harder lot in all human fate than when the powerful of the earth are not at the same time the first men. For, my brothers, the best will rule and the best shall rule, and when the teachings are otherwise, they they are not the best." He tells us that we can never expect anything from mankind if it once forgets how to make war. He says: "No means are known which call so much into action as a great war. The rough energy born of the camp, that deep impersonality born of hatred, that conscience born of murder and cold-bloodedness, that fervor born of effort in the annihilation of the enemy, that proud indifference to loss, to one's own existence, to that of one's fellow, to that earthquake-like, soul-shaking which a people needs when it is losing its vitality." It is remarkable that John Ruskin, a benevolent socialist, one entirely opposed to Nietzsche's philosophy, should from opposite reasoning, reach almost the same conclusion that Nietzsche did.

Ruskin said: "War is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all high virtues and faculties of man. It is very strange to me to discover this dreadful truth, but I see it is to be quite an undeniable fact. I find in grief that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were

nourished in war and wasted by peace ; trained by war and betrayed by peace. In a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

So long as the commercial interests of nations clash, there will be wars. *So long as rival nations attempt to control the freedom of the sea, and thereby control the commerce of the sea, there will be war.* Sentimental appeals may cause war. The Spanish-American war is an example ; but sentimental appeals never prevent war. Many so-called religious wars, and many doctrinal or sentimental wars are easily reducible to commercial causes. Our Civil War, when reduced to its logical cause, will be found to have been a commercial war. Human slavery was a commercial question. To the Confederate States, it was a question of property rights.

The majority of wars between the great nations of Europe have arisen from economic causes. Ancient wars were mostly struggles for the monopoly of the commerce of the Mediterranean. Prior to the sixth century B. C. the Phoenicians controlled the commerce of the Mediterranean. Always with an eye to monopoly, that bold, ancient Semitic race sailed their ships into regions where no other nation dared to go. Their sea power was at its height in the seventh century B. C. when they circumnavigated Africa. Carthage, one of the most famous cities of antiquity, was founded by the Phoenicians in the eighth century B. C. After Greece developed a rival navy, she captured the commerce of the eastern Mediterranean. Tyre turned to Carthage as her natural Protector, and the Phoenician colonies, founded in Sicily, also appealed to Carthage for assistance in repelling the Greeks. The inevitable conflict between Greece and Carthage began 550 B. C. and the first war of seven years between Rome and Carthage began about the 250 B. C. Carthage had attained a monopoly of the western Mediterranean waters and seized every foreign ship found between Sardinia and the Pillars of Hercules.

In the second Punic War, Carthage lost her fleet and all her possessions, except those in Africa. The cry, "Carthage must be destroyed" still rang in Rome. The third Punic War lasted for three years. The population of the city of Carthage had fallen from 1,000,000 to 700,000. On its capture by the Romans, temples and houses and fortifications were leveled to the ground. The site of the former great maritime city was dedicated to the infernal gods, and no human being was permitted to live within the ruined area. Eventually Rome, by long wars, wrung from both Greece and Carthage a monopoly of the Mediterranean trade. In modern times Venice became master of the eastern Mediterranean, monopolizing especially the trade with the Orient. The municipal Venetian Republic, in per capita of wealth, thus became the richest community in the world, and her island popu-

lation of only 200,000 ruled provinces, on the Mediterranean, inhabited by millions of people.

England now controls the waters of the Mediterranean, which is practically a British sea. Since the building of the Suez Canal this passage-way, from the Occident to the Orient, has been restored to vastly more importance than it possessed before Vasco de Gama discovered the sea route to India. Beyond this sea are vast markets where manufactures go to supply the wants of hundreds of millions of people who know but little of modern industrial systems. The permanent control of this trade is one of the most momentous questions involved in the present war, and the repulse at the Dardanelles is one of the most bitter disappointments of the conflict.

Commercial friction between trading nations is today, as in the past, the prime cause of international strife. Armed warfare is a violent phase of international commercial warfare. Be not too sure that civilized man wants peace. A life of golf and soda-water becomes tedious to the man who feels the desire to pit his strength against others. The small boy with a cheap revolver first wants to kill Indians. Later he throws himself into the struggles of a football team, and loves to see prize fights or bull fights. Finally, like Perseus and Orion, he seeks danger and play, and travels thousands of miles to reach a country where he can kill big game. His tastes are not very different from those of the Romans who crowded the Colosseum to witness the sea fights, staged by the Emperor Commodus, in which thousands of gladiators struggled in mortal combat.

In war the morals of ordinary life are set aside. The ethics of war are supposed to be engrossed in international law. Lecky says: "It is allowable to deceive an enemy by fabricated dispatches purporting to come from his own side; by tampering with telegraphic messages; by spreading false intelligence in newspapers; by sending pretended spies and deserters to give him untrue reports of the number or movements of the troops; by employing false signals to lure him into ambuscade. On the use of the flag and uniform of an enemy for purposes of deception there has been some controversy, but it is supported by high military authority."

The fact that the moral code changes from century to century, varies among different nations, and is subject to decided changes in time of war, is proof positive that ethics is a spurious science. Ethics, like the institutions of society, are man-made, and are therefore subject to change. Science deals only with the unchangeable laws of nature. From this we may conclude that the good and bad exist not by nature but by human convention.

No nation has been pre-eminent in war, literature, and general culture that has not been successful in war, and yet it cannot be denied



that the periods of greatest human happiness have been those of peace. When Hadrian became Emperor of Rome, he at once instituted a policy which offered the fair prospects of universal peace. He proposed to maintain the dignity and power of the empire without attempting to expand it. Arrius Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius were nominated for emperors by Hadrian, to succeed him at his death. The reigns of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius were the most peaceful and happiest in history. Of this period Gibbon says: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

The historian frequently points to peaceful luxury, as the potent cause of the decay of nations and the fading of arts. Ruskin said that during a thousand years of war Venice fought for life, and during three hundred years of peace she invited death. Perhaps it may be advantageous to arouse the military spirit, where a nation is sinking into the soft habits of luxurious living. *Social ease sustains the lazy and the incapable in their habits, promotes the survival of the unfit, fills our cities with tramps, while crowds of indolent men and women throng our streets.*

Where the activities of a nation are centered in war, there is no room for reformers and faddists. In Europe the military spirit has swept aside the power of socialists, anarchists, labor agitators, and suffragettes. Before the present war, there existed a common spirit of unrest. In England there was general political and social irritability. In Russia industrial riots were led by labor agitators. Suddenly, when war was declared, internal peace settled down on these factions. The social mind was stirring to its primitive warlike emotions and enthusiastically responded to the long roll of the drum at midnight. *The nations externally are at war, but internally they are at rest.*

Lecky reduced the causes of war to three, viz.: religious, economical, political. If we enter into the great European war "for humanity's sake," we would introduce a new cause: the sentimental appeal. Some causes of war may appear to be of a noble character, but the historian has seldom been willing to accept the allegations of those participants who have claimed to carry on war from disinterested motives. *Yet peace has been claimed to be the ultimate aim of every dictator or conqueror.*

*The German Emperor is no exception to the law of ages.*

# MAN VERSUS MAN IN AMERICA

T. WALTER GILKYSON

**A** FEW years ago, a bridge was being built across the St. Lawrence River, a bridge which was to be greater than any bridge that had ever been built before. All the accumulated knowledge of generations of bridge builders, all the formulae into which science had been resolving its conclusions for centuries, were applied with the utmost precision to the building of this bridge. The stresses and factors of safety were calculated upon bases which for years had been assumed to be correct by every engineer of ability. All that men knew about the behavior of units, and the delicate adjustments of force against force to preserve an equilibrium, was used with intelligence and skill by the builders. Yet the bridge fell of its own weight before the two great spans which sprang from either bank had been joined together in mid-stream. At the investigation it was determined that the builders had not been at fault. They had merely applied the theories based upon the experience of the past, to the building of this great bridge, and somewhere, somehow, the theories did not fit the conditions. As one of the experts said at the investigation, "We do not understand the behavior of units in bridges of this size, and the old rules break down in the presence of such huge strains and stresses. We must find new rules for determining the behavior of units if we are to build greater bridges."

Law itself is an intricate mechanism, a system of delicately adjusted checks and balances, whereby the ever-changing subtle units of individual life and habit are preserved in equilibrium. As social life grows in breadth and complexity, so the structure of the law must grow, spanning wider and wider reaches in its task of joining together the diverse elements of society. And the strains and stresses which it must meet as it grows, the strains and stresses of human life with its manifold activities and its unseen forces, are far more difficult to calculate than the strains and stresses of inanimate matter. For the needs, the desires, the antagonisms, of individuals change with changing conditions, with the growth and development of the social organism, and forces which were at one time easily held in check, may suddenly develop such power as to destroy utterly the carefully balanced equilibrium of the past.

As no one can tell what the conditions of the future will be, so no one can lay down rules to meet such conditions. It is therefore inevitable that the formulae of one generation will be inadequate for the next. No thinker is great enough to foretell the behavior of social units under the strains and stresses of the future. He may know

what bridges must be built, but he cannot say *how* they shall be built. He may tell us, as Spencer does, that "the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other must be balanced," but his theory of preserving their balance may not fit the conditions of to-day. And while every one agrees with Spencer in his belief that the balance of social life must be preserved, there are many who differ from him in his conception of the best way to preserve it. For there are forces in our vastly complex life of to-day which cannot be measured or controlled by rules which, a generation ago, "balanced the restraining forces which the units of society exercised against each other."

When we examine Spencer's conception of law and government, we find him a devout individualist. For him the least law is the best law. The formula by which he would balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other is a simple one—give each force full play against the other. "Society must be left to feel what it most needs," he says, "and no man or men, by inspecting society, can see what it most needs." Social statics are to be preserved "by a more pronounced individualism, instead of a more pronounced nationalism." A world set free from law, he believes, will work out its own salvation. If there are maladjustments in society, they will either right themselves without the help of the law-giver, or they are inevitable, and beyond hope of cure by legislation. As for the human wastage that results, it cannot be helped. It is but the scattered dust blown from the pathway of great forces as they move freely and steadily toward the creation of new adjustments.

"The poverty of the incapable, the distresses that come upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and those shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong, which leave so many in shallows and miseries, are the decrees of a large far-seeing benevolence. Misery inevitably results from incongruity between constitution and conditions. All those evils which afflict us and seem to the uninitiated the obvious consequence of this or that cause are unavoidable attendants on the adaptation now in progress. Humanity is being pressed against the inexorable necessities of its new position, is being molded into harmony with them, and has to bear the resulting unhappiness as best it can. The process must be undergone and the suffering must be endured. No power on earth, no cunningly devised laws of statesmen, no world-rectifying schemes of the humane, no communist panaceas, no reforms that man ever did broach or ever will broach, can diminish them one jot."

Now the question is, how far can we successfully apply this theory to conditions as we find them to-day? We are building a greater bridge than has ever been built before, and we must ask ourselves whether the

experience of the past is a broad enough basis for our calculations. We must determine how far the old formulæ can be used in the solution of new problems, brought about by new strains and stresses.

When we give thought to the conditions which surround us, we find that the equilibrium, the balance of units, which Spencer sought to preserve by the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, is more difficult to maintain than it was a generation ago. The units of society are not as nearly equal as they were, and some of them are exerting a pressure which is by no means counterbalanced by the pressure of the surrounding units. Some units have increased in strength, through the formation of combinations and alliances which the physical world of to-day has made possible. Other units have decreased in strength, worn away by the steady and unrestrained pressure exerted by those units which thrive under modern conditions.

Great combinations of capital, made possible through the development of the corporation and the annihilation of time and space, breed within themselves a power which was not conceived of a generation ago. Their influence may be good or bad but their strength is not to be withstood merely by the resistance of the units which oppose them. The advantage which they derive from the physical world about them, a physical world undreamed of by Spencer, are too great for that, and it is idle to say that they are kept in check by the pressure of opposing forces. The power of a great railway system, holding within its grasp the largest anthracite coal fields of the country cannot be controlled merely by the pressure of an opposing body of consumers. The ownership of the coal, and of the means of transporting it, generate a strength, which, exerted through the lever of corporate organization, becomes irresistible. Industrialism as we know it to-day, bears down upon the framework of society with a greater weight than ever before. Organized labor on the one hand, and organized capital on the other, are tending more and more to divide us into rival armies, and their battles do not add to that stability and poise which the doctrine of *laissez-faire* is supposed to produce. It is force against force, to be sure, and too often physical force; but it is not that steady pressure, that "restraining force which the units of society exercise against each other" out of which comes the equilibrium that Spencer desires. Their struggles are disorganizing and disruptive; the scales are flung far up and then far down, and the effect on society is like that of the ancient primitive struggles of man against man, those struggles which law, in the earliest ages, first busied itself in quelling.

In fact when we consider the conditions which we find about us, we are forced to the belief that there is no such thing as a "natural balance" of the units of society—at least not in the world of to-day. Indeed we are rather led to believe that the activities of the diverse

elements of our social life, when unrestrained, tend more and more to produce instability and imperfect adjustments. Man, left to pursue his own desires, is not always checked at the right time by the economic pressure about him. The economic pressure of to-day is not evenly distributed. It works steadily behind some, and steadily against others. The changes in the physical world about us have caused this, and will continue to cause it. Industry, highly specialized as it is to-day, requires of its employees that they too shall be specialists. As a consequence the laborer is less adaptable than he was, and less likely to find work that he is capable of doing. When he does find it, he must accept it, no matter how dangerous it may be. In theory he is bargaining freely, but in reality he is bargaining against necessity. And as long as such conditions as these exist, it will be impossible to "balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other," by the application of pure and unrestrained individualism.

If individualism is inadequate, what is adequate? Can the social balance be preserved by new formulae, or must we forever build by that inexorable law which grinds to pieces so much of our material? Is individualism, translated into terms of law, our only solution, or can we mold our conception of law into some form better fitted to control the diverse elements of society?

## II

Individualism, translated into terms of law, means freedom from law, and especially freedom from that law which the State, by codes and statutes, imposes upon its citizens. The individualist conceives of two kinds of law, judge-made or unwritten law, founded upon custom, and voicing the almost inarticulate community sense of what is due from one man to another; and statute law, or the written will of the State. Of the last, he wants as little as possible, believing that the balance of community life is better preserved the less the State interferes. He struggles against State regulation as a healthy man struggles against some slow vitality-sapping disease. The inflexibility of the written statute, crushing human action into the rigid circle of its words, appalls him. He sees only too clearly the impossibility of intelligently legislating for the future with the imperfect vision of the present. As Spencer says in speaking of statute law: "Expediency philosophy thinks that man's intellect is competent first to observe accurately the facts exhibited by associated human nature, to form just estimates of general and individual character, of the effects of religion, customs, superstitions, prejudices, of the mental tendencies of the age, of the probability of future events; and then grasping at once the multiplied phenomena of this ever agitated, ever changing sea of life, to derive from them that knowledge of their governing principles which shall

enable him to say whether such and such measures will conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number." And again he says: "Considering that men yet so imperfectly understand man, the instrument by which and the materials on which laws are to act, and that a complete knowledge of the unit, man, is but a first step to the comprehension of the mass, society, it seems obvious enough that to educe from the infinitely manifold complications of universal humanity, a true philosophy of national life, and to found thereon a code of rules for the obtainment of 'human happiness' is a task far beyond the ability of any finite mind." In brief, the individualist turns from codes and statutes and state regulation as from some perilous and impossible adventure, and places his faith in the yielding pressure of judge-made law, that law which grows unconsciously out of the life of the community, and is molded by the forces which it protects as a shell is molded by the living organism about which it grows, and which ever passes to new forms as the life which animates it stirs and moves to new purposes. It is, to his mind, an expression of the free play of force against force, checked only by the deep, almost unconscious community sense of the obligations which men, in certain fundamental ways, owe their neighbors.

Now it is interesting in this connection to examine somewhat the nature of judge-made law, and to measure, in so far as we are able, the coercive force which it exercises upon the units of society.

Judge-made law, in the proper sense of the term, is that great body of decisions whereby countless individuals have had their wrongs redressed. Each decision is but an adjudication of the mutual rights, as between themselves, of two or more individuals. Not their mutual rights as determined by statute or written constitution, but their mutual rights as they are determined by precedent and custom. It is true that our courts are constantly interpreting statutes and constitutions, and interpreting them in a "sens evolutif"; but such an interpretation is not in reality judge-made law. The smooth, inscrutable words of any great document may give different meanings to different generations, but the words contain within themselves the germ of all the law that is evolved about them. They are the framework upon which their law must be arranged. True judge-made law, on the other hand, has as its sole basis, the almost inarticulate community sense of the duties of the individual to the individual. And the expression of this community sense is found by the Court in those decisions of the past where similar rights have been adjudicated, that is, in precedent.

It is obvious that such law, dealing only with the rights of individuals to each other, although accurate in its effect, is limited in its scope. Each decision is the law of the facts which it adjudicates, and

nothing more. Each separate case merely determines whether, under a given state of facts, one man has infringed upon the rights of another. If the case is contract, the Court determines whether the contract in question was broken. If the case is tort, the question is, whether the defendant violated some duty of care, which, under the particular circumstances of the case, he owed the plaintiff. The law of the case looks rather at the facts before it, than at the future. Rules are laid down, to be sure, but they are subject to infinite exceptions, just as the cases which they govern are subject to almost indefinite classification. And the rules themselves are but a growth of the infinite multitude of decided cases, as coral is but a growth of the infinite multitude of tiny organisms which almost imperceptibly give it form and substance. The result is a body of law, capable of fitting accurately into the minutest of human relationships, capable of holding the forces that control the normal daily life of individuals in the most delicate adjustments, but unable to control the larger group forces which tend constantly to disturb the equilibrium of society. It is searching, sure and unobtrusive—its commands, unlike those of the statute law, go forth only after some wrong has been committed—but at the same time it is limited in its application, and incapable of comprehending within its grasp all the larger relationships into which our life is divided to-day.

And furthermore, it must adhere to the precedents of the past if it is to be scientific and consistent. "In the certainty of the law lies the safety thereof," and surely no one could wish to subject the unwritten law to the ancient allegation of changing "with the size of the Chancellor's foot." In these days of cultivation, when a famous lawyer may also be a distinguished etcher, a great metaphysician, or an authority on Old Masters, "temperamental" justice administered from the Bench might leave much to be desired. Precedent must rule, even though it be precedent interpreted with a feeling for community needs. Cases may be overruled and new precedents may be established, it is true, but the foundations of the unwritten law must of necessity shift very slowly. And this in itself limits the scope of the unwritten law. Certainty means fixity, and the impossibility of making swift and radical changes. This may be well enough when it comes to controlling the relation of individual to individual, to interpreting the community sense of what one man owes his neighbor, but it leaves the unwritten law helpless in the face of the larger forces which are constantly straining and tugging at the framework of modern society. The fine spun fabric of the unwritten law, that fabric which so lightly touches the lives of all of us, is not strong enough to control the deeper and wider group interests which are ceaselessly at work beneath its flexible surface. Such interests

can only be controlled by some counter force which is aimed directly at them, some force which is created for that very purpose, and which is the result of a conscious, reasoned attempt at readjustment. Individualism, cast in the form of law, is not sufficient "to balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against other."

### III

Now when we turn to written or statute law, that law which the individualist abhors, what do we find? Is there an effective force here, powerful and comprehensive enough to control the diverse units of society, to preserve that balance of forces which Spencer sought so diligently to maintain? And if so, is its cost to society as great as Spencer and his contemporaries believed it to be?

Statute law, from its very nature, is instinct with the power of a command that does not wait upon the past. The State makes law, it does not merely apply law that has been made before. There is no trained mind to sift the precedents of other years, carefully classify the facts before it, and then determine the right of the matter as it appears in the light of community beliefs and needs, seen sometimes through eyes which much study of books has made a little dim. On the contrary the fiat goes forth, swift and unyielding and often blunt, with words that ruthlessly mangle the delicate body of the unwritten law. The State orders with power, but not always with precision. Its statutes are comprehensive rather discriminating, and many a delicate adjustment is destroyed by the letter of the law which is stamped into the surface of society. Just how easily such adjustments can be destroyed, is illustrated by two statutes in Pennsylvania relating to stock brokers and their control over the stock of their customers. The unwritten law provided that a broker who had lent his customer money upon the security of his customer's stock, could re-pledge the stock to a third person for an amount not in excess of the money which the broker had lent the customer. To the extent that the broker had lent money upon the security of the stock, that is, to the extent of his "pledge right," he might himself re-pledge the stock for his own purposes. Thus an equitable adjustment of the mutual rights of both parties was created. But the Legislature in its wisdom saw fit to forbid the re-pledging of securities, and provided that no stock broker could re-pledge the securities of his customer. As this Act was found to work a hardship upon the stock brokers, it was subsequently amended by a proviso that stock brokers could re-pledge the stock of their customers, if they had lent money to their customers upon such stock. No limit was placed upon the right of the stock broker to re-pledge. The result of the two acts was to destroy absolutely the carefully adjusted balance which the unwritten law had created.



But statutes are at least comprehensive enough, and they touch every relationship, that of group to group, as well as that of man to man. They are the arresting hand which the State puts upon those forces which threaten to disturb the social balance. They distribute the pressure which bears too heavily upon the weaker units of society. It is only by statutes that constructive law, law which deliberately adjusts the larger relationships of society, can be created. They are the only instruments by which man can mold the life of the community into the likeness of his dreams. The dreams may be only false dreams, and the imperfections of human thought and speech may make their full realization impossible, but false or true, the possibility of their realization lies only in the statute law. The principles embodied in Workman's Compensation Legislation, Child Labor Laws, or the Statutes regulating Public Utilities, could never have been evolved by the Courts in a thousand years. Judges cannot be as quick to respond to the thought which surrounds them, as is the Legislature. Swathed in the wrappings which consistent accurate thinking in terms of law binds about its devotees, their response to the "time spirit" must of necessity be slow and deliberate. They are incapable of making the swift adjustments which are needed to absorb the shock of great opposing forces, and to re-distribute the pressure which the stronger units of society exert against the weaker. But a Workman's Compensation Law, upon the day that it becomes effective, sweeps away the common law defences of the employer, and substitutes in their place the compulsory payment of money to the employee. It destroys entirely the delicately made machinery which the Courts have constructed for the control of Master and Servant, and substitutes in its place machinery which exerts an irresistible pressure upon those forces which need to be subordinated. It does what the unwritten law can never do, it creates, untrammelled by precedent, and upon the instant, an entirely new adjustment. It does not work out an adjustment by attempting to expand principles of law which were evolved to control the relation of Master and Servant in the early Nineteenth Century, but on the contrary it creates something new, something which is in no sense a child of the past. The same thing is true of Public Utility Laws and Laws concerning the regulation of Child Labor, and, in fact, of the many statutes by which the State has interfered to "balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other." They are all examples of the control of forces which have grown too great to be held in check by the pressure of opposing forces.

And that they are effective no one can deny. The Legislature translates modern social and economic theories into terms of law. The translation is direct and made by men capable of responding

immediately to the currents of thought which surround them. Our legislators are men from the middle walks of life, of average intelligence, and without traditions. No one nowadays cherishes any illusions about them. They are only instruments which express the thought of those who lead the opposing groups in society. But the thought of such leaders is valuable. They evolve new formulæ and new ways of preserving the social balance. They devise new means for exerting pressure where pressure is most needed. And without the Legislature their thought would be as barren of results as the idle speculations of some medieval theologian.

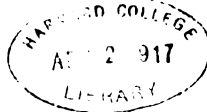
The individualist recognizes the fact that social adjustments are far from perfect. He believes, however, that written law itself is a greater evil than any evil it may attempt to cure. This is true when the written law is ill considered, or when it invades the province of the unwritten law. That province, as we have seen, lies in the control of individuals who are not acting in groups; that is, in the control of the normal relations of man to man. When the written law attempts this task, as it so often does, it creates havoc. It is too clumsy to pick right and wrong from the multitude of minute facts which go to make up a single transaction between individuals. Only the unwritten law can do that. The function of the written law is the adjustment of class to class, or social legislation. And even then there are times when every lawyer regards it as an abomination before the Lord, and longs for the delicate artistry of judge-made law. But legislation is far more accurate and efficient to-day than it was a generation ago. Modern statutes are not always the expression of crude, uninformed, politically biased thought, that they were in Spencer's time. A Workman's Compensation Law is drawn by experts, experts who study industrial conditions, and hear the testimony of employers and employees for months, and sometimes years, before they submit an Act to the Legislature for its consideration. No enlightened State thinks of passing a Child Labor Law, a Minimum Wage Law, or a Public Utilities Law, without appointing a commission chosen from every group interested in the proposed legislation, whose duty it shall be to investigate, hear evidence, and determine the substance and form of the Act to be passed. Modern social and economic theories are mixed with the hard practical experience of those engaged in the business or industry to be regulated, and the whole is poured into the legislative caldron, and there fused into law. It is true that law will be imperfect as all attempts at pre-vision will be imperfect while our minds are finite, but it is better than it would have been in Spencer's day. And after all, it is only by such law, whatever its faults may be, that we can hope to achieve the desire of Spencer that "the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other should be

balanced." The nicely calculated formulæ of the unwritten law, those formulæ which hold the relations of man to man in such perfect adjustment, break down under the strains and stresses of to-day, and unless we avail ourselves of the statute law, we cannot hope to build the greater bridges which the future will demand.

It is argued by Spencer, with a power which sweeps the reader almost irresistibly to the author's conclusion, that social adjustments can be made without the aid of statutes. "A more pronounced individualism instead of a more pronounced nationalism" is his theory of preserving the social balance. His argument is irrefutable, but unfortunately the facts have shifted from beneath its logic, and now stand to oppose it. Without dwelling upon social conditions in States where Child Labor and Workman's Compensation laws do not exist, social conditions which shout their denial of Spencer's theory, let us take his own picture of the conditions which result from the application of individualism. In his essay entitled "Over Legislation" he says, in speaking of the effect of individualism:

"Let any one, after duly watching the rapid evolution going on in England where men have been comparatively little helped by governments—let such an one, we say, go on to the continent and consider the relatively slow advance things are there making, and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Berlin and there be told that to give the City a water supply such as London has had for generations the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital under English superintendence. Let him go to Vienna, learn that it, in common with other continental cities, is lighted by an English gas company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on these rivers. And then if these illustrations of the progressiveness of a self-dependent race, and the torpidity of a personally governed one, do not suffice him, he may read Mr. Laing's successive volumes of European travel, and then study the contrast in detail." *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* With what a terrible irony fate has clothed these words of England's greatest individualist!

APRIL



25 CENTS

# FORUM

*Founded by Isaac L. Rice*

## Japan and Germany

*In the Light of the Hohenzollern  
Plot to Invade America*

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## New China Menaced

---

## The Philippines

*A National Problem*

Vol. LVII

FORUM PUBLISHING CO.  
286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

No. 4



**The circulation of Collier's for nearly a year past has approximated or exceeded a million copies per week and is now firmly established above that figure.**

When a magazine passes the million mark (and that means being read by a great many more than one million persons) all sorts of things might appear to be possible.

But as our plan has always been aimed at steady progress, it seems unnecessary to change it much just because we are bigger and more prosperous and more folks are coming to our round table. We mean to go on

very much as we have gone, and to take it as an elementary truth that the reasons for our present prosperity will properly be to-morrow the reasons for our further growth.

If Collier's can help to build up the spirit of constructive nationalism, to make the nation more of a nation and the citizen more of a citizen, surely that will be something worth working for.

---

America First

# FORUM

Public Service

*A Magazine for Men and Women of Affairs*

FOR APRIL, 1917

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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President LORENZ R. SCHWERIN

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## FORUM for April

The recent trend which international affairs have taken, culminating in the attempt to yoke Japan and Mexico to the Teuton car of "Kultur," has thrown a new light on Oriental affairs. We herewith present to our readers a strong series of articles on things Asiatic. *The April FORUM is a Far-Eastern Number.*

**JAPAN AND GERMANY**, by K. K. Kawakami, is a frank pronouncement against recent German policy, and a rallying cry for friendship between America and the little Far-Eastern Empire. Mr. Kawakami is a native of Japan and a distinguished authority on world politics.

**NEW CHINA MENACED** tells the story of the Republic in the Far-East from a slightly different angle than that taken by most writers on Chinese affairs. T. Lothrop Stoddard, the author, is a historian of note.

**THE PHILIPPINES: a National Problem.** This article, by an American professional man who has lived in the Philippines for several years, is bound to be widely discussed. You will find it interesting reading.

Other articles and sketches and poems make the April FORUM a number of unusual timeliness and interest.

### FORTHCOMING ARTICLES

A feature of the May Number will be an article by Barton Blake entitled **MOBILIZING FRANCE'S INVENTORS**. Then, there are articles on: **WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO SPINSTERS**, by Mary A. Douglas; **THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN**, by James H. Hyslop; **TWO YEARS OF PRISON REFORM**, by Henry Leverage; and much material on the great War in Europe, America's part, etc.

Watch the FORUM. *It is Worth While.*

# FORUM

For April, 1917

## JAPAN AND GERMANY

*(IN THE LIGHT OF THE HOHENZOLLERN PLOT  
TO INVADE AMERICA)*

K. K. KAWAKAMI

**Z**IMMERMANN'S proposal, tinged with the bizarre, was indeed a far cry from the Japanese capture of the German stronghold Kiau-chow. Yet so ironical is fate that such a turn of affairs was not wholly unthinkable. Have not Russia and Japan, locked in deadly combat only a decade ago, become the closest of Allies?

Ever since the termination of the Russo-Japanese War, there has been in England much dissatisfaction over the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the British complaint has recently been amply reciprocated in the columns of Japanese newspapers. On the other hand Germany, recovering from the temporary shock of the fall of Kiau-chow, seems disposed to take Japan's rise in Far-Eastern politics as an inevitable course of events and to deal with her in a new spirit.

Prior to the War, the German elements in this country had no more reason to be hostile towards Japan than had the pure American stock. With Kiau-chow, Germany's military and commercial base of operation in the Orient, seized by the Japanese, the feeling of the German-Americans has been deeply stirred, and to-day many are extremely outspoken in condemning the Japanese. If they are determined to avenge the Fatherland for the wrongs which they think



it has suffered at the hands of the Japanese, they are capable of doing incalculable injury to the amicable relations between Japan and this country. The bold propaganda, which they have been carrying on in the interest of their native land ever since the beginning of the War, furnishes an indication of the length they may go in their agitation against Japan, once they make up their minds to estrange the two countries. *Such a policy, it cannot be too strongly emphasized, would be to bite off their noses to spite their faces, for it can result only in aiding in the further elimination of German influence in the Orient.* If Germany wishes to retain what is left of her former great influence in the Far-East, and to build there-upon a new trade and a new prestige, it is of the foremost importance that she should frankly admit her past blunders and readjust her Oriental policy along new lines; for German diplomacy, with all its shrewdness, most certainly erred in dealing with the Japanese.

By pointing out such blunders it is my hope that the German-Americans will not fail to see justification for the fear which Japan has long entertained towards Germany, culminating in the recent campaign against Kiau-chow. Officially, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was offered as the reason for that campaign, and indeed Japan would not have attacked Kiau-chow had it not been for the Alliance. But he is near-sighted who fails to see that the more important reason lay in the great danger which Japan had discerned in the German policy in the Far-East. To drive this home to the reader I must explain the fundamental principle upon which German diplomacy in the Orient was founded.

That fundamental principle was voiced by Prince Bismarck when he told Prince von Bulow: "In Russia there is a serious amount of unrest and agitation for territorial expansion, which may easily result in an explosion. It would be best for the peace of the world if the explosion took place in Asia and not in Europe. We must be careful not to stand in the way, otherwise we may have to bear the brunt of it."

In these few words the Iron Chancellor set forth Germany's fundamental policy in the Far-East. The conversa-

tion took place towards the end of the Eighties, and in the Nineties this fundamental policy began to show itself in German activities in Eastern Asia.

There is not a shadow of doubt that the principle laid down by Bismarck has been closely followed by the Kaiser. It explains the *raison d'être* of that historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the versatile German Emperor. It furnishes a key to the general attitude of Germany towards Japan. It shows why Germany seemed always anxious to divert Russia's attention towards the Far-East.

It would be scandalous to presume that the Kaiser was foolish enough to believe even for a moment that the Japanese, rallying all the fighting forces of Asia, would tramp across the continent and trample under his feet any territory west of the Urals. Only a perverted mind could conceive such a case. In no other light than that of the fundamental principle upon which Germany's Far-Eastern policy is established can we account for the Kaiser's picture of the Yellow Peril.

It is all very well for Germany to try to avoid the brunt of Russian ambition, but in doing this she must not again resort to such a sordid scheme as that adopted in the present exigency. To attempt to secure for herself peace and prosperity is both a diplomatic crime and a political immorality. We can understand and even sympathize with Germany in her efforts to turn Russian attention towards the Orient, but Germany ought to know that the Japanese prizes his independence and security just as much as the German prizes his own.

*While, on the one hand, conspiring to divert Russian ambition to the Far-East, German diplomacy was at work to prevent the establishment of harmonious relations between China and Japan.* Says General Friedrich von Bernhardi: "The political rivalry between the two nations of the yellow race must be kept alive. If they are antagonistic, they will both probably look for help against each other in their relations with Europe, and thus enable the European Powers to retain their possessions in Asia." This frank utterance,

coupled with the confession of Prince von Bulow, leaves no room to doubt that Germany's Far-Eastern policy was based upon the theory that Asia must remain the happy hunting ground of European nations.

It is this political immorality practised by the military and bureaucratic leaders at Berlin which Japan has fought. The Japanese entertain no animosity towards individual Germans. Japan has sent many students to German universities and has welcomed many German scholars and experts for her educational institutions and her various governmental departments. And Japan is sincerely grateful for all that German civilization has done for her. This accounts for the absence of enthusiasm over the Japanese victory at Kiau-chow.

It was a feeling of fear rather than a sentiment of animosity which actuated the Japanese to declare war upon Germany and join hands with Great Britain in observance of the terms of the Alliance. It is unjust to say that the Japanese are nursing rancor and are reluctant to forgive Germany for robbing them of the spoils of the war with China. *Had Germany only refrained from constantly assuming a provocative attitude towards us during the past twenty years, we would have been but too glad to forget the Liao-tung incident and the grim picture of the Yellow Peril which had done much to prejudice the whole Occident against the Japanese and other Asiatic peoples.*

When, therefore, a Japanese asserts that Germany is a "menace" to his country, he is not repeating the stereotyped diplomatic cant which has of late become the byword of writers and speakers on the European situation. *On the contrary, he has substantial evidence to prove this assertion.* And in proving it he does not necessarily point to the German seizure of Kiau-chow or to the German interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms, for these are merely a few of many manifestations of the fundamental Far-Eastern policy of the Wilhelmstrasse so clearly described by Bismarck and von Bulow.

When the Kaiser, hand-in-glove with the Czar and the

French, deprived the Mikado of the Liao-tung peninsula, the Japanese, not yet well versed in the diplomatic policies of Europe, could not clearly understand why Germany of all Powers should be the prime mover in that sordid scheme to bully them out of the spoils of war. Only vaguely did they suspect the German desire to ingratiate herself into Russia's favor.

We now know that Germany, in driving the Japanese out the Liao-tung peninsula, had a twofold aim in view: first, she wanted to win the Czar's good will by clearing Russia's way of Eastern advance; and secondly, she wanted Russia to occupy the peninsula so that the Muscovite would not raise objection to the seizure of Kiau-chow Bay which she was contemplating.

To drive this home, it seems not amiss to describe in detail how Germany ordered Japan out of the Liao-tung peninsula.

In the middle of April, 1895, Japan, after brilliant victories, concluded a peace treaty with China. On the day the treaty was signed at Shimonoseki between Prince Ito and Li Hing-chang, all Japan was celebrating the glorious termination of the war. Newsboys tore through the streets waving extras with the bold headlines: "China cedes Liao-tung peninsula!" The Rising Sun was flying over every house, and the cries of Banzai were heard before the palace of the Mikado.

Suddenly out of the blue came the report that Germany had approached Russia and France with a view to force the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula. The report was soon confirmed. Then the whole country was stricken with grief and prostrate with shame. Never was Japan's honor so ruthlessly outraged.

On the morning of April 23rd the German, French, and Russian Ministers at Tokyo deigned to present themselves, one after the other, at the Foreign Department, each bringing with him a note admonishing Japan for affronting the Powers by taking the Liao-tung peninsula. The German "advice" was of the most peremptory nature, and the mas-

terful, overbearing manner in which it was handed to the Foreign Department by the Kaiser's envoy is still a topic of conversation among the Japanese. The German Minister brought two copies of the advice, one in German, the other in the Japanese language transcribed in Roman letters.

The note was very brief and bluntly stated that the Japanese occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula was a menace to the Chinese capital and would jeopardize the peace of the Far-East. "Therefore," it concluded, "the German Government advises the Japanese Government to abandon the idea of occupying the territory."

The original note even contained such a threatening phrase as this: "Japan is weak; Germany is strong. The outcome of an armed conflict between the two countries is obvious."

Yes, Japan was weak at the time; wherefore she had perforce to swallow the medicine so kindly administered by Germany—to make her strong. Like a docile youth, Japan accepted the advice of the three Powers and on May 10, 1895, the Mikado issued the following rescript:

"Devoted as we unalterably are to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.

"Now the friendly recommendation of the three Powers was equally prompted by the same desire. Consulting, therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire not to bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny, by creating a new competition and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration of peace, we do not hesitate to accept such recommendation.

"By concluding the treaty of peace, China has already shown her sincerity of regret for the violation of her engagements; and thereby the justice of our cause has been proclaimed to the world.

"Under the circumstances we can find nothing to impair the honor and dignity of our Empire if we now yield to the dictates of magnanimity and, taking into consideration the general situation, accept the advice of the friendly Powers."

Thus the Japanese withdrew, with what grace and dignity they could, from the peninsula. On the day the Imperial Rescript was issued, many a tragical scene was enacted

at Port Arthur, where the Japanese troops were still encamped. One officer killed himself in protest against the abandonment of Port Arthur. Many cut their fingers and with their own blood wrote petitions urging the Government not to be bullied by the Powers.

When the triple interference had become imminent, Japan earnestly requested England and America to employ their good offices and restrain the hands of the three Powers. But no aid was forthcoming. *Had England and the United States exercised their influence in Japan's favor, the titanic Manchurian struggle of 1904 would have been forestalled and Japan would not have declared war upon the Kaiser in the present world conflict.*

Germany's interference with the peace terms between China and Japan was only the first in a string of events destined to estrange the two countries. The Kaiser's part played in the Chino-Japanese peace negotiations belongs to one of those pages in history which may never be fully written, but it is generally believed that the Kaiser advised China to sign the peace treaty proposed by Japan, intimating that he would induce Russia and France to join him in his effort to frustrate the treaty.

Looking back at the situation, it seems strange that Japan was not even permitted to insert in the revised peace treaty an article forestalling the passing of the Liao-tung peninsula into the hands of a hostile Power, for that territory in the possession of Russia or Germany could not help but prove a menace to the very independence of the Japanese. Japan no doubt wanted to neutralize that danger zone, or secure a right of pre-emption over it; but she was given to understand that the intervening Powers would not allow Japan to press for any such guarantee.

So the Japanese withdrew without guarantee. What was the result? Only a year or two later, Russia occupied the selfsame peninsula from which the Czar and Kaiser drove the Japanese in the name of the peace of the Far-East and the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China. It was plain that the Kaiser agreed to connive at the Russian

occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula on condition that the Czar would not object to the German seizure of Kiau-chow.

And the German occupation of Kiau-chow, coming as it did in the wake of Japan's evacuation of the Liao-tung peninsula, was especially distasteful to the Japanese. The Japanese could not see why the Kaiser should have preached to them so diligently about the territorial integrity of China and the peace of the Far-East, when the Kaiser himself was waiting for the first opportunity to plant his flag on Chinese territory.

That first opportunity was afforded the Kaiser by the murder by Chinese of two German missionaries in Shantung Province. The missionaries belonged to the mission of Bishop Anzer, who was noted for his militancy. The Berlin Government immediately instructed its minister at Peking, Baron von Heyking, to demand of the Chinese Government the cession of Kiau-chow Bay and its adjacent territory. Before China had time to answer the German note, four German cruisers suddenly appeared in Kiau-chow Bay and landed a large detachment of marines. What could poor China do but obey the mandate of the Kaiser and sign the "murder convention" ?

The immediate outcome of the territorial ambitions displayed in the German occupation of Kiau-chow, and other similar instances, was the Boxer disturbance, the gruesome story of which is still fresh in our memory. When the Boxers, filled with revengeful spirit, besieged the legation quarters in Peking, Japan at once proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to the scene of disturbance and rescue the beleaguered foreigners.

Again the Kaiser intervened. Unless Japan could, he insisted, guarantee that her action would by no means interfere with the interests of other Powers, the German Government could not consent to her proposal. Had it not been for the Kaiser's obstructive tactics, Japan would have landed her troops at Tientsin much sooner than she did. And when the Japanese soldiers were at last allowed to land in China, even the Kaiser had to admit that they were the most

orderly and most plucky of all the foreign troops which the Boxer incident brought to China.

The Boxer disturbance did not stop foreign aggression in China. On the other hand, it aggravated the situation by affording the covetous Powers fresh excuse for grabbing Chinese territory. Russia, for one, lost no time in utilizing the incident and rushing troops into Manchuria in large numbers. The German Emperor, though by no means fond of the Czar, was all that time encouraging the Muscovite ruler to concentrate his attention upon the Far-East, thus hoping that Germany might be free from Russian rivalry in Europe. In September, 1901, the two rulers met at what was then St. Petersburg and came to definite understanding with regard to Russian activities in Manchuria.

Then came the great war between Russia and Japan. The Mikado saw, in Russian aggression in Manchuria and Korea, an imminent danger to the very existence of his country, and determined to stay the Muscovite advance even at the point of the sword. Shortly before the opening of hostilities between Japan and Russia, the *London Times* published an article reporting the existence of a secret understanding in virtue of which the Kaiser was to render clandestine assistance to the Czar in the event of a Russo-Japanese War. Whether the *London Times* was correctly informed we have yet to see, but it is at least significant that in the course of the war Germany showed Russia many marks of good will, which at times amounted to the violation of neutrality. It was no secret that a German steamship company sold to the Russian Government a number of vessels. When the Baltic squadron of Russia, under Rozhestvenski, was proceeding to the Far-East, the same German company permitted one of its steamships to accompany the Russian warships and help them secure coal in their long voyage. All these events called forth protests from the Japanese Government, but of course the German Government paid no attention.

When Japanese troops were measuring swords with the Russians on the plains of Manchuria, the Japanese Army



extended to a German personage the privilege of proceeding to the front. Abusing the courtesy, he was found secretly sending war reports to the German Government or the Kaiser without previously submitting them to the censoring officers. Considering the secret assistance which Germany was rendering Russia through all stages of the war, you can well imagine the consternation of the Japanese generals upon discovering the true mission of the German personage.

If a German-Japanese rapprochement is to follow the War, the Wilhelmstrasse must entirely abandon the tactics which it has hitherto consistently practised in the Far-East. Fortunately both for Japan and for Germany, there is growing evidence that such a modification of German policies will not be slow in coming. Admiral von Truppel, whom we have already quoted, frankly admits that "German work in China can no longer be carried on without taking Japan into consideration."

Once Germany frankly admits her past blunders and shows an earnest desire to "make up" with Japan, there is no reason why the latter would not respond. Indeed, the gradual change of attitude which the German press and publicists have of late displayed in favor of Japan had, until the unfortunate Zimmermann occurrence, been highly appreciated in Tokyo. It is, of course, too early to predict what the post-bellum alignment of the Powers will be, but it is certain that when Germany abandons her political ambitions in China and concentrates her energies in the development of her colonial interests in Africa and other countries close to the Fatherland, Japan will be glad to co-operate with Germany in the commercial development of China. With Japanese tutorage leading China into the path of progress and higher civilization, Germany will find a large new outlet for those machineries and manufactures stamped with the German mark.

This seems obvious from Germany's experience in Japan, where her export in the past fifteen years rose from practically nothing to the sum of \$34,197,000.

# PEACE

MARSHAL SOUTH

“**P**EA**CE!** PE**ACE!**” So sang they in those columned  
halls

That were the pride of Babylon of old;  
Bowing the knee to vast, colossal gods,  
Carven of stone and decked with jewels and gold.  
“*Peace*, and the cloudless joy and ease of life;  
Away with War, with Strife, with Grief, with Care——  
The fields are fruitful and the dates are ripe;  
The sky is cloudless and the rustling air  
Is heavy with the scent of many flowers.  
Throw down the sword; its heavy burden irks;  
There are more noble tasks, more pleasant trades,  
And sweeter words in place of harsh commands.  
Lay off your armor. Loose your heavy blades,  
The use of them is past. Seek ease. No more  
Shall bowstring twang or javelin be flung . . .  
*Peace! Cloudless Peace!*” The golden censors swung.

. . . And even as they sang, behold! there came  
Faintly across the desert sands the sound  
Of hammers, beating sword-blades in the waste;  
And in the shadow of the barren rocks,  
Scourged with the heat by day, by night with cold,  
A hardy People, thewed and hungry-eyed,  
Fashioned their blades and trained their sons to War.

*Seek now amidst the Dust for they who sang!*

"*Peace! Peace!*" So sang they mid the Seven Hills  
When Rome was at her glory, and the toil  
Of all the world was wrought for pride of Rome.  
When all the roads of all the world aspired  
To reach the shadow of her walls. And when  
Across the heaving waste of many seas  
The Roman galleys lifted to the breeze——  
From Africa and from the coast of France.  
"*Peace! Peace!* Among the Pines and southern Palms,  
The useless Legions draw their hire. For what?  
Their need is passed. The wars are waged and done.  
The enemies of Rome are crushed and gone.  
'Twere now the time of Ease. Garlands and wine  
Soothe more the taste than toil and soldier fare;  
And smiles are sweeter warmth than desert suns.  
Soft words shall lead to Ease and Fame—not Steel.  
*Peace! Peace!*" The Legions dwindled, man by man.

. . . And as they faded, 'mid the bitter winds  
That moan among the gloomy northern Pines,  
By ones and twos the lean Barbarians came,  
Snuffing like famished wolves the scent afar  
Of blood and plunder. Still the singers sang  
Among the courts of Rome; while in the gloom  
Of frozen woods the long lean sword-blades gleamed.

*Seek now amidst the Dust for they who sang!*

"Peace! Peace!" So sing they now, throughout a land  
Whose Flags of Stars and Crimson Bars holds sway  
From the uprising to the setting sun.

"Peace! Peace!" Amidst a world of flaming War;  
While Empires crumble and new Powers are born;  
While Titan forces stir from out their sleep——  
Still chant the singers: "Peace shall vanquish War.  
*Peace! Peace!* Forbear to forge the bolts of Mars;  
Beat now your swords into more rational tools  
Than those of Death. Mark how destruction comes  
Upon the heels of those who arm for War.  
Heed now the lesson. Let your toil be spent  
On arts more profitable and more humane.  
And it shall be that to your High Ideal  
The world shall turn, forsaking once for all  
Its lust for blood, and treading firm and straight  
Thy path of high example. Arm no more!"

. . . And as they sing, beyond the ocean's rim  
The foundries of the Gunsmiths blaze and roar  
In clamorous preparation. And the steel,  
White hot and flaming, leaves the roaring fires  
To form unnumbered guns whose tongues shall spell  
Victory or Death in the next "Greatest War"——  
The war of which some Sage, as yet unborn,  
Musing, long after, on the fatal dream  
Which dreamed One Hundred Millions, shall inquire

*Among the Dust for word of those who sang!*

# LOVE IN SPRING

O. C. A. CHILD

## RONDEAU

**S**LEEP, thou my sweet, till dawn doth part  
The curtained night and songsters start  
To twitter from each leafy bed,  
Each morning-glory raise its head,  
And sun-flecks through the lattice dart.

Far from the murmur of the mart,  
The pounding hoof, the bounding cart,  
The city's voice, the city's tread——  
Sleep, thou my sweet.

Sleep, sweet, yet let one tear-drop start,  
One sigh escape thy tender heart,  
Weave deep in woof of dreams love's thread,  
Dream on beneath the silken spread  
Of love, of me, till night depart——  
Sleep, thou my sweet!

## AT THE WINDOW

**O**H, sing to me, Love, when the wind-swept rain  
Is singing a song to the window pane——  
A tender song with a glad refrain.

Oh, shine on me, Love, when the sun's glad glow  
Sends little flecks fleeting too and fro——  
Across the sill where the roses blow.

Oh, look on me, Love, when each tiny star  
Shines down from the fields where the angels are——  
And peeps through the snowy curtain's bar.

Oh, come to me, Love, when in golden pride  
The day is born and the shadows hide——  
Come then, Dear Love, through the window wide.

# NEW CHINA MENACED

T. LOTHROP STODDARD

**A**BOUT the beginning of the present century, that earnest student of Far-Eastern affairs, the late John Hay, remarked: "The storm-center of the world has gradually shifted to China. Whoever understands that mighty empire socially, politically, economically, and religiously, has a key to world-politics for the next five hundred years."

Before the fearsome tempest of the European War, these may at first sight seem idle words. And yet, even in this present hour, many thoughtful observers glimpse beyond the lightning-flashes from European battlefields, the sinister cloud-wrack of a still vaster storm, rising in the Far-Eastern sky. Time, that final tester of all things, may yet prove the American statesman in the right.

Whether or not the Chinese problem shall be the Paramount issue for the immediate future, certain it is that it will assuredly bulk large in the troubled scheme of human perplexities. The only question is, shall it be solved peacefully or is it to plunge us into another cataclysm akin to that now shaking the entire earth? Not even our strained absorption in the present crisis should prevent our earnest consideration of this vital query, for if we wish to escape the dire calamities latent in a wrong solution of the Chinese problem, it is high time that we set our minds to the task. We all know that the proximate cause of the present war was the "Near-Eastern Question"—in other words, the problem of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. Of course there were enough high explosives lying loose in Europe to have provided half a dozen ordinary wars. But such wars would have been localized in area and would probably have been spread over a period sufficiently long to have equilibrated losses. They would not, therefore, have been anything like the general holocaust which to-day threatens the whole fabric of modern civilization. It was the Near-Eastern question which laid its

sinister powder-trains to the doors of every European chancellory. Accordingly, when the fatal spark glowed forth at Serajevo, the hissing trails ran like fiery serpents over the entire continent, ignited all those isolated danger-points, producing the general explosion.

This was no surprise. The terrible possibilities of the Near-Eastern Question had long been foreseen. Whole generations of diplomats had dolorously predicted that the Balkans would one day cause a general European War. Yet, despite all this, no thoroughgoing solution of the problem was ever honestly attempted. Temporary makeshifts, superficial palliatives; these alone were tried. And even these were doomed in advance by underhand graspings of single Powers for special gains, in reckless disregard of ultimate consequences. Thus Europe drifted, intrigued and procrastinated, till the sands were run out and White civilization reeled beneath the shock of the modern Peloponnesian War.

The lesson of the past is writ in blood and fire before our saddened eyes. We should heed that lesson. Otherwise, the bark of modern civilization may weather the tempest of the Near-Eastern Question only to founder a generation hence in the typhoon of the Far-Eastern Question. The glass is already falling. The period of grace vouchsafed us would in any event have probably been short, but the present conflict is cutting it shorter still. The European War has reacted disastrously upon the Far-East, and the most ominous of these reactions is the Russo-Japanese Alliance treaty signed at Petrograd, July 3rd, 1916. It is not too much to say that future historians may regard this as one of the most sinister dates of modern history. The document looks ominously like the death-warrant of awakening China.

For China is to-day really awake. Toward the close of the last century, to be sure, everyone was discussing the "break-up" of China. The huge Empire, with its 400 millions of people, one-fourth the entire human race, seemed at that time plunged in so hopeless a lethargy as to be foredoomed to speedy ruin. About the apparently moribund carcass the eagles of the earth were already gathered.

Yet here, as elsewhere, the darkest hour heralded the dawn. The prodigious moral shock of the Japanese War (1894) roused China's élite to the imminence of their country's peril. They even gained over the young Emperor Kwang-su, and the Vermillion Pencil soon sketched out a well-rounded program of constructive reform. However, the dark figure of the Dowager Empress Tsu-hsi now strode between them and the light. That sinister obscurantist crushed the reforming Emperor and thrust China back into the ancient path. There followed the Boxer nightmare and the frightful Occidental chastisement of 1900.

This time, however, the lesson was learned. China was at last shaken broad awake. The Bourbon Manchu Court, it is true, wavered and showed signs of going to sleep again. It was soon apprized of its error. At every slumberous symptom an imperious cry smote upon its languid senses; no longer the plaint of a few reformers but the roar of an eager and angry people. Every year after 1900 saw increasingly rapid progress—a progress, be it noted, not imposed upon the people from above but forced upon the rulers from below. When the slow-footed Manchus showed themselves constitutionally incapable of keeping step with the quickening national pace, the rising tide of national life overwhelmed them in the Republican Revolution of 1911, and they were no more.

Even with the Manchu handicap, the rate of progress during those years was such as to amaze the wisest foreign observers. "*Could the Sage, Confucius, have returned a decade ago,*" wrote that "old China hand," W. R. Manning, in 1910, "*he would have felt almost as much at home as when he departed twenty-five centuries before. Should he return a decade hence he will feel almost as much out of place as Rip Van Winkle, if the recent rate of progress continues.*" Toward the close of 1909 that veteran student of things Chinese, Harlan P. Beach, remarked: "Those who, like myself, can compare the China of twenty-five years ago with the China of this year, can scarcely believe our senses."

It was on top of all this that there came the Republican



Revolution of 1911, a happening hailed by even so sophisticated and conventional an observer as the English publicist, Dr. Dillon, as "the most momentous event in a thousand years." Whatever may have been the political blunders of the Revolutionists (and they were many), the Revolution's moral results were stupendous. The stream of Western innovation flowed at a vastly accelerated pace into every Chinese province. The popular masses were for the first time awakened to genuine interest in political, as distinguished from economic or personal, questions. Lastly, the semi-religious feeling of family kinship, which in the past had been almost the sole bond of Chinese race-solidarity, was powerfully supplemented by those distinctively modern concepts, national self-consciousness and articulate patriotism.

Revolution is, however, always a shrewd test of a people's political efficiency. Failure to meet the test involves subjection to the strong grip of a dictator. For a while it looked as though this was what had happened in China. Taking advantage of the first revolutionary convulsion, a strong and unscrupulous personality, Yuan Shi-kai, wrenched the reins of power from the palsied Manchu grasp, cozened the Revolutionists out of the fruits of victory by an extraordinary combination of forcefulness and cunning, and finally struck down the Republicans by the coup d'état of 1913. The great majority of European observers, hostile as they had been to the Republic from the first, thereupon hailed Yuan Shi-kai as the longed for "Superman" who should crown himself Emperor and lead back China into the paths of monarchical tradition. *Unfortunately for these predictions, Yuan did not prove a Superman; instead, he showed himself merely a super-Mandarin.* His iron will was of course something quite unknown to the huckstering, spectacled bureaucrats of the Manchu regime; nevertheless, Yuan's training and traditions belonged to the old mandarin school of which he was the intellectual product. Thus, however much he might differ from other Chinese officials, the difference was one of degree, not of kind.

Given these various premises, the conclusion was

obvious and inevitable. Having made the Republicans his deadly enemies by the coup d'état of 1913, Yuan, to save his own skin, was forced to go over bag and baggage to the reactionaries—to the partisans of the old, obscurantist regime. Accordingly, Yuan's government rapidly degenerated into a mere second-hand copy of Manchudom and Yuan himself became a slightly Western-veneered reincarnation of the Dowager Empress. How could it be otherwise? All the Western-trained youth, all the conscientious reformers; by whom alone a modernized administration could be carried on, were Republicans. On the other hand, Yuan's supporters were reactionaries, haters of all modern things. Henceforth, despite his iron will, Yuan was powerless for reform. Had he attempted it, his reactionary instruments would have simply broken in his hands.

But, the more Yuan's government approximated to the old Manchu regime, the more it outraged the popular will and the more it was consequently menaced by that same mounting flood which had swept the Manchus into oblivion. Scenting the danger, Yuan threw himself into the arms of the foreigner. Yuan now grew doubly complaisant toward European diplomats and trebly gracious to the crowd of foreign loan-sharks and concession-hunters who thronged Peking. The general revolt which broke out after his assumption of the Imperial title in January, 1916, was not due to that act alone; it was simply the acceleration of something long preparing and inevitable within a very short period of time. The Chinese people were resolved to have done with autocrats, whether "heaven-born Manchus" or "President-Dictators." They now proved this by one of those manifestations of the national will against which even the strongest tyrants are powerless. *Neither high-placed Mandarins nor foreign backers could help Yuan in that hour. Recognizing the game as hopeless, he confessed his errors, abdicated, and shortly after died, very possibly a suicide.*

So perished Yuan Shi-kai's ambitious dream of a despotic, centralized empire. At the first touch of the impending yoke, the Chinese people rose in wrath and shook it off.

They thereby showed how profoundly Chinese political efficiency differs from that of the races of Western and Central Asia, with whom, under the general rubric "Asiatic," the Chinese are too often confounded. Among those races, it is true, political efficiency has always been very low, and the only native government that has stood any chance of success has been that of the "Strong Man," the absolute despot, from the days of the Assyrian Kings down to the late Abdurrahman Khan of Afghanistan. Quite different is the case of China, where political efficiency has in many respects always been singularly high. This has held notably true regarding what many authorities consider the corner-stone of political progress—local self-government. Not even such brutal military conquerors as the Tartars and Manchus have been able to cut that deep-going taproot of Chinese political life. Of course, Chinese political efficiency is not Western political efficiency. Their bases are too profoundly different. For one thing, the germ-cell of Chinese society is not the individual but the family, and even this in a special Chinese sense, since the Chinese "family" is more what we would call a "clan," comprising as it does even the remotest relatives on the male side together with all the ancestral dead. Chinese society is thus founded on a strict "family" basis. Above rises a complicated overgrowth: the village-community, the guild or association, the province. Quite recently, this decidedly un-Western yet intensely vital and well-knit politico-social edifice has been capped by the self-conscious ideal of the Nation.

*As to what form of government is best suited to China, the answer would seem to be—a Federal Republic with extensive provincial and local autonomies; in other words, a polity closely resembling the United States of America.* This would imply no such breach with the past as many persons suppose. Our knowledge of Chinese political conditions has always been obscured by loose terminology, especially by our manner of calling the old régime the Chinese "Empire." That word, redolent of Imperial Rome, at once evoked the image of a strongly centralized State under a despotic ruler

akin to a Western "Cæsar" or an Oriental Sultan. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been further from the truth. In this sense, there never has been either a Chinese "Empire" or a Chinese "Emperor." It would be much more correct to say that China has been a democracy living under a theocracy. With wide local and provincial autonomy, with no genuine nobility since very early times, and with a governing "Mandarinate" recruited by strict civil-service examinations to which the poorest coolie's son might aspire, the term "Empire," in our sense of the word, obviously does not fit. As to the "Emperor," his Chinese title, "Son of Heaven," gives a far better clue to his real status. Beyond the ranks of his Manchu clansman, he evoked no dynastic loyalty. To the Chinese people he was much more a religious than a political personage—"Pontifex" rather than "Cæsar." Viewed from the social angle, the Chinese "Empire" resolved itself into a vast nebula of millions of little family-republics, at the head of which stood the "Son of Heaven"—a super-father fulfilling toward Heaven the same collective duties incumbent upon each family head among the myriad "Sons of Han." Obviously, mere mundane politics had here no vital place. Accordingly, the disappearance of the "Emperor" as a political figure is no great loss to Chinese political life. On the contrary, the Chief Executive of a Federal Republic would accord much better with the native genius.

Most unbiased observers today assert that, so far as internal affairs are concerned, the Chinese Republic's prospects look reasonably good. No form of government appears to be more in harmony with the philosophical principles and social conventions which give the tone to Chinese civilization. Furthermore, the Republican leaders are returning to power chastened by their recent bitter lessons and probably purged of much of their unfortunate doctrinaire zeal. Past failures have drawn the line between the possible and the impossible. Conversely, Yuan's tyranny has cured the more conservative reformers of that panic for order-at-any-price into which the excesses of the first Revolution threw them, thereby making

them such useful tools for Yuan in the first stages of his rise to power. Thus everything portends the formation of a strong coalition party of all the best elements, Radicals and Moderates alike, working intelligently yet temperately along the lines of constructive reform. Such a party, if given a free hand, should be quite able to master the latent forces of both anarchy and reaction.

*In face of such apparently roseate prospects, why must we still view the Far-East with so troubled an eye? It is because athwart China's path a dark shadow is falling—the shadow of a foreign domination inimical to the very well-springs of Chinese national life. The supreme question for China is, not whether she is capable of evolving an orderly and progressive system of government, but whether she will be allowed to evolve such a government, no matter how promising her political capacity or how fervent her reforming dreams. Were the world to-day at peace, China would have a reasonable chance. But the European War has fallen like a blight upon the unhappy country. It has paralyzed the strength of China's friends and given free rein to China's deadly foes.*

Two Great Powers have sworn that there shall never be a strong, reformed China. These two Powers are Russia and Japan. The Petrograd pact of July 3rd, 1916, is the sign-manual of that determination. The spectacle of the embattled rivals of a decade ago thus amicably apportioning the Chinese spoils may at first sight appear rather strange. Yet a moment's reflection should dispel our wonderment. The thing is not new. The very Instrument of July 3rd has lain for decades in Japan's diplomatic portfolio. Away back in the nineties of the last century, Prince Ito was in Petrograd seeking the Alliance of today. Russia was, however, then dominated by imperialist visionaries like Prince Ukhtomsky and Admiral Alexeiev, who dreamed of bringing China and all Asia beneath the sceptre of the Great White Tsar. To such men Prince Ito's proposals savored of impertinence. Accordingly, Russia went her ambitious way until her pride fell shattered at Tsushima and Port Arthur.

By many onlookers the Portsmouth Treaty was considered only a truce between two Russo-Japanese Wars. In reality it laid the foundations of a genuine Russo-Japanese peace. The Manchurian War had taught Russia that she could not devour China. But, from the moment that lesson was learned, the way was clear for a thoroughgoing understanding with Japan. Prince Ito's offer still held good. Japan's vision had not been blinded by victory. Her statesmen knew that she could not, any more than Russia, swallow China whole in defiance of the entire world. Of course she had determined to dominate and exploit not merely Southern Manchuria but also most of the Eighteen Provinces of Old China as well. But to do this she needed an accomplice. And that accomplice was, patently, Russia.

How could it, indeed, be anyone else? The partner to such a vast and hazardous undertaking would obviously ask a high price. The only price which Japan could afford to pay consisted of the great Chinese dependencies to north and west (Mongolia and Turkestan), together with possibly the innermost provinces of China itself. And, of course, Russia was the only Power which could garner these fruits without cutting athwart the Japanese sphere. Conversely, these were just the things which Russia most desired, now that she had abandoned the idea of annexing China's seaboard and dominating the eastern Pacific.

There was even more to the matter. *China represents one of the richest (perhaps the richest) undeveloped economic market in the world. A genuinely independent China, to say nothing of a strong, reformed China, would mean the "open door" for the admission of foreign capital and foreign goods upon equal terms to all.* But in such a case Russia would not get a look-in, and even Japan would obtain only a modicum of the limitless profits to be gained. Both Japan and Russia are today poor countries, without much native capital and still economically backward. Their present industrial development is largely the result of government hot-house fostering and the merciless "sweating" of labor. To think that under equal conditions either Russia or

Japan could undercut the huge accumulated capital and normally developed industrial system of England, Germany, America or France, is nothing short of an absurdity. This both Japan and Russia well knew, and since they could not monopolize the Chinese market by fair means, the natural prompting of ambition was to do so by foul. As a matter of fact, in the economic sphere Japan and Russia have collaborated closely for years. This was conspicuously shown by their joint veto of the Knox railway neutralization project of 1910 and their clever disrupting of the "Four Power" Group formed by the Western capitalist nations for China's economic and financial rehabilitation.

Lastly, Japan and Russia were drawn together by their common fears. To say nothing of their prospective gains, both nations already hold some of China's most treasured possessions. A strong, reformed China might well try to get these back again, and the full development of her vast latent powers would very likely enable her ultimately to do so.

For all these motives Russia and Japan have the strongest motives for wishing to dominate China. The outbreak of the European War disclosed their opportunity. The Western Four Power Group (England, France, Germany, the United States), hitherto an effective counterweight, was now shattered to bits; three of these Powers were locked in deadly internecine strife, the fourth quite unable to shield China from the impending peril. Henceforth the only doubtful point was whether Japan and Russia should use the velvet glove or the mailed fist. So long as Yuan remained in office there was a fair chance that the former implement would be employed. Yuan's government displayed such gratifying signs of corruption and impotence, and he himself was so obviously bidding for foreign support, that Japan and Russia might reasonably hope to gain their ends through such a useful tool without having recourse to cruder military methods. But now that the patriots show every sign of coming to power in China, it is to be feared that their very integrity and promise will nerve Japan and Russia to strike quickly and hard. Should they do so, they would have little

in a military way to fear. China herself could offer no serious military resistance, and none of China's friends could move a finger in her defense.

That Japan and Russia will have to smash China to realize their full ambitions, the Republicans once being fairly in the saddle again, there seems to be little doubt. The patriots are in no yielding mood: their watchword apparently is "No surrender." At the time of the Japanese ultimatum last winter, most of them implored Yuan not to give in. Said one of their spokesmen, the veteran reformer Liang Chi-ch'iao: "*Better be shattered to bits as jade than be saved whole as brick!*" These words have deep significance. Liang Chi-ch'iao is no Occidentalized stripling crammed with Western maxims of "Liberty or Death"; he is a man of mature years, a ripe Confucian scholar honored throughout China as the soundest thinker of the day. His words may therefore be justly deemed the voice of the nation—and it is the voice of a proud people. To that voice the Chinese millions will hearken and obey. Ignorant though they are, apathetic though they commonly seem to be, they yet vouchsafe their sages a reverent loyalty yielded elsewhere only to priests and kings. Of this, Confucius, the race-hero, stands the abiding proof. *If China's leaders say "Fight," China will fight—and go down.*

Of course that would not be the end. China cannot be killed. Oppressed and exploited she might be, for generations. Sooner or later she would rise again. But the China arisen after the Japanese-Muscovite domination would be a China changed terribly for the worse. When the Mongols and Manchus overran the Middle Kingdom they subjected a land unconscious of itself, unaware of its degradation. Should the Japanese and Russians conquer China today they would enslave a nation thrilling with self-conscious patriotism, burning to work out its new-found salvation. China's present gospel is one of peace. Her goal is a democratic Federal Republic, eschewing militarism and conquest, developing its own vast latent resources by pacific economic progress and Western scientific education. To dash the cup



from its lips, to enslave it now within the very portals of freedom, would be to drive the iron into the Chinese people's innermost soul, to rouse that unquenchable thirst for revenge which rank injustice always raises in the Chinese breast. In other years we have heard much of the Chinese "Yellow Peril." *A free China, normally evolving, need cause no alarm. A warped, distorted China emerging from the shadow of Japanese domination might well imperil the whole earth.*

We would do well to heed the warning words of that eminent Chinese man of affairs, Chin Chun-wang, spoken before an American audience at the close of the year 1912: "Here is the danger. If greedy Powers should purposely be so blind to the truth and actually take an undue advantage of our situation to plunder, they would arouse the wrath of a people that may yet be able to protect and maintain what is right. It might drive the Chinese to revenge in such a way as to turn what is soon to become a great hive of commerce and prosperity into a cursed land of carnage and "Boxerism," as well as to endanger the peace of the world and paralyze the advancement of mankind. *Today, therefore, is the time when the great nations can either make the Chinese millions a mighty instrument for promoting peace and prosperity, by helping them to make their intended progress, or else they can drive these same peace-loving people, contrary to their will, to become bloodthirsty fiends for revenge.*"

## TWO POEMS

THEODORE GATES

### THOU ART GONE

**T**HOU art gone. No more  
 Shall I think of thee  
 With thoughts of love.  
 Thy being is as if  
 'Twere not. Thou art

## THOU ART GONE

To me as one above.

Sweet, oh sweet to me  
Were those days gone by—  
Sweet, oh sweet were they.

Hours were spent in talks  
In the woods, near  
The fragrant new mown hay.

I shall ne'er forget  
Those happiest days  
In which I roamed with thee;

I shall ne'er forget  
That last of nights  
Alone with God and thee.

To ne'er forget, so  
Did we fondly pledge  
And love was given free.

Now all is changed—  
The silver thread is broken—  
No more can I call you "dear."

Since you went away;  
Away for so short a time,  
Scarcely half a year;

Yet so soon did he woo you,—  
So soon did he win you,  
Win you away from me.

Oh, why so inconstant,  
Why now so different,  
Different than you used to be!—

The hurt and the pain  
Is gone, I hope now,  
But oh, not the love for you!—

That will not go—  
Yet I must not—  
Love must not be.

May your life be happy,  
May pain not enter in,  
May love be ever yours.

May he be ever near you.  
 As I fondly hoped to be,  
 When I could call you mine.  
 May God rest you,  
 May God bless you,  
 For all time.

### CONTENTMENT

**T**IS one of those beautiful days  
 When God's wild flowers grow,  
 When all sweet nature plays,  
 And the breeze so warm doth blow ;  
 The birds sing in the treetops,  
 The worm creeps in the soil,  
 From above have fallen the raindrops,  
 But man's in the garden of toil.

O why must one love another—  
 Another with features so fair !  
 Happy the successful lover,  
 Rejected, O, do not despair  
 For the woods and the grass are left thee,  
 And life though marred is not dead—  
 For the comfort of God is left thee,  
 Rejected, O, lift up thy head !  
 Come with me to the brookside  
 And let thy troubles go ;  
 Think not of the waters of life  
 That so irresistibly flow—  
 For here is sweet peace for thee,  
 Here in nature so fair ;  
 Drink of life's waters so free,  
 Rejected, O, do not despair !

# THE PHILIPPINES

(A NATIONAL PROBLEM)

*The author of the following article is an American professional man who has lived in the Philippines for several years. He has had no connection with the Government, nor with business enterprises, so his views are not biased by political prejudice or financial interest. A wide acquaintance among both Filipinos and Americans in the Islands has given him opportunity to study the Philippine question from various angles. He wishes his name withheld for valid reasons.—The Editors.*

**A**N American writer, after a visit to India and the Philippines a few years ago, hit off the contrast in the two administrations by the witty remark: "The British govern India with a stiff shirt-front. The Americans govern the Philippines with a base-ball bat, and a can of Hope-Deferred Smoking Mixture." The purpose of this article is to tell briefly what the "base-ball bat" stands for in the new Philippines, and to make clear the nature and operation of the narcotic member in this curious governmental team.

When Uncle Sam unexpectedly found this great group of tropical islands on his hands, a commission of five men headed by President Schurman, of Cornell, was appointed by President McKinley to deliver to the Filipino people a message of good-will, to investigate conditions, and to make recommendations to the President.

McKinley's noble conception of his country's relation to the Philippines appears in his instructions to the Secretary of War: "A high and sacred obligation rests upon the Government of the United States to give protection for property and life, civil and religious freedom, and wise, firm, unselfish guidance in the paths of peace and prosperity to all the people of the Philippine Islands. I charge the Commission to labor for the full performance of this obligation, which concerns the honor and conscience of their country . . ."

Our people have been, as the President and Congress found themselves at first, ignorant as to facts and perplexed as to policy; it could not have been otherwise. But the people, as well as their representatives, have from the first recog-

nized in the Philippines a momentous responsibility, and have been moved by sincere desire to discharge that responsibility in the wisest and most generous way, the welfare and happiness of the Filipinos themselves being the supreme consideration. A few have been excited over what they fancied to be oppression and "Imperialism"; at the other extreme a few have advocated retention for trade or territorial reasons; but the vast majority, when they have thought of the far-away islands and their people at all, have had but a single idea—to do the right thing by them. And so it is to-day. *The problem, in other words, is a national rather than a partisan problem; and the people at large have approached it not as Republicans or Democrats, but as Americans.*

The situation which faced our first commission was new, strange, complex. Enter the bat! It arrived on the scene, in fact, before the honorable commissioners. "A couple of base-ball teams were organized, and played numerous games in full view of the enemy," says General Funston in his "Memories of Two Wars." "But the oddest thing was brought about by the fact that our band sent in to Manila for its instruments, the men since the outbreak having been fighting in companies, and every evening we had a concert on our lines. The Filipinos would crowd the tops of their trenches to hear the music, and would vigorously applaud pieces that struck their fancy. Every concert closed with the playing of the 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' at which not only our men but all the Filipinos stood at attention, uncovered." The bat, therefore, was the basis of the first good understanding between the "little brown brother" and the big Americano.

But the bat, in this story, means more than base-ball. Long before the war ended, well-educated soldiers were assigned to duty as teachers in the schools established under the first military-civil municipal governments, and text books were issued by an artillery captain, the first appropriation for this purpose reported by the military being \$100,000 Mexican. Evidently the bat, as well as the pen, was mightier than the sword. Let us take it then as a symbol of the whole

far-flung army of progress: schools, athletics, sanitation, good roads, scientific agriculture, free speech, peace, justice, political and religious liberty.

Aladdin with his magic lamp could hardly have wrought a more astounding transformation than that which has taken place in Manila and throughout the Philippines in the last fifteen years. An isolated tropical archipelago in the Oriental seas, its slow-moving life dominated by Spanish mediaevalism, has come over-night into the full current of the 20th Century. The Filipinos to-day are, in a double sense, a nation at school. And the system of education which has been developed there, from primary schools to university, with its emphasis on trades and agriculture for the boys and household arts for the girls, has been adjudged by competent critics to be one of the most perfect systems in the world. Cholera, smallpox, bubonic plague, the scourges of the past, have been reduced to the vanishing point; progress which will benefit the whole world has been made in the cure of beri-beri and leprosy; a good start has been taken in the fight against tuberculosis and infant mortality, and a whole people is thinking in new terms of hygiene and health. Time would fail to tell the story of the opening of the lowland provinces to new ideas and prosperity, by excellent roads, new railroads and mail routes, and of the civilizing effect of good trails, just treatment, athletics, and schools on the mountain tribes that used to be head-hunters.

The material change is great but the spiritual advance, though less obvious, is greater still. Peace and security are established where unrest and outlawry held sway. The poor man for the first time has an equal chance before the law. There is a new conception of probity in office, a new sense of social responsibility breaking out in pioneer works of philanthropy. The modern games—base-ball, volley-ball, track and field sports, basket-ball, foot-ball, tennis, aquatics, and recreative group games—which have spread like wildfire over the islands—are doing more than to develop sturdy bodies. They are teaching the youth fair play and pulling the grown-ups away from the cock-pit. The old ideal of a

gentleman as a perfumed dandy afraid to soil his hands is gone, and it is not Japan, but the Philippines that leads in the new athletic life of the Far-East. Most Americans are surprised to learn that this varied work of regeneration does not mean a heavy annual drain on Uncle Sam. It is not a costly, artificial gift, superimposed from without,—*the Islands themselves are paying their way, except the cost of the American military and naval establishment, which is still borne by the United States.*

And it is unjust for Americans to claim all the credit. *What has been accomplished is the result of Americans and Filipinos working together.* The ideas and initiative have been mainly American, but the Filipino people have cooperated, on the whole, with interest and enthusiasm, and *the result could not have been achieved without their joint help.* Nor can any one group of Americans monopolize our part of the glory. The Army and Navy began the good work, for after their traditional job of "civilizing 'em with a Krag" was over, they turned to peaceful campaigns on athletic fields, in the school-room, and with sanitary squad. The civil government took it up and kept it going. Roman Catholic priests and sisters, Protestant missionaries and the Young Men's Christian Association have helped. Pioneer merchants, lumber men and professional men are part of the army of progress, and scientists, philanthropists and other men of good will in America and elsewhere have contributed.

If things are going so well, then, on our farthest western frontier, where does the problem come in? Enter the Smoking Mixture, borne on a golden platter by a Filipino politician. This actor has the magical power of creating, seemingly from nothing, fragrant clouds of smoke, rising in ever-widening rings from which all manner of good genii hop forth. So perfect is the illusion that its enchantment pervades the Philippines, and even reaches across the seas to Washington. The narcotic weed which produces the smoke is called "independencia," but its origin is shrouded in mystery. Some say that Aguinaldo introduced it, others that it originated in Boston and is a distant relative of an early

American variety. A few allege that it was planted in the Islands by Governor Taft, a theory which seems at first to be borne out by the popularity that promised at first to make him a No. 1 saint in the Filipino calendar, but is knocked in the head by the fact that the genial governor is now regarded as the arch imperialist. At all events, the popularity of the drug cannot be denied; its use is all but universal among the Filipino politicians, and has generally extended to other classes, the politicians being the only ones, however, who find it helpful in their business. For, sad to relate, this narcotic is as baneful to peoples in their youth as tobacco is to boys. "Hope-Deferred Smoking Mixture," the facetious visitor called it, and a very much more ancient writer observed that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

*Americans ought to be the last people in the world to oppose the aspirations of a struggling young nation to nationality and independence. They do not oppose these aspirations in the Filipinos; if they were lacking, their absence would denote a spiritless, weak race, which would make small appeal to a liberty-loving nation.* How is it then that Americans who know the Filipinos and their problems well through long experience in the Philippines oppose, almost to a man, the agitation for early independence! Has a sea voyage, or residence among a dependent people, transformed them into unfeeling imperialism? In Kipling's phrase, the trouble is, the Filipinos have not been able to "Dream and not make Dreams their master."

Whatever be the weak points of the Filipinos, oratory is not one of them, and the orator never lacks an audience. Announce that Assemblyman Juan de la Cruz is to speak at the Presidencia to-night, and the hall will be packed. The Filipino politician has ever found "independencia" a word to conjure with; it is the millennium, the full dinner pail and the happy hunting grounds in one concentrated, sugar-coated pill, and it's good for everthing that ails you.

What harm in this happy delusion? An illustration: Governor Forbes, who devoted himself first to the economic



upbuilding of the country, employed irrigation engineers, had surveys made and estimates prepared for bringing water to regions where the rice crop fails periodically from drouth; but the Philippine Assembly bucked him, refusing the necessary appropriations, and the work stopped. Presto, change. A Democratic regime is here, and the Assembly and the Nacionalista papers are talking irrigation. What did it? Why, the Democrats recognize "independencia" as the paramount issue, and we can now attend to less important matters. Meanwhile, another drouth has cost the country enough to have built an irrigation system. Agriculture, the one great industry, on which a solid economic foundation for self-government could be raised, has waited in vain from the institution of the Assembly in 1907 to this day for any adequate legislative attention or help—the politicians were too busy talking independence, or quixotic schemes related to it, to discuss little matters like rural credits, seed selection, and irrigation.

Previous administrations have been in reality non-partisan. The last thing one thought of about an American in the Islands was his politics at home, and Democrats as well as Republicans have been appointed to the Commission and even to the Governor's chair. But the papers and politicians of the Nacionalista party have done their best to persuade the people that they were being oppressed and despoiled by the Republicans, and that their redemption could only come through the triumph of the Democratic party. And this undercurrent of unrest and friction has been kept alive through the years because the Republicans happened to be "in," and the Democrats "out," when an accident of war laid the Islands at Uncle Sam's door. Who that heard Bryan in the 1900 campaign does not remember his impassioned denunciation of an Imperialism that would launch America on a course of world-wide aggression and put McKinley in office as "President of the United States, *and Emperor of the Philippines!*" His fury of indignation, and the frantic fears of the Anti-Imperialists, seem singularly wide of the mark in view of our course in Cuba, and the

speed with which the Philippines have been pushed along towards self-government.

But after fifteen years of "wandering in Egypt" under hard Republican task masters, "Moses" at last arrived in the person of Francis Burton Harrison, first Governor appointed by the Democrats, to lead the Filipinos "out of bondage." A crowd such as never before assembled in the land of fiestas and parades turned out to welcome him, and his flower-strewn way from wharf to Luneta was a triumphal progress indeed. His speech was a sort of emancipation proclamation, promising a "New Era."

The keynote of the "New Era," however, was struck a few months later by one of Governor Harrison's colleagues, Commissioner Denison, in a speech before the City Club of Manila. Three of his most telling sentences will suffice: "*If the Filipino wishes to lie in the shade, placidly murmuring, 'manana,' what concern is that of ours? 'If he is satisfied with a two-weeks' mail service from northern Luzon to Manila, instead of the present two-day service, why should we try to hustle the East?'*" And his climax, the "New Era" in a nutshell, was this: "*Harrison found things upside down, and he has turned them right side up.*" But the fine point of this sentiment was lost in laughter, for through a slip he first said: "Harrison found things right side up and has turned them upside down," and as he was correcting himself, an old resident sitting in a corner sung out: "You had it right the first time, Mr. Secretary. First thoughts are best," a remark which expressed the feeling of his American audience and brought down the house.

The one besetting, unpardonable sin of the "New Era" is that it has been bent on putting the old one "in the hole." The great company of American civil servants throughout the Islands, who had labored with singular enthusiasm and devotion for years to build up a service which for altruism and efficiency should be a model in the administration of dependencies, could endure to see the fine morale, the esprit de corps, disappear as they did, if the shake-up in the service promised some radical gain. But what they could not

abide, what the whole American community resented bitterly, was the imputation implicit in the attitude of the new order, which Commissioner Denison unmeaningly put in plain speech—that everything they had toiled to erect was upside down, wrong not only in form but also in spirit and motive. Quite possibly the Republicans would have done the same if the situation had been reversed. This passion for change is the logical result of making the Islands a bone of political contention.

Three and a half years have passed, and a Democratic Administration has shown its hand in the Philippines. What is the record of the "New Era"? To the average old-timer in Manila it seems neither so black nor so white as it has been painted by the partisans who have made sweeping charges on the one hand, and somewhat extravagant claims on the other. In fact, after the first few weeks of excitement, when the Filipinos were walking on air and Americans were counting official heads as they fell and wondering who would be next, the new Administration has seemed a rather colorless affair. It is not true that "all the good work of fifteen years has been undone," that "the Islands are in chaos" and that everything has gone to rack and ruin generally. On the other hand, one would look in vain for any outstanding, constructive achievements. The Governor and his friends doubtless feel that his Administration has been an era of good feeling, and this is true so far as the Filipinos are concerned; he is fortunate in the possession of the suave, high-mannered temperament which works like ball-bearings with the Latin-American. Unprecedented docility in the Assembly, which has passed appropriation bills without friction and done about everything else the Governor asked, would probably be set down by a shrewd guesser to the working of the Smoking Mixture. Economy has been forced not only by the War, but also by the business stagnation which the "New Era" unquestionably increased. That order still reigns in the Islands, and the machinery of government moves on without alarming hitches, is due less, one surmises, to the professedly revolutionary work of the last three years

than to the steady constructive labor of the previous fifteen.

In its first flush of reform enthusiasm, the new Administration criticized the old as "elaborate, costly, top-heavy," and announced that it would proceed to erect a new, simple system suited to the needs of the Islands. With an Assembly obedient to his nod, Harrison has had ample power to make radical changes. But after all this bombast and fanfare, how does the Philippine Government to-day differ from the old? Pretty much the same government, with the same old departments, doing business in the same old way. In other words, the mountain labored and brought forth a very small mouse. That he did not let his first impulse lead on to a wholesale attempt to reconstruct the government, after he discovered the worth and fitness of the existing one, is of course to Mr. Harrison's credit.

The new Philippine act passed by the last session of Congress created an elective Senate in place of the old Philippine Commission, made up of Americans and Filipinos appointed by the President; added to the electorate those literate in a native language (before English or Spanish was required); declared the purpose of the United States to grant ultimate independence; and provided for certain other readjustments of the government, in the direction of further participation by the Filipino people. The first election under this law has been held recently, and it is too early yet to judge its working, or the results of the latest acts of the Philippine administration in creating a great national bank and taking over the railways in the island of Luzon.

Three plain, practical questions remain: *Do the Filipinos really want independence? Are they ready for it? What should Congress do?*

*Do they want it?* The politicians have persuaded the ignorant masses that they want it, too. The property owners are opposed to it but are afraid to say so lest the politicians "take it out" on them if it comes. The rising generation of students are not so keen for it; but they, too, are somewhat overawed by the office-holders. Even those Filipinos who advocate independence usually mean, not the American's

idea of it—getting out bag and baggage and leaving them to go it alone and fight their own battles—but some sort of protectorate, with the good jobs and the balance of power in their hands, and Uncle Sam's Army and Navy conveniently ready somewhere to keep off possible invaders. Japan? *War with America, her best customer and a good friend, even with the Philippines as a prize, is the last thing Japan wants.* But with America out, for better or for worse, then the northern shadow lies long over the rich southern archipelago. This is the thought that gives every thinking Filipino pause. Germany? Well, *the behavior of the Kaiser's Admiral in Manila Bay, after Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, still seems peculiar.*

*Are they ready?* Here, also, the question is one of definition. For the Mexican style of republic, yes; *they could hardly do worse than Mexico, even if the latter has had about a century's experience of so-called republican rule.* Possibly they could do as well as Cuba, which has only gone on the rocks once since America made her independent. This, however, is extremely doubtful, for the Philippines are a country vastly greater in area and less homogeneous in population than Cuba. Even the Filipinos of late are a bit distrustful of the neutralization theory. *Does the United States want her one, big long-distance attempt to shoulder "the white man's burden," which has been held up to the world as a demonstration of what we could do if we tried, to turn out a Malay Mexico?*

To erect a free, independent state, in which the common people shall take part and have their rights secured, and to give it a reasonable expectation of permanence, at least three conditions have yet to be achieved: (1) *An economic basis.* The whole annual revenue of the Philippines now would barely purchase one first-class battleship, and of the business which produces this revenue more than half is in Chinese hands, the rest practically all in hands European or American. (2) *A fair percentage of literacy, and a voting middle class.* (3) *A reasonable period of practice in self-government after the development of a popular electorate.* A com-

mon language would be an immense asset, especially to a people so diverse in race and language and culture as the Filipinos, but Switzerland and some other countries get on without it.

How long this will take, no man knows. The Filipinos are unquestionably the farthest advanced of the Malay peoples; they have good possibilities and are coming on steadily, but they still have far to go. *One generation from Spain's withdrawal would be a miraculously short time to accomplish what the Filipinos must, if they would build a state that shall be a worthy example to the rest of the brown race and endure among the strong nations of the East.*

## WOMENFOLK: A DEDICATION

MARGARET WIDDEMER

**Y**OU fret and grieve and turn about  
 To make this world and living out,  
 With "This is so," and "That is so——"  
 Ah, sirs, we learned it long ago!

If you should make an angel tell  
 What Mary learned of Gabriel  
 Yet could you know the flaming words  
 That pierced her with the seven swords?  
 And if some fiend-snake hissed you low  
 All he told Eve where God's trees grow,  
 Yet could you learn the thing she learned  
 Who sobbing out of Eden turned?  
 We watched with smiling mother-eyes  
 The while you stormed, and thought you wise  
 At God's great walls, as if you beat  
 Like babes, with angry hands and feet:  
 For God who bound our feet and hands  
 And laid us under your commands,  
 Still left us silence, love, and pain

And dreams to hide and peace to gain . . .  
 Why, when you search beyond a doubt  
 The farthest star's last secret out,  
 Some woman from her nook shall smile  
 (Laying her needle down the while)  
 "Dear, that old dream I told to you?  
 You smiled . . . I thought you always knew!"

The thing we tell is no new thing,  
 A wisdom born of suffering—  
 That there is pain, and there is love,  
 And God's great silence still above,  
 And this is all—though you have hurled  
 Your strength forever on the world.

Quick, let us speak to you, ere yet  
 Passed from our silence we forget;  
 Like you, with crowds made deaf and blind,  
 With dealings close to humankind:  
 Be swift, for soon we too shall be  
 With no more place for memory,  
 Going unfettered as man goes,  
 And scarcely wounded more—who knows?  
 For all our Vala-dreams may lift  
 Like Tyre-smoke and Atlantis-drift . . .

Listen, most dear, this while that we  
 At once have speech and memory!

# THE WOMAN'S HOUR IN CHINA

JEAN WHITE

**W**HEN the Republic was established in China in 1911, seven women were appointed as active members in the Assembly of Canton. Such an appointment would, on the face of it, have been impossible, had not these women been equipped, mentally, to fill adequately the high position to which they were elected.

A rather amusing fact in connection with the selection of one of these women was that her husband begged her not to use his name when in office. He urged that to do so would reflect upon his personal ability. His chagrin and mortification were great, for he had been among the "also rans," and thought that he should have been chosen instead of a woman.

The appointment of these seven women is only one of many instances that give the lie to the opinion, generally accepted by the Occidental mind, that the women of China are poor, downtrodden creatures, held as mere chattels, and treated as drudging nonentities whose sole reason for being is their ability to breed sons and look after purely domestic affairs.

*The Chinese woman has never been a chattel in the true sense of the word.* Her spirit has *always* been free, and she has frequently translated this same free spirit into acts.

This is evidenced in graphic fashion by the fact that in the Shen Tock district of the Province of Canton, the bride returns to her mother's home to live, buying and sending a slave girl in her place to serve as a wife to her husband. That a Chinese girl must marry is a *sine qua non*, for a woman has no status until she is wed. But the women of this particular district are not compelled to live with the husband selected for them *after* marriage, either by law or the force of public opinion.

Fear has really been at the root of the opposition, and men have, therefore, always cast the onus of opprobrium on



the efforts of public-spirited women to wield power outwardly.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who met the women members of the Canton Assembly during the progress of her world tour, declared, after interviewing them from every angle of the question, that the women of China have practically always been suffragists in theory but had not had the general opportunity of coming before the public until the Republic was established. The Republic of China was modeled upon that of the United States and almost immediately everything Occidental was adopted.

Women blossomed out in every field of endeavor—political, economic, educational—and showed themselves at least equal to men in tackling national problems. They demonstrated their receptive attitude to modern thought and ways as soon as they had the opportunity of showing it, thus proving that they had the background and foundation of centuries of independence of thought to support them.

From time immemorial women, to express themselves, have been obliged to resort to methods wholly contrary to their natures. The women of China have been no exception to this rule. They have been no whit behind their Occidental sisters in *finessing* for what they wanted; and, in common with their Western sisters, have obtained their ends by subtle, feminine wiles. They have bound their feet and oiled their hair to appear desirable, and to cajole the men into allowing them each to be a little dowager empress in her own home, holding the purse and directing the household economics.

Lulled into a sense of security by this seeming subservience to their wishes, even the elders of a Chinese village, who settle all local disputes without recourse to law, consult and advise with the women of their households before taking action on a question, relying on the woman's natural shrewdness and vision, in public affairs as well as in matters domestic.

A striking example that cannot fail to prove a Chinese woman's participation in matters of national welfare is that

of Lo Chiew Chin. This remarkable woman was one of the leaders of the Chinese revolution, which resulted in the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the formation of the Republic.

When she was but a child, her father, a civil mandarin and noted scholar, gave Lo Chiew Chin the same opportunity for an education that Chinese custom usually accords to male offspring alone. The young girl absorbed the ancient classics to such purpose that she soon became well known as an author herself, a book of her poems being recently printed in Shanghai.

During the Boxer troubles, she was living in Peking, and was so impressed by the corruption of the Manchu government that she began to advocate radical reforms, in spite of the opposition of her husband, who was a conservative government official. Finally, rather than relinquish her patriotic ideals and principles, she left him and had her marriage annulled, a most unusual proceeding for a Chinese woman.

In 1904, she went to Japan to study conditions, and there met the great rebel leader, Sun Yat-Sen, and many others of the new party whose object was the overthrow of the Manchus and the establishment of a republic similar to that of the United States. Chiew Chin immediately joined the organization, and enthusiastically began to spread its propaganda. She established a Chinese Suffrage Magazine in Tokyo, called "*The Justice*," which aroused many of her fellow countrymen to take an interest in the fight for rights and liberty, so soon to begin in China.

In 1906, returning to Shanghai, she began the publication of a woman's paper, and established a large school for girls, that they might grasp the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, on which she lectured so eloquently. To sound out the temper of the common people she frequently disguised herself as a man, so that she might travel third class and mix with the rougher element unobserved.

About this time her cousin, Hsui See Lin, instigated a plot to kill the governor of Anhui province. Chiew Chin

raised many volunteers to assist in the fighting, which took place after the governor's assassination and which was the beginning of the revolutionary movement of the Anhui province. The uprising was temporarily quelled after Hsui was killed in action, and Chiew Chin was arrested. The names of the conspirators were demanded from her, but the dauntless woman refused to tell them, even though she knew that her life was at stake.

Raising her head high, she proudly faced her inquisition.

'I will tell you nothing,' she said. "Though I am but a woman, I can die for my country, but cannot betray my friends."

*She was beheaded that same night, China's first woman martyr.*

The daring spirit of the women of China has a further exemplification in the person of Cheuk Wan, a young girl of Canton, who helped to manufacture explosives for the destruction of Canton City in 1911. Cheuk Wan posed as the wife of the youthful Revolutionary hero, Lee Sing—who threw the bomb that killed the governor of Canton Province—in order that she might work with the men who were engaged in the plot to destroy the city. The especial bomb that killed the governor was made by the young girl herself, and she traveled many times from Hongkong to Canton with her clothes literally packed tight with dynamite, which had to be transferred secretly into Chinese territory.

The enterprise of these Chinese women is remarkable. During the Revolution, and since the Republic has been declared in operation, women have been heads of co-educational institutions, principals of girls' schools, artists, politicians, authors, playwrights, as well as actresses—the last forbidden by tradition for many centuries; they have headed Amazon regiments and run newspapers, the women of Heung Shan district, Canton Province, establishing a newspaper there, which they edited with marked success both during and after the Revolution.

More recently, in February, 1916, Mrs. Chung, wife of the Commissioner of Education in Canton, Wing Kwong Chung, made a speech at the celebration banquet given by the Revolutionary party at a New York City restaurant, which was the hit of the evening. She spoke on the significance of the establishment of the Chinese Republic, showing a man's grasp of economics and politics. Her points were made with the skill of a seasoned orator, and were appreciatively applauded by a number of Columbia professors and other men of note, interested in this newest Republic's outlook.

The Chinese woman is a natural born platform speaker and keenly alive to the advantages of a rounded education. The career of Liu Fung Lin is a notable example of the responsive attitude of mind held by Chinese girls towards the higher branches of learning. A daughter of one of Dr. Sun's most intimate friends and earliest supporters, Miss Liu, is a graduate of the Teachers' College at Columbia, and is about to return to Canton, China, to take charge of a large girls' school there. She has travelled all over the Eastern States speaking in behalf of education for Chinese women, her dynamic oratory opening the eyes and purses of many in the cause of the Chinese woman's thirst for knowledge. In one of her speeches, Miss Liu said: "My father never made any distinction between his sons and daughters in the matter of educational opportunities. He gave us an equal chance with our brothers to study. But he was an exception. The average parent educates the sons only. I am grateful for the fate which made me my father's daughter, for I am now ready to take my place in the field opened to the women of China through the establishment of the Republic."

Even before the Chinese Revolution, however, educated Chinese girl teachers broke through the established custom of secluded living and risked their reputations by going into country villages during their vacation time, without pay, to teach their less fortunate sisters the principles of education. The village girls were not allowed to go to the great school in Canton, as no Chinese girl is permitted to leave the village

in which she is born except for the one into which she marries.

Over ten years ago the writer during her educational tours, took a number of Chinese girl teachers and, after a heartbreaking fight against hidebound custom and tradition, succeeded in opening and establishing some fifty schools in different country villages. They met with every kind of opposition, even, as in the instance of Shan Tau, being stoned out of the village. But they persisted, with the gratifying result that at present in Harlo Tseng alone there are no less than five regular schools, taught by Chinese unmarried girls. This was formerly taboo by Chinese convention, but the influx of Christian teachers, doctors and other educators has given the girls the impetus toward freer methods of not only thought but of action.

Even years before this, elderly Chinese women, usually widows—as their husbands would have forbidden it otherwise—went about the interior preaching the precepts of Christianity and speaking in public, a *modus operandi* against all established Chinese sentiment.

Again, in this country, in San Francisco, as far back as 1903, Seid Kum-kum made a speech on Chinese politics before an audience of men, driving her points home with irrefutable logic, and winning many to her cause. Some months later Mrs. Lo Lin, whose case was widely exploited by a New York paper at the time of her landing in America, held an audience of several Chinese men of all classes and conditions speechless with amazement and indignation when she told of the indignities she suffered while in the detention pen for the Chinese Women Immigrants in San Francisco. Prior to this, Mrs. Lo Lin had never appeared as a public speaker in any capacity whatever, save as a teacher in a girls' school. The story of her sufferings caused tears to spring to the eyes of the usually stolid sons of Han, and steps were taken toward bettering the conditions of the detention pen. At this mass-meeting were present many foreigners who were interested in one way or another in matters Chinese and who expressed themselves shocked that such

conditions could exist in a civilized country. But that is all of more recent date. A woman in ancient times in all countries usually had to be a courtesan to wield open power, for the reason that publicity of any sort for a respectable woman was frowned upon as not according to the code. This was the case in China. As far back as 32 B. C. the reigning emperor's judgment on state affairs was greatly moulded by the Lady Pann, who besides being a political influence to be reckoned with, was also a poetess of parts. One of her many poems which are quoted to this day runs as follows:

“ O, fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,  
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow—  
See! Friendship fashions out of thee a fan,  
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above.  
At home, abroad, a close companion thou,  
Stirring at every move the grateful gale:  
And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,  
Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,  
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,  
All thoughts of bygone days, like them, bygone.”

It was from this poem that the figurative phrase “ autumn fan ” has passed into the Chinese language as the symbol for a neglected wife.

That the Lady Pann was tactful and discreet as well as powerful and charming is evidenced by her reply to the emperor's request that she ride beside him in his carriage of state. This was contrary to all custom, so Lady Pann archly replied: “ Your handmaiden has heard that wise rulers of old were always accompanied by virtuous ministers, but never that women rode by their side.”

And so the subtle influence and dormant power of the Chinese woman has gathered momentum throughout the ages. They have long been open-minded and ripe for broader views. It needed but the moral support of Occidental civilization to permit them to show their receptive attitude toward modern thought and ways, for they already had the background and foundation which enabled them to grasp the opportunity when it offered. The Revolution was

the match that started a mighty conflagration of activity in every line of endeavor.

*For ourselves in the future, the most mortifying Yellow Peril we have to fear from the Chinese women is the rivalry with the women of this country along lines of common interest.*

Mabel Lee, daughter of the Rev. Lee To, superintendent of the Union Chinese Mission, New York City, outstripped many of her Occidental sisters when she took her Baccalaureate degree from Columbia College last June where she was the president of the Philosophy Club, and specialized on political economy, winning great praise for her masterly exposition of the subject.

## THREE POEMS

KATHARINE LEE BATES

### THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

**T**HE poor earth was so winter-marred,  
 Harried by storm so long,  
 It seemed no spring could mend her,  
 No tardy sunshine render  
 Atonement for such wrong.  
 Snow after snow, and gale and hail,  
 Gaunt trees encased in icy mail,  
 The glittering drifts so hard  
 They took no trace  
 Of scared, wild feet,  
 No print of fox and hare  
 Driven by dearth  
 To forage for their meat,  
 Even in dooryard bare  
 And frosty lawn  
 Under the peril of the human race;  
 And then one primrose dawn,  
 Sweet, sweet, O sweet,  
 And tender, tender,  
 The bluebirds woke the happy earth  
 With song !

## THE THRACIAN STONE

*"The faeries gave him the propertie of the  
Thracian stone: for who toucheth it is exempted from  
griefe."*

**T**HE fairies to his cradle came to play their fairy part,  
Their footsteps like the laughter of a leaf;  
They touched him with the Thracian stone that setteth  
free the heart—  
O dream-enchanted, singing heart!—forever free  
from grief.

The wind it could not blow a way that failed to please him  
well;  
Beyond the rain he saw the March skies blue,  
With hope of April violets; he cast his fairy spell  
Over our flawed and tarnished world, creating all things  
new.

He bore the burden of his day, the burden and the heat,  
As blithely as a seagull breasts the gale,  
Glorying that God should trust his strength. The color of  
ripe wheat  
Was on his life when it was flung beneath pain's threshing-  
flail.

He fronted that grim challenge like some resplendent knight  
Who rides against foul foes of fen and wood;  
With ringing song of onset, his spirit, hero-bright,  
Went tilting with a sunbeam against the dragon brood.

Then dusky shapes stole on him, Queen of the Quaking Isle,  
Queens of the Land of Longing and the Waste;  
He bowed him to their bidding with a secret in his smile;  
He quaffed their bitter cups that left ambrosia on the taste.

Last came the King of Terrors, and lo! his iron crown  
Had twinkled to a silver fairy-cap;  
Like two old friends they took the road to Love-and-Beauty  
town,  
That's here and there and everywhere on all the starry  
map.



## OUR FIRST FAMILIES

**S**WEET are the manners of the wood,  
Our only old society,  
Where all the folk are glad and good  
In unrebuked variety.

Within this gentle commonweal,  
No envy falls with fairy gold  
On jewel-weed and Solomon's seal,  
Moth mullein and marsh marigold.

No rubied vines despise the lot  
Of ragged neighbors; whether moss  
Be flat or tufted matters not,  
Pale peat or glittering feather-moss.

The common milkweed holds estates  
And wears his purple royalty;  
The bluets keep their ancient traits  
With quiet Quaker loyalty.

These families of long descent,  
Our tutors in amenities,  
Have pedigrees of such extent  
They well may share serenities.

Ere first the hollow Catacombs  
Thrilled to a Christian litany  
There bloomed beside the red-men's homes  
Spicebush and fragrant dittany.

This rock's huge shadow rested on  
Gentian and nodding trillium  
Before the rise of Babylon,  
Before the fall of Ilium!

# THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF NEWFOUNDLAND IN A SUBMARINE WAR

SENATOR P. T. McGRATH

**A**MONG the outstanding revelations with regard to the present War, in respect to the future of Canada and any Canadian policy of preparedness, is that of the strategic value of Newfoundland—the island which stands as the sentinel of the St. Lawrence, the guardian of the Gulf, the controlling factor in the seafaring development of Canada's commerce, and yet the only portion of British America which does not belong to the Canadian Confederation and is independent of the rule of the Ottawa Government.

For nearly fifty years, since the very founding of the Canadian Confederation, that country has desired its absorption, but this is only possible by the will of the Newfoundland electorate, and this it has never proved possible to obtain so far. Some think that it may follow as an outcome of the War—through the heavy financial burdens assumed by Newfoundland in the endeavor to do her part to assist the Motherland in the present struggle, through the lesson taught by war of the helplessness of small nations, and the contrary evidence that union is strength and through the need for Canada to secure the island as a dominant factor in any future scheme of naval and military defence she may design.

The strategic value of Newfoundland to North America, as revealed by this War, is very great. Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to claim that the possession of this island is indispensable to the future security of the United States in the event of war. Newfoundland's potential value is enormous. Her coast is the landing place of twelve of the transatlantic cables—the two great systems—the Western Union and the Commercial—having abandoned in the main all other

cable routes to locate on her seaboard within the past ten years, because, lying as she does about midway between New York and Ireland, she forms a halfway house and thus enables the cables to be worked with greater efficiency than by any other channel. Her seaboard is also the home of some of the world's largest wireless stations, by the employment of which the British Admiralty has been able since the present War began, to direct the operations of the cruisers, patrolships and gunboats of the British and French fleets, that have converted the western ocean into an Allied Lake.

Moreover, the hundreds of fishing villages that indent her seaboard are also the home of multitudes of hardy fishermen, equal even to the famed British bluejackets themselves, and here, with a prescience rarely credited to the British, the Admiralty established, nearly 20 years ago, a Naval Reserve, training up thereby some thousands of fisherfolk to assist the regular bluejackets of the Mother Country, which Naval Reservists are now to be found in all classes of British warships, from submarines to super-dreadnoughts, and from the tiniest trawler engaged in mine-sweeping, to the lordly battle-cruisers that smashed Von Spee's squadron at the Falkland Islands a year and a half ago.

Creating a naval arm has been shown to be Canada's weakest point in the present struggle. Although she has enlisted 600,000 men for her army, she has been unable to make any show in embodying naval units. Before the outbreak of hostilities she had two "disclassed" British warships as a nucleus of a Navy, *the Niobe* on the Atlantic and *the Rainbow* on the Pacific, and when war began she was obliged to obtain from the Admiralty the men of two gunboats used in Behring Sea, the *Algerine* and *Sheerwater*, and bring them across to Halifax to help man *the Niobe*, getting more men by advertising in the Canadian cities for time-expired British bluejackets, and ultimately obtaining, through the Admiralty also, 120 Naval Reservists from Newfoundland to complete the *Niobe's* complement. After a year the latter ship was put out of commission and her crew were drafted to England, but even now the men

on the Canadian patrol-ships along the Atlantic seaboard are largely Newfoundlanders and it is admitted in Canada that when that country undertakes the building and manufacturing of a Navy, either on the Australian plan or as an adjunct to the British fleet, she will have to get the crews, therefore, from the Newfoundland fisherfolk.

These, however, are the least of the potentialities of this remarkable island. Its chief value lies in the fact that the power which possesses it has in it the means of providing a base for its naval forces rarely equalled elsewhere in the world, and of exercising thereby an influence on Canada's development which cannot be otherwise approached. To realize what this means it is only needful to study the map of the North Atlantic. As Canada's proposed Hudson Bay route has not yet become operative, it may be dismissed because it will play only a very small part in any scheme of sea warfare. The St. Lawrence route, however, presents a totally different proposition. As the map shows, access to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is had by two arteries—Belle Isle Strait, to the North of Newfoundland, and Cabot Strait to the south. The former is but 14 miles wide and the latter but 60.

The former provides the shorter route between Montreal and England and from mid-July, when it is free of ice, till the close of the St. Lawrence navigation at the end of November, it is utilized by nearly all the freight and passenger ships in the Canadian trade. The southern channel, or Cabot Strait, which represents an additional 160 miles on the voyage, is used from the end of April when the St. Lawrence River opens, until the middle of July, when Belle Isle Strait is traversable. Halifax and St. John are Canada's winter ports and the route to them is identical with that via Cabot Strait, until rounding Cape Race, when the two lines diverge somewhat.

It must be perfectly obvious, as an outcome of the lessons of naval warfare in the present struggle, that on the one hand the power owning Newfoundland and controlling operations within its waters, would be able, by use of nets and other

appliances employed to impede submarines at present, to render Belle Isle Strait inaccessible for these, while the type of big guns now in use would enable land forts to prevent hostile cruisers forcing through that channel; whereas on the other hand, submarines operating by the power owning all the adjacent seaboard, would render it impossible for an enemy to approach this seaway at all. It may, therefore, be assumed that in any future naval war this channel would not be utilized at all, except by the power owning the nearby coasts, and which would thus enjoy the great advantage of being able to pass ships in and out at its convenience and without serious fear of interference by hostile naval units. Even before the War began, proposals were sanctioned by the Newfoundland Legislature for the constructing of a railroad from Quebec eastward along the south coast of Labrador and across Newfoundland territory, which is the eastern section of that peninsula, to Cape Charles on the Atlantic face, with which terminus steamers would ply to and from Europe, and it was also proposed to construct a railroad up the west coast of Newfoundland from Bonne Bay, the present proposed terminus of the Island's railroad system, and to connect the two either by a fast ferry across Belle Isle Strait or by a tunnel run beneath it. Because of the War this scheme languished, but it is by no means improbable that it will materialize after the restoration of peace.

Vastly more serious, however, is the position with regard to the southern entrance, Cabot Strait. As its nearest point, between Cape North in Nova Scotia and Cape Ray in Newfoundland, it is but 60 miles wide, and this is the only channel through which Canada's seaborne commerce could pass. Hence its importance became enhanced and the possibilities implied therein through the new developments in naval warfare only need to be pondered a little to be vividly realized. A hostile power possessing Newfoundland could absolutely bottle up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, prevent egress or ingress, cripple Canada's seaborne trade and reduce her to comparative impotence so far as the movements of her commerce were concerned. It is true that she would still

have Halifax and St. John (New Brunswick) available, but ocean shipping to ply between these ports and Europe, would be subject to the raiding operations of enemy commerce-destroyers using as a base St. John's (Newfoundland) or other ports in the Island, which might be converted into fortified harbors for such purposes. On the other hand, with Newfoundland held by Canada, with St. John's and other suitable forts fortified, with the control of the submarine cables and land-line telegraphs, the wireless stations and the railroads, it would be next to impossible for an enemy to do any effective damage to Canadian cities, territory, or shipping, because of the warnings that would be furnished by the agencies effective in behalf of Canada through the utilization of Newfoundland as an outpost which she could thus be made.

For Canada to gain the fullest advantage from the favorable position of Newfoundland with regard to the future conduct of warfare in the seas that front Canada's eastern coast line, it is certain that the project heretofore often considered but never heretofore carried out by British authorities (because of the cost) of making a great naval station at St. John's will be brought into effect. Ships plying along the northern sea lanes of the Atlantic at present, invariably make for St. John's when damaged, and it has also been for many years an outpost for a British naval squadron employed primarily in policing the Grand Banks and other fishing stations frequented by the Newfoundland, Canadian, American, French, and Portuguese fishing flotillas, and also in maintaining the vigilant oversight of deep water shipping that has characterized the British Empire. West of Cape Race of course, Halifax (Nova Scotia), could afford merchantmen protection, but east of Cape Race, across the Grand Banks, and away towards mid-ocean they would be defenceless; though it is there, in the open seas, where even the wireless telegraph would be of but doubtful value because of the ease with which the enemies read its records, that an enemy would most certainly lie in wait for his prey.

In the event of a naval struggle, merchant ships between

midocean and the Newfoundland coast, would need a refuge, and warships a haven to refit, repair damages, and communicate with headquarters. St. John's is an ideal centre for this purpose, being a landlocked harbor encircled by cliffs 600 feet high with a narrow but deep entrance and capable of being made impregnable at a very moderate expense. It is in close proximity to the Atlantic highways, possesses the largest dry-dock in America, and has iron works where the repair of war and freight vessels might be expedited. It was fortified until 1870, when the Imperial Government of the day inaugurated the policy of throwing the defence of the overseas empire on the various colonial possessions, and though the forts and barracks are now obsolete, yet it would be no more difficult to make St. John's a Gibraltar than it was to accomplish any of the seeming miracles that have been achieved, since the present War began, in every theatre of the struggle and in every aspect of naval and military efficiency.

# WARTIME SKETCHES

JAY CAMPBELL

## PART II

“THE train for Paris, *Monsieur*, is it on time?” I asked.

“There is yet five minutes, *Monsieur* (I noticed his whimsical smile, sectioned by the grating of the ticket window)—“also, it will probably be late.”

Then, handing me my ticket, he continued, as if glad to find even a listener, in his once bustling little station:

“It is *ennuyeux* that the trains run so badly now; but, after all, it’s only just that we who don’t fight should wait for the soldiers to pass.”

“Are there many?” I asked.

“Not so many now; but before, they passed always, all day, all night. Now it’s mostly the Anglais. They don’t stop here often, but they always wave their hands at me *trés gentiment*, like the *braves garçons* they are . . . and have you seen the *écossais*? *Quel chic*, with their *petits bonnets*, and their *drole* skirts. The women all want to know what they wear beneath them!”—and his kindly eyes twinkled so merrily, that, for an instant, they shook off the veil of seriousness, with which the War has enshrouded all France.

“They are magnifique, the *écossais*!” he flung over his shoulder, as he dashed across to his chattering telegraph instrument.

I sat down to wait.

How different the waiting room was from the times when I used to come early, to watch the people: brown, honest-eyed farmers and their good-natured, rotund wives, both stiffly starched and pressed into their colorful clothes; country louts and giggling maidens; and, above all, innumerable squirming children, ruffled and frilled and decorated, till they were just little bundles, with humanity sticking uncomfortably out at the top. Some awkward and wondered-eyed,



among their strange surroundings, others laughing and romping, to the danger of all their finery and curls.

Now, there was no one to laugh, no one at all, except myself and some sober-faced peasants, there in the corner. Even they were half concealed by the huge back of the gray-haired man, intent on an obscured somebody seated in front of him. On the bench, underneath his right arm, was an earnest, pale-faced mother, with one arm protectingly around a little blonde girl, the other clasped lovingly a hand of the unknown, at whom she gazed, with a mixture of pride and grief.

Beneath the man's left arm, I caught a glimpse of an old, old woman, so shriveled and wrinkled that she looked for all the world like an Egyptian mummy. She, too, held a hand of the mysterious one, demanding, in her high-pitched, tottering voice:

" . . . Jean, you'll think *unpeu of your old grand'-mère* . . . and you'll write to her sometimes, to her *toute seule?* "

" You know I will, *grand'-mère!* "

" And when you reach Strassbourg, in the grand cathedral, you will pray for the soul of your *grand-père?* He fell there, Jean. "

" Yes, *grand'-mère.* "

" Remember, Jean, when you fight the Prussians, you fight for him, also. "

" Yes, *grand'-mère.* "

" You have always his ~~button~~ to sew on your uniform? "

" Yes, *gran* . . . "

" Your lunch, Jean! You didn't forget that? " interrupted the mother, anxiously,— " and the sewing kit, . . . and the flannel for your neck, if you catch cold . . .? "

" *Mais qu'est ce que tu fais, voyons?* " roared the father. " Jean's not a mollycoddle! Jean's a soldier! Aren't you, Jean, *mon brave?* "

A resounding slap landed on Jean's shoulder, as the father turned, disclosing him, a manly, fair-haired boy of about eighteen.

He glanced at his mobilization armband and the tiny French flag, that he had pinned to the lapel of his coat.

"Yes, mon père! he answered, proudly.

"But the bandages!" broke in the mother, excitedly. "Promise me you'll keep those, at least! . . . If you should be woun . . .!"

She choked, and others' feelings came near the breaking point.

"Yes, *ma mère*, I promise!" said Jean, tenderly, as his father dragged him across the room, to deliver a father's last advice, in a voice that wavered, at the pauses, and broke off, strange and stifled, at the end.

The child sprang up, frightened.

"Oh, père!" she implored, "don't let Jean be killed!"

Long pent up feelings burst forth.

The face of the grand-mother quivered and strained, as she strove to master her emotion, then cleared again, when the tears streamed from her eyes. The mother sobbed softly to herself.

The boy turned and spied her.

Dashing across the room, he gathered her up, in his arms.

"There, *maman chérie*! You mustn't worry like that . . . I won't get hurt, . . . and I'll be back soon, maybe, with the *medaille*!"—and he lowered her gently back to the bench, and sat down beside her.

It was too much, even for me, and I am afraid that a tear rolled down my cheek.

"*Regardez l'Américain!*" exclaimed the child.

Then he turned on me eyes so eloquently grateful, that I knew the hearts of one family were mine forever.

The son jumped up, and striding over to me, stuck out his hand.

"*Bonjour, camarade!*" he said, in his manly voice. "*Bonne chance!* I will come back!"

#### FRANCE

The curtain shut out the *Cadi*, the *genii*, the fabulous caravan and the oriental splendor of Marouf.

A volley of applause, and the lights brought back drab reality.

After all, the world was only the shabby, ordinary world, and people, shabby, ordinary people, who stood up in their places, and stared through opera-glasses, or swelled the crowds, pouring out the aisles, for the fussy promenade in the foyer.

I waited in my seat.

Glancing at my program, "*Soldats de France*," I read: but one did not need the stage and actors for that. One had only to turn toward the two stage boxes, people with crutches and bandages, and what was left of men.

Their weather-beaten uniforms, like their broken bodies, had fought the battles of France, and lent to their faces a still greater air of wreck and doom, but not a flicker of regret.

They had not gone out, like the others; few of them were able; but they sat talking quietly, gazing down at the people below, with the interest and wonder of little children. Yet often, their regard strayed back to their own breasts, and rested on the medals there; and a look of pride and of duty well fulfilled made their faces glow.

They had given their manhood, their hopes of success in life, henceforth, to drag out their existence, a burden to themselves and to the world. They had received a bit of ribboned metal. They were happy at the exchange.

I tried hard to appreciate the glory of it; but pity blotted that out, till I had to look away. My eyes took refuge among the filmy gods and goddesses in the great, dark dome, where my imagination, inconsolable, began to reconstruct the moment, years ago, when, during a performance, the crystal chandelier, hanging there, fell, crushing out the lives of many of the audience and setting fire to the theatre.

I turned away in horror.

People were drifting back to their seats.

A bell rang, and the orchestra bobbed in, through the little door under the stage.

Another bell, and they struck up the march of the "*Sambre et Meuse*," which died away, as the curtain rose; then was caught up by an approaching band, somewhere in the distance.

On the stage, the inhabitants, also, heard the band and rushed out of their houses, into the wooded village-square.

Nearer and nearer, it came, till we could hear the tramp of marching feet. It burst into sight, round the corner: a care free, *débonnaire* band, at the head of a column of the rakish soldiers of the French Revolution. Through the village they marched, then returning, halted in the square.

The band struck up the "*Chant du Départ*."

While the officers and villagers were singing, there tramped into view another column of soldiers, in the uniform of those, for whose safety, beat every heart in that vast audience, and, on whose fate, hung the fate of France. Not *débonnaire* this time, but serious and determined.

They, too, halted and joined in the singing.

As the last note died away, there appeared and advanced to the front of the stage a woman, draped in a French flag.

She was not an ethereal goddess, but a substantial woman, a woman of the people, with a woman's thoughts and a woman's longings.

In the stillness, gripping the crowded opera house, she began the first notes of the "*Marseillaise*."

The orchestra took it up.

The wonderful tune and the wonderful words hammered at the hearts of the listeners, till they forced an entrance.

Finally, when the singer raised the flag to her lips and began the verse:

*"Amour sacrée de la Patrie . . ."*

human self-control broke down.

The bandaged, mutilated occupants of the two stage boxes struggled to contain themselves. The tears poured from their eyes. Wave after wave of emotion swept over the audience, till some, unable longer to restrain themselves, wildly waved their arms, and their voices broke, as incoher-

ently they cried out, "*Vive! . . . Vive! . . . Vive la France!*"

There was no longer a stuffy theatre, filled with a few hundred men and women, listening to a singer, draped in bunting. There was no longer any War. The enemy was forgotten. There was no longer any hatred, any suffering.

*There was only France, France eternal, la Patrie!*

I understood, then, the expressions on the faces of the soldiers, as they marched away; on those of the mothers and sisters, that they had left behind; on those of so many of the poor red-legged corpses, that I had seen, among the hay-fields of the Marne.

When the last frenzied applause had followed the last encore, I wandered out, with the silent crowd.

Near the door, however, I heard talking, in English, and looked up to discover, just ahead of me, emerging into the bleakness of a winter afternoon, an old gentleman, leaning on the arm of his pretty daughter.

"Papa," she was saying, "aren't the French people funny? They get excited just over an old song . . . and they've all heard it lots of times before."

#### THE OTHER BATTLE LINE

*"Bon jour, Monsieur!"*

*"Bon jour, Marie!"* I replied, and dropped my newspaper, to see, advancing through the opening door, first my breakfast tray, then Marie. The same filmy lace cap perched jauntily on her childish blonde head, the same chic little black dress, the same doll's apron, with the pockets, that I knew Marie's hands were even then itching to inhabit.

But when I looked for the fresh smile, that was a part of Marie, I started. There was a smile, a brave little smile, but struggling for existence, beneath a whole multitude of troubles. Her blue eyes, too, were swollen and tear-stained, and her cheeks had lost their color. Only her saucy nose still peered healthily from out this depth of woe, and so drolly, that I wanted to laugh; but I knew that Marie's troubles must be real ones.

She set down the tray and deftly laid my breakfast out on the dining-table before me; then, with her usual "*Bon appétit, Monsieur!*" she turned to go. Thinking better of it, however, she hesitated, stepped backward, and forgetting her pockets, laid her hands back against the wall, on each side of her.

"*Pardon, Monsieur,*" she faltered, "but would *Monsieur* mind having a cold lunch today?"

"Why no, Marie," I answered, "and even that isn't necessary, if you want the day off. I'll have my lunch in a restau— . . . but what in the world is the matter?" For, with the smallest handkerchief that I ever saw, Marie was dabbing furiously at her eyes.

"*Oh, Monsieur!*" she sobbed, "Pierre is dead . . . and father has volunteered!"

"I'm so . . ." (I was going to say sorry, but Marie was lost in her grief).

When she had somewhat recovered, she drew from her blouse a much fingered letter, which she held out to me.

"*Tenez, Monsieur,* here is the letter. . . . Father sent it for you to read. . . . He was so brave, my brother, Pierre!" she added, and her pride shone through her tears.

So this was the end. Less than three months before, an enthusiastic boy had come to tell me good-by, the proudest youngster in all Paris of his bright new uniform. Now, "somewhere in France," probably within the unknown limits of "Secteur Postale No. 12," marked on the letter, he was only one of numberless slain.

With Marie's eyes searching mine, for some expression of the pride of the grief she felt, I read the letter.

It was from Pierre's captain, and told how, retiring, under heavy fire, after an unsuccessful charge, Pierre, among the handful of survivors, reached the French trenches in safety; how, seeing his lieutenant, a few yards behind, fall with a shattered leg, Pierre ran back, picked him up and was carrying him, when he, the would-be rescuer, received a mortal bullet through the lungs; how, staggering on, by a

mighty final effort, he lowered his burden into the trench, before he fell across the parapet, dead.

He would receive the "*Médaille Militaire*."

"I'm so very sorry, Marie," I said, "but, if I could be as brave as that, I would be willing to die."

She smiled with gratitude.

"*Pauvre, pauvre Pierre!*" she sighed. "My poor little brother!" . . . and my poor father! . . . Oh, if you had seen him last night, *Monsieur*, when he staggered through the door, with that letter, which he held like a poison thing . . . and his face all twisted with grief . . . and his back all bent . . . and you know how straight my father is, *Monsieur*, even though he has more than fifty-seven years.

"He thought that he was calm, and he told us, mother and me, that we must be brave: then he read us the letter. If you had heard how his voice trembled, and how, at the end, it broke into a sob! But instantly, he checked himself, and in a voice that was harsh and rough, 'What a coward I am!' he exclaimed, 'to weep, while France is bleeding! I ought to be proud to suffer!' Then he went up to his room, his face so stern that I was frightened; and his step, on the stair, was as hard and stern as his face, *Monsieur*."

"In a few minutes, we heard him coming down again; and, when he opened the door, there he stood, in his poor, faded uniform of 1870, with the buttons missing, that I had cut off for playthings, and his cap with the broken visor, where I had mashed it in a drawer. He was straight again, now, *Monsieur*, and proud of his *Médaille Militaire*, which he had pinned on his breast. . . . Did you know my father, too, won the *Médaille Militaire*?"

"I was stunned; but my mother got up and put her arms around his neck.

"'Are you going, too, Pierre?' she asked.

.... "'Yes, Colette, *chérie*.' His voice was gentle again, *Monsieur*. 'France has need of all her sons, and there is only me to replace Pierre. I am yet strong, and I haven't forgotten of 1870.'

"Then, he embraced us both and went out to enroll . . . and he leaves tomorrow, *Monsieur*. That is why I wanted to be excused, to help my mother arrange his things."

Marie paused, and stifled a sob; then bravely tucking her handkerchief in her apron pocket, where her hands, also, found a refuge, she went on, earnestly:

"When my father went out, *Monsieur*, it seemed like the end of the world. I dropped on the floor and laid my head on my mother's knee, and wept.

"My mother stroked my head.

"'My little Marie,' she said, 'I know how you suffer, and think how I suffer; but our suffering, how little it is, in comparison with that of *La Patrie*, of France!'

"But it was too hard, *Monsieur*. I could not understand. It was too much to take my brother and my father . . . and we loved each other so, in our *petite famille*. I could not stand it.

"I complained of headache and fled to my room, and it was necessary many terrible hours, and for my mother also, before I could realize, that even before my father and my brother, I must first love France.

"Now, I understand how the soldiers could smile, as they marched away; now, I'm sure that the *Bon Dieu* will not allow France to be crushed.

"Don't you think so, too, *Monsieur*?"

#### ON THE BOULEVARD

"Isn't it funny," I mused, "how affectionate everybody has become since the War started, especially the soldiers? They walk along with their families and sweethearts, hand in hand, arm in arm, or arms around their waists, like lovers in a story book."

My friend's face lost its poetry, as he turned and snapped, half maliciously, half amusedly:

"You low-down plagiariser! You're not the only one that reads *La Vie Parisienne*!"

"What are you talking about? I haven't seen it!"



“ Well anyway, it’s a darn sight better than you said it! Wait, I’ll read it.”

Reaching in his pocket, he hauled out a copy of that gay weekly, and began to turn over the pages.

“ Wait a minute!” I exclaimed, “ let’s see the pictures!”

“ You can do that afterwards. Now listen!”

He doubled back the magazine, squared himself around, rested his elbows on the iron table, and began:

“ For several days, we have had in Paris a spectacle infinitely touching. Numerous are the soldiers, who have arrived from the front, for four days. On the streets, they show their blue uniforms ‘ frayed by victory.’ Young or less young, they have an admirable air of health, not a trace of fatigue, a calm and a serenity which shame the too nervous civilians.

“ They have found again, with joy, but without astonishment, all the dear objects, all the dear images of their past life, that they will quit tomorrow with the same tranquil courage.

“ What strikes one first is the pure ingenuousness of their regard. Even the fiercest have a kind face. They are all brave men, and ‘ brave men ’ means not only that their bravery is superhuman. They have a big heart. ‘ France was at the armies,’ said Michelet. France has come to make a short visit to Paris.

“ The officers, already mature, married, fathers of family, promenade a little solemnly, holding their wives by the arm, and surrounded by all their children. It is seen at a glance they are prouder of their little ones than of their red ribbon ( Legion of Honor ) and of their War Cross.

“ The soldiers, who also have wives, or fiancées, or sweethearts, are no less proud. But they do not give their arms to their sweethearts; they hold hands. And thus they go along the boulevards, among the crowd, like the real, idyllic peasants, in a painting of Bastien Lepage.”

# EMBATTLED SERBIA

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F. R. G. S.

**I** SHALL never forget the ruined city of Belgrade as I saw it a year ago, shortly before the Austro-German forces finally battered it into submission and turned it street by street and house by house into a shambles.

The official geographer and I had descended from the train in a suburban sea of red mud where ox-carts floundered and a strident rain lashed the acacias. He was going to the wreckage of his house to retrieve the plates of his ethnographic map, which shows by all the hues of the spectrum that Macedonia from Kavalla to Monastir is not Bulgarian. Windows were shattered, and the key cried out in the rusty lock. "Five officers and five soldiers of Austria drove us away in December," he explained. His violins were taken, his uniforms were torn. The frames of pictures, the chandeliers, the curtains, the chairs, the tables, the beds and their not too flexible trappings, had been ripped apart in a wanton humor of demolition. There, smashed to kindling-wood, was the crib where his child had slumbered. Half of the portrait of his wife smiled down on the wreckage of his home. He buried his face in his hands, and wept.

To her small house on the hill, in the lee of the American Red Cross Hospital, his old aunt had stealthily returned by night. Milka, the gap-toothed servant tried to make us laugh with a lively pantomime of her vain effort to get sugar at the distribution depot.

With a touch of stately ceremony, as though it were the bringing in of the boar's head at a medieval feast, the aged servitor conferred on me a box of safety matches; it was all there was to give, and in the corner the eikon of St. Nicholas, patron saint of the disrupted family, seemed to smile in approval of her fulfilment of the stringent Serbian rubric of hospitality, not forgotten even in time of war.

Upon the profound blue of the sky over the fortress at the other end of the town impinged an Austrian monoplane;

and suddenly there blossomed round it seven dough-lumps of clotted shrapnel-smoke that repelled it in the direction of Semlin and the Island of Tsiganlia, where the Austrian snipers lay in the wood by the last of the up-ended spans of the railway-bridge over the Save. *Was it yesteryear or centuries ago that the Orient Express thundered over that narrow, glistening channel and linked the Golden Horn to the Seine?*

While I made the rounds with Dr. Ryan through corridors that held 9,000 patients in a day, when the Austrians discharged a limping, bandaged caravan upon three brain-fagged and muscle-benumbed American physicians, a tiny lad approached us, scraping and bowing, with a petition. For a diner (less than twenty cents) he had been making music of sorts upon an accordion to frowsy patients on the lawn all afternoon. The little face under the black fur cap was judiciously solemn, but the rest of him was girlish in a white dress, with a flowered green sash and a pink silk scarf that hung from it.

"Small as I am," ran his painfully wrought Cyrillic scripture, "I have a father in the medical ward. His name is Marko Vassilievitch. We are very poor, and if you do not let him come home soon, we shall have nothing. With all my heart I beg you to let him come."

Our Consul at Nish was the sole representative of our Government resident in Serbia. His desk in a one-story whitewashed hovel was bounded on the west by a sofa crammed with newspapers a fortnight stale, and Red Cross doctors in khaki reading them; on the north by a windowless hall filled with a double bed and the piled baggage of transients; on the east by typewriters, volumes of emergency instructions from the State Department, and letter files in half-a-dozen languages reducible to one sharp tongue of petulant inquiry. Out in the garden a mother-hen with chickens and a black dog with puppies watched each other at their meagre meal-times like Bulgaria and Greece; and at the gate by the round shield with its spread eagle was a Serbian sentinel, ragged as autumn leaves. The southern windows

looked into the temporary stabling of the War Ministry across the street, and all day long the castanet of heels and horseshoes on the cobbles kept pace with the rataplan of the consular typewriters on the theme of Austrian prisoners building the railway to Kragujevatz or the possible infection of hides tagged to depart from Salonika.

## II

Today there are 150,000 Serbian soldiers at the fighting edge of General Serrail's great army of 680,000 men on the Macedonian frontier. It is a modern miracle how they came there. Some of these Serbs held their fire for two days, when the Austrians began the final assault with the bombardment of Belgrade on October 6, 1915. They lay in the trenches and starved and thirsted till the boats brought the enemy over the river. Then they rose up out of the mud and from behind the building-blocks that were torn out of the streets and piled to form a parapet gave battle. Driven back from the embankment they retired fighting through Belgrade and down the wind-swept, snow-struck Morava valley: thence they marched over the 8,000-foot mountains of Montenegro and Albania to the sea at Medva and Durazzo. On the retreat, with an army from Veljevo, they were joined by two other armies that had been stationed further to the east to block a Bulgarian incursion. Once at the shore the survivors of the terrible katabasis found boats to convey them to the island of Corfu, which became a vast hospital with an overflow to the islet of Vido, fitly styled "the Death Island," adjoining. Several hundred thousand of the civil population, preceding the military, came away from their little farms and cottages to thread the mountain trails through mud and snow to the Adriatic, and as the fugitives came to the shore the Austrians wrecked ships that were sent from Italy to aid them and kept aeroplanes hovering over their shelterless desolation to drop bombs. Perhaps not more than half of those who started reached their destination. Of thirty thousand boys approaching military age twenty-three thousand perished.

But let it be borne in mind that perhaps three million Serbs remained in the country preferring to risk the evils of temporary serfdom rather than fly to others that they knew not of. In the Austrian army are many soldiers Serbian by nationality and sympathy who have taken arms most unwittingly against their countrymen and whose capture is more like an "old home week" celebration than durance vile. Even the Austrians who are not of the Serbian fold have been welcome, share and share alike, to whatever their captors had. When I was at Nish there were 10,000 of these working on the railway-line to Kragnjevat, apparently happier with pick and shovel than when bearing arms. There were droves of Austrian prisoners in Nish, and one of them was chef of the eating-club formed by the diplomatic circle, where I had my meals. He was not under the slightest restraint, and was treated with entire consideration by those to whom he ministered. With 80,000 people living in houses built to hold 20,000, where he got the raw material for the admirable repasts he served us was a continuing wonderment.

The Serbian Parliament, the Skupshtina, is now in session at Corfu, and the chief officers of administration are there, after an ox-cart migration from Nish to Chachak, Mitravstza, Monastir and even Salonika.

The aged King Peter has recently been sojourning in Chalcis, Greece, on the eastern coast, within easy reach of the regenerated army now fighting northwest of Salonika in the Lake Ostrovo region.

*A nation of such a spirit is unconquerable, and whatever the "old, unhappy, far-off things" of dynasty murderously arrayed against dynasty, the memory of them is blotted out in a glorious redemption that has won the homage of the world.*

# THE CYCLONE

MARY GAUNT

(*Concluded*)

**S**TILL there was not much communication between the Vai men and the Kroo boys and he might fairly hope for a little breathing space in which to work. Give him forty-eight hours and he would not care if all Lower Buchanan hummed with his exploit. And Matthew Fenton worked the next twenty-four hours as he had never worked in his life before. For the Vai tribesmen had to be supervised, every load had to be undone, every load had to be done up again to look so like the original that the men who were superintending the loading into the steamer should never suspect. And it took time. He watched the horizon feverishly, for if the steamer came before he was able to fill up the well again there would be danger of his whole scheme collapsing. If the tornado broke too soon, they would not be able to work. It was bad enough forcing them to it in the wilting heat.

But toward evening it was done and instead of being relieved Fenton was so weary he could only feel his anxiety was deepened. There still remained the task of getting the dummy loads into the well again. That must be done under cover of darkness. The original loads, looking as little like the original as possible, were loaded into canoes on the banks of the little river. With the tornado he must go up stream. The surf would not be passable for days.

When he had done all that he could he went down to the town again, where he found to his dismay his landlord, a prominent inhabitant, discussing with the missionary the fact that the night before a number of Vai tribesmen had been seen in the town.

"Dey descended on de city las' night," he heard him telling the Reverend Isaiah, and he treated his future relative to a wink that was the replica of the one that had origi-

nally set him thinking, "de matter am an occasion for 'vestigation. It am concerned wid de safety ob de population. De military——"

"Ah, there you have it," said the Reverend Isaiah airily. "It's the fault of the military. Don' you go worritin' about a few Vai men droppin' in occasional at night," he advised and Fenton concluded to leave the matter in his capable hands. "Why, what with those Mendis forever on the rampage whatever other chancst have they of studyin' civilization," and he wondered if such a brazen statement would be swallowed, but a home staying Liberian will swallow anything.

"You tink dat am all?" asked his landlord half mollified.

"I'll stake my life on the peaceable intentions of the Vai men," asserted the missionary who dwelt among them, and the negro trader wandered off to spread this new view, and the listener drew a sigh of thankfulness. No plausible explanation that he could have offered could have covered eighty stalwart tribesmen marching through the town and he did rather wonder how the ex-sailor reconciled this with his views on truthfulness and neutrality.

The Reverend Isaiah on his verandah welcomed him with the information that the glass was lower than ever.

"That's bad," said Mat hopelessly. What could he do? He was so weary he felt himself drawing near to the end of his tether and he did not feel equal to battling with the elements as well. And the well was empty! Even as he spoke a smudge of smoke appeared on the black horizon and through the gap in the greenery he saw excitement on the verandah of Peter Castro and the two Germans evidently consulting together. The missionary shook his head.

"She won't come in," said he. "It's gotten too late. Look as slick as they can it can't be done before to-night, nohow," and by all rights the old whaler ought to have left the matter there, but his anxiety was too keen. He looked anxiously at his prospective son-in-law and swallowed violently. He had to swallow to keep back all the good advice he would love to have given.

"Parson," said Fenton, taking pity on him, "you may be neutral, or you may be pro-German, but I'll risk it and I'll tell you," and he dropped his voice and spoke with tense earnestness, "I'm hanged if I close an eye till I'm cocksure not one single cartridge is left in that well of Mis' Pickney's and the Germans are euchred."

"I've some use for the Vai chief to-night," went on Fenton casually, "if he isn't booked for prayer meeting."

The little lines round the Reverend Isaiah's eyes began to crinkle, for Ansumanah being a Mohammedan of sorts had never attended a prayer meeting in his life though his would-be Mentor had always a sneaking hope he might.

"Maybe that's why the Vai chief's gotten prayer meetin' postponed," said he, "so he can do any little chores for your up-country trip." He kept a solemn face, was portentously grave, and was evidently not even tempted to profanity. "My son, I'm here to help the sick and afflicted, to sorter grease the wheels, an' I shall see your gear off if it rains sufferin' snakes an' little yaller tadpoles. The tornado's pretty nigh an' if you've disturbed that there cache take an' old man's advice an' scoot, an' scoot slick. Don' you stop to butter your biscuit. I'm nootral," he told the heavens, "but that's on'y common horse sense," and he shot down the rickety verandah stairway as if he had been twenty.

And Matthew Fenton, weary and with nerves strung to snapping point, felt that he had done all that he could. Till the sun set there was nothing for him to do but watch the highly unsatisfactory weather. Even that was against him.

On Peter Castro's verandah he could see the Germans taking it in turns to look through their glasses and mop their streaming faces, and the Liberians, who at any time do as little as is compatible with carrying on at all lay about in attitudes of utter prostration. The sooner the threatened storm broke the better everybody, save Fenton, would be pleased. But if it broke before he got those dummy loads into the well and his canoes a little way up the river it was he who would be euchred, not the Germans. And it looked as if it would break.



The ship in the offing disappeared. It was manifestly too dangerous to lie off the shore with such a storm brewing, and the sun set over the sea in pomp and magnificence. Blood red were the threatening clouds and the blood red deepened to purple with ominous lines of orange outlining it—evidence that the tornado could not long be delayed. Fenton was sure of that. If all his work were to be wasted! The thought was bitter.

He saw in the thickly gathering gloom the Germans on their verandah fold up their useless glasses. He almost abandoned thought of putting back the dummy loads. The long trek inland with the munitions that he must get rid of, get rid of somehow, get rid of secretly lest they be turned upon himself, weighed upon him. He felt hopeless now. But he never wavered from his purpose. The Reverend Isaiah would see the canoes start and he could follow in a little one. The risk of their starting alone he must take, and he could easily catch up with the heavily laden canoes. Even if the missionary did tumble to it that his loads were not the innocent trading stuff they appeared, he felt he could be trusted to turn a blind eye and lend a deaf ear to any remarks the Vai men might make. The Vai chief had sworn his men to secrecy for a price, but Fenton had not much faith. Anyhow he tried to comfort himself he had made a good beginning. He had taken the first step, and it is the first step that counts.

The swift darkness of the Tropics fell over all the land and Kwesi, his servant, brought the Hinkson lamp out and set it down on the table, where it burned reluctantly in the heavy air and all the flies and moths and daddy longs came and immolated themselves upon it. But Fenton could not eat his dinner. He was beyond that.

Then a voice hailed him out of the darkness.

“Hi! Massa Fenton! Dat you dere?”

He stepped to the edge of the verandah and looked over. A negro woman with her head wrapped up in a cloth to keep off very problematical chills stood near, and a negro woman does not dare the dangers of the darkness lightly.

"Got my pyjamas, Mis' Pickney?"

"Fer de deah Lard's sake!" cried Mis' Pickney, outraged. "You tink a lady goin' to resk de danger ob a dark nigh' alonga a ole suit ob pyjamas? Huh!"

"What then?" he asked and his heart sank. He wanted Mis' Pickney safe in her shack to-night.

"'Scuse me, Massa Fenton, but dis am a business ob trepidation."

"Oh, it is, is it? Out with it then!" Had she heard them last night? Why had she not come before then?

"You am courtin'," she went on and Fenton cut her short angrily.

"What the devil do you want, woman?"

"Hoo! Hoo!" snorted Mis' Pickney aggrieved. "De Mission gal am pussonable an' de Vai chief can go courtin', too."

The insinuation was monstrous, horrible. He loathed the woman who made it.

"An' Ansumanh," went on Mis' Pickney with triumph in her tones, "don' hab no need to ask, an' don' min' if de gal say 'no.' Der is no help. Las' nigh' plenty tribesmen see dat. Dat is perspicuous."

It was true. *It was true.* He had asked the Vai chief to help him and he had in doing so showed him his own weakness. If the Vai chief were not true——

"Get out of this," he shouted over the verandah. "If you come to me with any more lying stories I'll set the Kroo boy who was washed up on the beach last week to follow you all the way home."

And that Kroo boy was a gruesome object. Mis' Pickney remembered him with a wail.

"*Aiouh!* Massa Fenton! I tink she you doxy—I think you kind genplums an'——"

"I see him coming," cried Fenton, and with a wild yell she fled.

And then Matthew Fenton added torture to his other anxieties. Was Mis' Pickney's story true, or was it just a machination of Messrs. Voss and Schuhart to keep him em-

ployed. All of Buchanan knew how it was with him and the missionary's daughter. But the Vai tribesmen were a law unto themselves, the man or woman who went amongst them did it at their own risk and it might well be that the Vai chief desired a white wife. His inclination, which became an intense desire, was to rush away to the mission station behind the town and see for himself that the thing he held dearest on earth was safe. In the harsh cry of the night jar, in the jeering, "Hoo! Hoo!" of the fool bird in the oleander under the verandah he read a warning and a menace. All that he loved, all that he cared for was at stake, and he held here because a couple of Germans were shipping arms and ammunition to the Cameroons. And yet—and yet—the story might be trumped up to ensure his being out of the way. "Hoo! Hoo!" cried the fool bird, "Hoo! Hoo!"

Hastily he wrote a note telling the whole story and gave it to Kwesi and sent him to the missionary with instructions to do exactly what he was bid and then, the time being come, he went off to his appointed meeting place with the Vai chief, went telling himself there was no cause for anxiety and yet went with desperate anxiety in his heart, with sweat on his brow but with a chain on his tongue. Surely this man was dealing fairly by him, surely no thought of treachery had ever entered his mind.

In a negro town one seldom meets many people at night, one alone hardly ever. Would Mis' Pattie Pickney have come of her own accord to give him warning? As he marched along to the outskirts of the town he doubted. Something stronger than kindness must have moved her to come out of the safety of her shack and brave the dangers of the night. A company of people singing and dancing at night, yes, but one alone never. Never! *Never!* His footsteps kept time to the comforting refrain as he marched along a narrow boulder strewn track with the greenery encroaching with tropical luxuriance, and yet he did not believe his own comforting deductions. He had too much at stake and if he lost Becky—lost her in such a ghastly manner—while he was fooling.

A branch heavy with the night dew hit him in the face and he flashed the electric torch he carried, sending a white, darting light all over the rough stone-strewn pathway. It made a haunting light so long as he did not show its origin and as he heard the stealthy scuttling of small animals in the brush on either side it seemed to emphasize the barbarism and desolation of this remote corner of the earth. And then, before he expected it, he was brought up quickly—for his light flashed on a long line of stark savages all sitting still and rigid with their loads in front of them, waiting for him; and at their head he saw the Vai chief, the man whose honor in his heart he was questioning. He turned the light on himself for a brief second and they rose up as one man and Ansumanah, the chief, came forward with becoming gravity, for this was no light matter they had in hand. It was a thing befitting men and warriors.

“Lord!” he said in the vernacular, “we are here at your bidding.”

“Come then and keep silence,” said Fenton and turned towards the well on the point.

Silently they followed him through the night, so silently that he heard only the sound he himself made and he stepped lightly. Still, his boots crushed the verdure, his shoulders brushed the overhanging greenery, again and again he stirred a stone from its rocky bed; and because he knew that behind him stalked eighty brawny savages without a sound on the still night air, the noise he himself made rang clarion like in his ears.

All nature was waiting, fearing. The air was heavy with the scent of frangipanni and coffee blossom; but it was too heavy, a sense of oppression was over everything, the fool bird had hushed his note, even the owl had ceased to call to his mate, and when occasionally the strident note of the cicada was heard it cut into the waiting stillness like a knife. The storm was close upon them and it seemed to Matthew Fenton he was a fool. He would never get those loads into the well, might he not fairly leave things now and go back

to the Mission station and set his heart at rest? If what the negro woman said was true—but it was not true! It was a plot concocted to employ him while the munitions were being got away. He had warned the missionary and the missionary had all the sound common sense of an old sailor—and then the other side of the question loomed up. Might not this sound common sense be overlaid by the trustfulness enjoined by Christian charity? And he grew sick at heart, remembering that if the Vai chief were not true, two white men could not do much to oppose his will. Behind him now marched eighty untutored savages and he was trusting them lightly—no, *not* lightly. The sweat ran down his forehead and stung his eyeballs and tasted salt on his tongue.

They were marching through the sleeping town now. Here and there, in the tall high narrow windowed houses, he saw lights peeping through the greenery; and at Peter Castro's they were wide awake. But the stars were veiled, the night was pitchy dark, and the Vai men were silent as death. They had arrived at the point and yet the storm had not broken.

Could they get those packages in? Fenton's mouth was dry and his heart was beating madly. Another half hour, if the storm would hold off! Give him but another half hour!

And then, as they were all gathered round the mouth of the well, the breathless stillness was broken by the loud and raucous shouting of negro voices and the sharp crack of a pistol. So! The Germans and their Kroo boys were upon them. And so was the tornado! To Fenton they seemed to come simultaneously.

There arose a long drawn sigh across the land and then a guttural voice shouting in Kroo boy English, which is the only language the Coast understands.

"Who lib dere? Halt or I shoots," and there was a sound of rushing feet.

But Nature was crying halt. A jagged sheet of lightning shot across the sky and all the little point stood out clear as a picture thrown upon a screen in the sinister blue light. Round the mouth of the well were grouped the tall, lithe,

naked Vai men and at their feet were the long packages that stood for guns and the square heavy ones that were cartridges; and beyond, just issuing out of the greenery, stood Voss the bearded German, in a white linen suit, with a revolver in his hand; and beyond him again, a crowd of Kroo boys, clad in the cast-off rags of a hemisphere. Clearly they were to be seen. Fenton saw the look of triumph on Voss's face, the rolling eyes of the Kroo boys and the blue freedom mark tattooed upon their foreheads! They were armed with spears and paddles and long Danes, and the Vai men had only their hands.

"Lord! the tornado is upon us," breathed the Vai chief in the vernacular, as though he evidently considered that would settle matters.

"Haladt!" cried the German. "Mine frients, you puts back dem loads in de well, an' Mr. Fenton," he covered him with his pistol, "Herr Schuhart holds der vireless an' he shoots if you——"

A mighty strong wind came rushing in from the sea, a wind that swept all before it and was full of inarticulate sound, drowning all other sounds, a howling devil that shrieked aloud to heaven its merciless intention. There was destruction in that wind. It held but for a few seconds and as it died down above the crashing of the surf there rose a wail, a very negro wail on the night. Mis' Pattie's abode had come about her ears.

"You stands dere, Mr. Fenton," shouted the German, "or I shoots and de Vai chief hab dat bride."

And again the jagged blue lightning lighted up the whole scene.

The tribesmen, under the direction of the armed Kroo boys, were hastily thrusting back the long and the short packages into the well and Fenton cared little for the German's threat against himself. He doubted if under the circumstances he could have hit a haystack, but where was the Vai chief? Tall, dark, naked men are much alike, but he would have known the chief and he could not see him. The hush that followed the wind was upon them and he could hear

the groans and grunts of the Vai men as they lifted the loads. He turned swiftly to the man nearest as the darkness wiped out the picture.

"Where is Ansumanah, the chief?" he asked desperately in the vernacular and he knew that the German's pistol was looking for him.

"He is needed here no longer. He has gone about his business," came the disquieting answer, and the crashing thunder rolling and reverberating and dying away over the sea cut short his words. Ansumanah, the chief, had gone about his business! What was his business? What in heaven's name was his business?

"Mr. Fenton, I shoots if you interferences, if you comes into der open," cried the German, and if Fenton had not been so done he would have realized how well his scheme had succeeded. But he was beyond all deductions now.

"Aih! Aih! You black nigger! Heave, now, heave!" came the abjurations of the Kroo boys urging on the tribesmen, and shriek after shriek came from the cabin, such healthy, whole-hearted shrieks Fenton felt they might well be disregarded.

"Ah! I expire!" wailed Mis' Pickney. "De Lard commiserate me!"

And then, upon the whole crowd, Englishman and German Kroo boys and Vai tribesmen, burst the full force of the storm. Ten thousand demons shrieked in the mighty wind, the pieces of the wrecked shack were tossed in the air and swept across the little peninsula as if they had been so much kindling, and Fenton heard the brushwood bending and snapping of great cocoanut palms uprooted and bent and broken by the storm. He could not stand before it. Mis' Pickney was rolled to his feet like a bundle of torn clothing, and he himself went down before the blast. He lay there on his face and he knew not what was happening to the struggling black men or the opposing German, and he felt that no matter what happened it was a physical impossibility to get to the Mission station till the storm had died

down. All sounds were swallowed up in the clamor of the tornado, in the crash of the surf driven against the shore, and the spray flung high in the air was cold on his face. Another jagged flash of lightning and he caught a glimpse of a couple of Vai tribesmen dropping a long package into the well, urged thereto by half a dozen Kroo boys; and he wondered how they managed it, for as he struggled to his feet the wind beat him down again and he felt a Vai man's hand on his shoulder and his voice in his ear.

"If my Lord goes in the next lull," he gathered he was saying, "it will be well. The young men are finishing the task and they will flee before the Kroo boys to their village. It is borne in on me the Kroo boys will not follow."

No, Fenton did not think they would follow. All the Germans wanted was to make sure their munitions were ready for the steamer. They would not wish to set the Vai men against him. They would be only too pleased he should get away. But Ansumanah, the chief, was gone. There lay the bitterness. What had he gone for? Fenton struggled to his feet. He must get up, he must get on. He ought to make straight for the canoes to make sure of their safety, but he felt he must go to the Mission station first. He was desperate. He must go even if his going wrecked the British Empire.

The wind beat him down again and again. He struggled to his feet. And again it beat him down. He was powerless before it. And every time the lightning came, it showed him fewer packages round the mouth of the well. It was rapidly filling up. He could see the trees bending low before the tornado. He could see the clouds scurrying wildly across the sky. He could see the sea lashed into one mass of seething foam—and gladdest sight of all he saw the German curled up like a heap of discarded clothing just in the middle of the pathway through the creeping bean close against Mis' Pickney's patch of cassada. He rejoiced grimly.

Then the storm began to subside. The wild fierce gusts died down, sobbing like a tired child, and he rolled over till he found in the next flash of lightning he had put a screen



of greenery between himself and the Kroo boys. Another flashed showed him the Vai tribesmen, strangely diminished. in numbers, still wrestling with a diminished number of loads.

"It is finished. It is well done," said the man beside him, the chief's foster-brother. "The Lord will give the reward promised."

"He will give it," said Fenton gravely, and he felt at the moment that it was finished. Life held nothing else for him. But he must pay the price, for these men had surely done their part and it was of his own free will he had put himself in the Vai chief's hands.

The storm was passing. Through a break in the sweeping clouds the full moon showed for a moment and her face was like newly washed silver. Then the clouds closed again and Fenton ran, with heavy feet clogged with weight, but ran for his life along the rugged path that led to the Mission station. The Germans and the Kroo boys would guard the well, the Vai men would creep back to their village one by one.

At last he was free; free to find out what had become of the Vai chief, to ease his soul of this incubus that was crushing him. He gained no comfort from the thought that the tornado had helped him, that the Germans themselves had relieved him of the trouble of putting back the dummy loads. All he felt was that he had madly thrown away all that made life worth living and still those munitions were on his hands, a deadly dangerous cargo to start up country with. His head was throbbing, weights were on his feet, and in his ears rang the cry of a terrified owl. It seemed to foretell evil, evil that he dared not let his mind dwell upon. And then the wind dropped dead, the heavens opened, and it rained. How it rained! It was like a curtain of water closing him in on every side, and the roar of it in his ears deadened every other sound. He knew he had his feet on the path that led to the Mission station and he stumbled up the road, rocky, unkempt, as are all roads in Liberia, but whether it was empty or whether a company was moving

upon it he could not have told, for the falling water fenced him in on every side. The thunder and weight of it even beat down the surf. He was wet in a few seconds and only a man desperately in earnest would have made his way on. He flashed his torch and he saw but the falling water, and then like the wind, the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, the moon came out and the Mission station loomed up against a sky that was settling into calm and quiet again. He could see the garden, a cocoanut palm and a frangipanni broken by the storm and a great bouganvillea torn down and lying across the path that was running water—and—and—was it possible—was it possible—would he waken and find it was a dream, was that a woman's figure all in white leaning over the verandah, looking out along the rough pathway?

"Becky! Becky!" And his own voice sounded thin and far away. He did not seem to have it under control at all.

"Mat!" A glad voice came ringing down to him, and he stumbled up the verandah steps with the feeling strong upon him that since the Vai chief was true man he should turn at once and go for the boats.

The Reverend Isaiah was storming.

"So you was handed in a blank," he raged. "I'm nootral, I am, by order of the Board an' the President of the United States, but if I started in with a contrac' I would finish it."

"Easy on, parson," said Fenton, with grim mirth at his heart.

"What about the Vai chief? Did you——"

"An' you let a blustering squarehead get the clinch on you," stormed on the missionary. "The Vai chief! Huh!

"And my canoes?" asked Fenton wearily.

"Saw your canoes start? I rather reckon I did see your canoes start. In some hurry they went. Broke their moorin's an' waltzed straight on to the quicksands," he swallowed violently. "The tornado did that for us. You oughter started earlier. I warned you. That gear 'll be there till Kingdom Come."

"Sure?" asked Fenton. "I never thought of the quick-

sands. Are you sure?" and the moon was dancing strangely and the flooring of the verandah seemed to be rising up to meet his face.

"Sure? This ain't my day for answerin' fool questions. The gear's sucked up in the sands an' there's two new canoes to be paid for."

"That gear was the munitions."

The missionary stepped forward. The truth was dawning upon him.

Fenton felt the moonlight fading as he stretched out a hand that Becky caught in both her own. His relief was intense, so intense he felt all movement and speech difficult.

"The squareheads 'll be loading dummy guns and packages of stones I hope when the surf——"

"Euchred, as I'm a sinning creature! Sufferin' snakes an' green an' yaller tadpoles! Euchred," cried the neutral missionary—and the moonlight went out and the floor rose right up and struck Matthew Fenton in the face as he fell forward at Becky's feet.

# A BIG BUSINESS BROTHER OF THE CRIMINAL—ROBERT J. CALDWELL

CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON PRISONS'  
EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE.

J. E. SANFORD

**W**HEN a business man mixes into affairs largely in the hands of 'ologists, idealists and politicians he does one of two things; brings the subject into the realm of the practical or gets ruled out of order. Once in a while a man comes along whose hard-headed business methods have preserved his idealisms rather than destroyed them.

Many a well-intentioned man has received some hard knocks on the rock of criminal reform. But comes a man who is heart and soul interested in the unfortunate man, yet whose business training and commercial acumen view the problem from the economic aspect—from the standpoint of results. That seems to be the modern trend. The practical is taking the place of idealistic philanthropy. We are going back to the root of the thing, was the attitude of Robert J. Caldwell, Chairman of the Employment Committee of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, as he sat in his office in the Park Row building, New York City, overlooking the Hudson River.

"We are grappling the problem from an economic point of view; it is good business to prevent criminals; it is good business to teach vocations to criminals; and it is doubly good business to get them employment and keep them employed."

Mr. Caldwell at the age of, say, forty, was not satisfied with himself merely as a factor in the upbuilding of a \$13,000,000 a year business. He had been brought close to the American working man and understood him. He knew his book of human nature; and one summer when he was camping at a club, of which he was a member, in the Adirondacks, he happened to be a witness of a scene that started his mind to

work on the problem of employing the criminal. He saw an apparently good workman run out of a community, because he had a criminal past. The man was, to all accounts, capable and worth his hire, but he was "discovered." Had he been a leper, he could not have been more summarily handled.

That he later found employment in one of the many concerns in which Mr. Caldwell is interested, is typical of the promptness with which Mr. Caldwell acts. This was several years ago. Since, Mr. Caldwell has devoted a large share of his time to helping the unfortunate man. "There is nothing sentimental in my work," continued Mr. Caldwell. "I believe that we must handle this question in a practical manner. It is good business to make men and useful citizens out of the thousands who come from our prisons every year. If we can do it, we add just so much to the productive power of the community. If we do not, so many thousand persons slip back into the pool that is contaminating society with its fumes. The discouraged man not only gains a hatred of society which causes him to wreak revenge upon it, but he soon reverts to prison and becomes again a charge upon the tax-payer.

"People have shed many tears at sentimental lectures on prison evils and criminal welfare needs, and then have gone away without one practical idea how to remedy the situation. Their feelings were roused for a short time; but they had no plan.

"The practical thing is to help these men back into the living stream of workers and self-respecting men. And it cannot be done merely by growing sentimental.

"The problem of bettering conditions divides broadly into three parts," said Mr. Caldwell, checking his points off carefully. "They are the period before a man is a criminal, the period while he is a criminal confined by the State, and the period after he comes out to mingle with the rest of mankind again. So we have first the making of a criminal or not making one. When we get him behind the bars, we have the problem of criminalizing him still further or of educating him morally, mentally and vocationally. After he is out we

have the problem of whether to compel his reversion to crime by closing every door of opportunity after he has paid his debt to society, or opening the door and giving the weak brother a helping hand to re-establish himself.

*"If there were no wrong influences at work making criminals, there would be no prisoners.* If those influences could be combated successfully, the problem would be solved at the source, because there would be no people degenerating in our penal institutions, losing their standing and stamina and learning to hate society, and annually running up the tax bill. If they were allowed to continue to regard themselves as men, and to learn and to engage in productive occupations within prison walls, less of them would come out unfit to be self-supporting members of society. More would be able to enter into useful employment instead of reverting to crime. After the prisoner has been released and is out in the world again, the real problem begins. If given the right training in prison and a chance when out of prison he will be a profitable member of society. He will be able to do his part in industry and produce enough to make up for what he consumes. If he is not able to do this, he will become a dead economic loss and worse—a menace. *It is good business to help him—it is bad business to let him drift.*

"The criminal problem is one that cannot be handled academically. Criminals cannot be treated as a class to be handled in a general manner. They must be treated as individuals; like sick men. One man may have measles and another smallpox; one may require an operation and the next a dose of Christian Science. Criminals must be similarly handled. The source of the disease must be studied—the thing that caused the man to become a criminal; and the new environment must be a stimulating one.

"It is an undoubted fact that the greater proportion of crime can be traced back to unsatisfactory home conditions. The great fault lies in improper parental training or no training at all. Sometimes, the parent can do no better. The mother may have to work ten hours a day. The children are in school only five hours and afterward they look

around for something to fill up their time. They go out on the street with other children, also idle, and the contamination is disastrous. Playing in the streets, they know they are in the way, and the appetite for excitement leads them to pranks with the police and store-keepers. Or they may be led by older children, schooled by a preceding generation, to commit petty thefts. If the store-keeper and the police do not use proper judgment, the child is brought into court as a delinquent, and his prison career is foreshadowed. Two or three trips to court brand him an incorrigible. There is first the commitment to the detention home, where he will associate with older and worse children. After he leaves, he has a brand upon him. It is police station, jail, prison and a life career marred by a criminal record.

“The city has a serious evil in the overcrowded tenement, which prevents privacy and tends to break down moral principles.

“The greatest preventive of crime-breeding among the young is the watchful care of their elders. It is good business to encourage such care. Welfare-workers are aiming to find out the home conditions under which children live and are trying to encourage parents to remedy them. The New York police department has installed a new system, which is working out in a way that promises to greatly reduce the future generation of criminals. Twenty patrolmen who have shown an understanding of children have been detailed to spend their time getting thoroughly acquainted with the boys and girls on the street in the congested districts. The children do not regard them as policemen but as friends and protectors. These men succeed in heading off a great deal of mischief that might lead to crime. They never take a child to the police station. If there is a serious offense the child is led to his parents and the policeman observes the home conditions, and possibly suggests a remedy. If a child is out of school, it is the parent who is warned. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the friendly relations of the policeman with the children.

“Three years ago Captain Sweeney of the Delancey

Street station, in the closely populated district at the end of the Williamsburg bridge, New York, commenced organizing the boys of the precinct into 'junior police.' These junior police are given police uniforms, to be worn only on state occasions. The boys are not given any police authority. They are pledged to live straight, clean lives and to try to induce their families and associates to uphold the laws. Twice a week they meet in a public school building, one afternoon for gymnasium and drill exercises and one for a lecture. There used to be twenty complaints a day of juvenile delinquency in Captain Sweeney's precinct. In the last two years, he reports, there have been not more than two. The merchants who used to drive the boys off the streets, now consider it good business to contribute to the support of the junior police.

"It is a good thing economically to head off crime at its source. The state has been giving prizes for the best cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., but there have been no prizes for the mothers who bring up good families and fit their children for useful life.

"While the boy or girl who has had proper surroundings is more apt to go straight on reaching maturity, many commit their first crime after the age of twenty-one. It is a particularly dangerous time for young men when they first come into positions of trust, and when they begin to seek society. The petty sum 'borrowed' from the cash-drawer to take a young woman to a theatre has paved the way of many a young man to a prison career. Here also it is often good business to help him out of his scrape and encourage him to modify his manner of living and go right. A suspended sentence is sound economic doctrine.

"Up to within a few years, our prisons have been such that the man who once entered their doors was liable to spend the rest of his life as an outcast. Overcrowded cells, filled indiscriminately with the sick and the well, the brutal and the weakling; sanitary conditions which fouled the air and made cleanliness impossible; nauseous eating arrangements—these were only the beginning of a system which



broke down refined, clean men and brought them out depraved and hopeless. Conditions were made worse by the gross cruelty of keepers.

“The prison uniform is humiliating and many states have done away with convict stripes. The packing of prisoners together in one cell with poor ventilation debilitates the constitution. But there are worse features—moral features. Many states have laws prohibiting more than one prisoner to a cell, but few prison wardens are able to obey the rule. It would be good business for the public, if it must send part of its population to prison, to pay for proper housing to preserve the manhood of the prisoner for the time when he must return to society. It is better business to equip him to earn a livelihood and still better to see that he gets a chance to practise his trade out of prison.

“It is a rare prison where some of the attendants do not resort to brutality in handling prisoners, no matter how strict the rules. Cruel punishments are permitted in many states. There are twenty states where prisoners may be flogged with a leather paddle. The gag and the iron mask survive in Virginia. Chain gangs may be used on the roads in Colorado and South Carolina. Shackles and chains are permitted in a score of states. The dungeon is still a common institution. Usually the extreme punishments are hedged by legal restrictions, but the advantage is on the side of the keeper who wishes to vent his anger on the convict and the prisoner has no redress. In Jefferson City, Mo., recently a man was strung up by his wrists in steel handcuffs for hours for failing to do his allotted schedule of work in a day. The fact was that the raw material was not delivered to him until 2 p. m. No excuses are listened to or even permitted.

“It is not only the hardships and punishments but the humdrum existence and the hard, monotonous, often useless labor, without any hope of reasonable reward or of fitting themselves to earn a livelihood outside, that hardens the natures of prisoners and sends them out unfit to battle with life. New York state humiliates its prisoners and stultifies itself with a compensation of 1½ cents per day.

“The surveillance incites men to devise ways of escaping detection. It renders them furtive and deceptive. The unprofitable labor turns them into creaking machines.

“Imagine a man working a jute-bag loom nine hours a day with the knowledge that he cannot earn more than 18 cents a week, and that kept for him in the warden’s office against the time of his coming out. There are states which do not pay prison labor even 18 cents a week. Still others do not pay their men at all. These are rather the more merciful. The convict may know that his wife and children are starving. Many convicts cling to love of family, though they are behind the bars justly. Kansas pays its prisoners a maximum of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cents a day. In reformatories, the prisoners get 2 cents and 3 cents. North Carolina allows \$1.00 for every ten days earned by good conduct and it takes two months to earn the dollar—about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents a day. Only a few states have provided to allow convicts to earn any adequate sums for themselves or the support of their dependents outside. Ontario, Canada, allows 75 cents to \$1.00 a day for prison labor. The money goes to the support of the prisoners’ families to prevent their dependence upon the public.

“There have been a number of prisons in recent years where conscientious wardens have proved that a penal institution could be placed on a paying basis. It would be good business to give convicts the self respect that comes from doing something for their families and to save the families from going to pieces through destitution.

“When the man comes out of prison it would be better for the community financially and in other practical ways if he had a trade at which he could get work to support himself. As it is, the prison laws compiled up to July, 1913, show that only three states provided for trade schools in their prisons and four others in their reformatories. The trades at which convicts are allowed to work in most prisons are not the ones that will prove profitable outside. Making brooms and brushes, for instance, is an occupation that blind men engage in. Several states employ convicts on the highways,

an occupation which hardens the muscles but does not add to the prisoner's capabilities for earning a living after his release.

"Free labor will not willingly tolerate competition from men behind bars. So the state laws bristle with hedges against the learning or practise of trades by convicts. Michigan, for instance, has a constitutional provision that 'no mechanical trades shall hereafter be taught the convicts in the state prisons in this state except the manufacture of those articles of which the chief supply for home consumption is imported from other states and countries.' New York places a \$500 license fence around the sale of goods manufactured in prison.

"There is a measure of reason in this restriction. It prevents an injustice in the shape of unfair competition with free labor. Prisoners should be kept at work on articles for state use—work of such nature that the training gained would be an equipment for them after their release.

"Our prisoner comes out into the world after a detention of a few months or twenty years, with his health injured from foul air and promiscuous crowding in cells. He has a different attitude toward the world. He probably hates society for the wrongs he has suffered and thinks he has suffered unjustly. Tuberculosis contracted in prison looms up as a hideous punishment for a theft committed in behalf of a hungry wife. He comes out of prison with his nerve broken. He is also probably somewhat broken down in body and very much broken down in self-confidence. He realizes the prejudice against an ex-convict. He is afraid once his 'front' is removed he will be gone. He becomes painfully conscious of the earmarks that brand him as an ex-convict.

"Then comes that fatal question: 'Where were you last employed?' The man may parrot a glib answer that he has been preparing for hours, or he may stammer and blush. In either event he finds himself on the brink of exposure. He is liable to make some break that will ruin his chances. Or the question may be, 'What can you do?' If the man is master of a trade, he can answer confidently. If he has

no special training, he will be placed at a disadvantage. Wouldn't you?

"When a man has tried to find work and failed and the \$5.00 or \$10.00 given him by the prison has vanished, he becomes a poor citizen and a decidedly bad economic factor. A man discharged from prison in February came into our office a few days ago wearing the same straw hat he wore into prison last summer. It is a strange thing, but drink is more easily obtained than food and he is likely to seek the aid of stimulants in bearing up. Then comes the temptation to commit one of his old crimes. When he is captured, his previous record looms up against him.

"I've known men to get jobs after they left prison and after making good for weeks, betray themselves by some stray word. Then they were shunned by their fellow workmen. Pretty soon—usually at once—they were either discharged or had to quit. Next they would go to the bums' lodging house and then they would commit crime and fall into the hands of the police.

*"The public is too apt to go on the theory of the survival of the fittest. It doesn't count the cost of such a philosophy to itself. It maintains a punitive penal system at tremendous expense to manufacture liabilities to society that will cause it still greater expense. It is all the most insufferable folly.*

"If there is somebody to meet the man when he comes out of prison and treat him like a human being, he is less likely to seek companions among criminals. He will not fall down in the period when he is getting his bearings. If he knows where he can get a job, where his past will not be held against him, nine men out of ten will try to make a decent living instead of stealing.

"Whenever our committee sends a man to a job, one officer of the employing firm knows of his record. He starts true to himself.

"There are thousands of jobs in the country where ex-convicts will fit in as well as any men. The trouble is, the ex-convict may not know how to get to them. The employment bureau for ex-prisoners in New York City has succeeded in

finding places for more than 1,500 ex-convicts in New York alone in the last fifteen months. About 80 per cent. are making good. There are large employers all over the United States, like Henry Ford, who are willing to give an ex-prisoner a chance to go to work and rehabilitate himself.

“Some of these employers two years ago would have nothing to do with ex-prisoners, but they were quick to see the advantage of converting these liabilities of society into assets, when we laid the case before them. The presentation of the case was a service the men could not do for themselves.

“Sometimes it takes a great deal of bracing up and encouragement after the man has got started. It is pathetic to see how they go to pieces at times. Lonesomeness is one of the common causes. The men feel constrained by their past and do not make friends. Then comes the longing for somebody to be interested in them. They will seek companionship in a saloon or a dive. If somebody gets hold of them quickly enough, the case can be saved.

“We’ve been trying to keep in touch with the men who have applied to us for help in getting started. We always tell them to send for us no matter what trouble they may be in. When they are drunk, they revert to the old ways and are harder to deal with than when sober. But it pays in more ways than one to set them up.

*“If kindness and fair dealings will cut down the number of prison repeaters, it is kindness and time well spent.*

“Yet the cost of criminals in New York State alone to the taxpayers is \$31,000,000 a year, besides the human wrecks. Are we our brother’s keeper? I think so, and at this rate we are giving a very poor account of our stewardship.

“We are demanding efficiency in business—we must effect it in handling our criminal question—before, during, and after incarceration.

“Does it pay? That is the question.

“Results are the only thing worth while. Here is the answer.

“First—About 80 per cent. of the men and women we place make good. There were 468,000 people came out of our penal institutions in 1915. If any reasonable per cent. of that army could be turned to productive pursuits there would be some considerable saving to the State, for they cost the forty-eight states in 1915 somewhere about \$300,000,000. *They propagate their kind and the bill is growing with rapid strides.* Let us save a few less hogs and chestnut trees and more men and women.

“Second—Judge Wadhams of the Court of General Sessions, in my county, states that in the past two years among the several thousand prisoners who have come before him for sentence, the record shows that not more than half a dozen have come out of Sing Sing since Mr. Osborne’s self-government and square deal for the men has been in operation there. They come to us, get work and go straight. That is the reason. Formerly they reverted to crime, not from inclination (not over 10 to 20 per cent. of convicts are instinctively criminal) but because every door was closed to them and they could not do otherwise. Ask yourself what you would do. Requiring one accused of witchcraft to walk with bare feet on hot ploughshares, in order to determine her guilt, was no more cruel. We will all realize this a very few years hence, but we have allowed brutal keepers to handle this delicate interest for us instead of thinking for ourselves. And we are paying for it. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor as fast as funds are available, plans to promote this crusade in every state. We have seen what New Jersey has done. Others will surely not want to do less.

“What we have to learn is that our crude, obsolete and cruel punitive penal system we penalize ourselves far more than we do the prisoner. Society is the worse sufferer and in addition pays the bills—surely not very practical prison practice.”

# CITY-GLAMOR

LOUIS GINSBERG

**A** LONG the purpling city-street,  
Where slowly tugging at the mist,  
The wet and gravid winds go by,  
There in the heavy amethyst,  
Caught in the blurry mesh of fog,  
Entangled in the haze of snow,  
Like yellow, straining Fire-flies,  
The arc-lights glow! . . . .

Before a flaring theatre,  
Splutters a flaunting orange light,  
That scatters spray of gold about,—  
A rain of dreams upon the night!  
And deep into the misty gloom,  
And deep into the foggy air,  
This dripping light—this faery gold—  
Is trickling everywhere! . . . .

And through the whirls of magic mist,  
The clanging trolleys, lurching slow,  
Are dragging splashy, trailing pools  
Of molten gold across the snow. . . . .  
Then vaguely through the purple haze,  
The wraith-like autos, flitting nigh,  
Shatter the mists with shafts of light  
And swift swish by! . . . .

And Oh, the swirling tides of faces,  
Foaming about the corners, surge  
And wildly seethe with swift desire,  
Wildly with swift, impetuous urge—  
Wildly they eddy in the mist,  
White, Oh, as foam in foam-white haze—  
Tide upon spindrift tide of faces,  
Passionate through the maze! . . . .

# KITCHENER THE BOY

EUGENIE M. FRYER

**A** WILD bit of the Irish coast it was, rugged, heather-strewn cliffs broken by a stretch of shingle at the head of Taplee Bay in Kerry, where Kitchener the Boy went most often to swim; and on this particular June afternoon he had sought its solitude "to think things out"—his laconic answer always if questioned as to why he had gone off alone. Some of the June sunshine seemed to creep into the Boy's steel-blue eyes as he paused, tall, lithe, cleanlimbed at the top of the beach, and looked off across the still green waters of the bay toward the haze-rimmed horizon. Overhead clouds floated slowly southward. Out of the gorse and heather on the cliff a lark rose swiftly, filling the pungent air with its song. The gentle lapping of the tide roused the Boy, and quickly stripping, he dipped eagerly into the gray-green water. Though only twelve, the Boy was a splendid swimmer, his long even strokes portraying endurance, latent power, a reserve force equal to emergencies; and as he swam along, he seemed to revel in his strength. His keen eyes followed the dark line of the cliff edged in purple and gold, noting near the shore lines of seaweed swaying idly on the tide, betokening some recent storm somewhere out there upon the mist-shrouded Atlantic that ever held in thrall his imagination; but save for these strings of gold-brown weed and kelp, there was no suggestion of a storm in the lightly wind-swept waters of the bay. On and on the Boy swam steadily toward the distant headland guarding one entrance of Taplee Bay, turning at length upon his back to float and rest himself. The afternoon lay before him. Why should he hurry? It was a day for dreams, and as the Boy lay there on his back, his face turned to the June sky, he gave reign to his fancy, letting it drift as the tide, shoreward, only to flood out again beyond the headlands into the open sea. This afternoon his mind swept out into the as yet unexplored open sea; for that very morning an important decision had been reached in his



future career. A few weeks hence he would slip away from this old familiar life of the bay, and the spirit of adventure in him was quickened though mingled with it lay the subconscious knowledge that when he went to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, the old life would be gone forever. What would life out there be like, he wondered dreamily? A struggle against odds in which one must win? His eyes flashed at the thought; for struggle for mastery, that boundless energy that pushed on to accomplishment, was characteristic of the Boy even at eight; a Saxon energy that found its complement in the Boy's nature in the French thoroughness and austere devotion to the minutest detail, his inheritance from his mother, who had given to this son of hers her French imagination and her love of dreams. Yet despite the adventure in this new life opening before him, he would miss the old life at Cottagh House keenly; for he loved the wild, desolate Irish coast as he loved the simple Irish peasants with their ready wit and their kindly smile. He, by birth, if not by inheritance, was imbued with the spirit of the Celt. He was part and parcel of the soil, and he loved it with all the intensity of his strong passionate nature, that because of his shyness and his reticence he could not express; passing thus as cold and unresponsive when his heart was all on fire.

The Boy's imagination had been early kindled by his old nurse, "Nanna," he called her, and she had instilled in him a belief in kelpies, in fairies and the like, as she spun for him the folk-lore of Kerry embroidered and enriched out of her own Celtic imagination. So the magic of Ireland wove its spell about the lad, sensitizing him, a priceless gift that in after years was to aid him in sensing danger, in interpreting invisible signs and symbols, that sensitiveness to atmosphere so inborn in the Celt, due, perhaps, to the Celt's swift, responsive sympathy. This world of dreams opened to him by his nurse, the Boy augmented and enlarged by reading tales of Celtic Gods and heroes, steeping his imagination thus in the green and gold of romance springing from every cranny of the rugged cliffs even as the shamrock and the gorse. This woman, his beloved Nanna, the Boy loved with all the

deep devotion of his strong, passionate nature, a love that would live always, a devotion that even in the crowded years of manhood would never fail to seek Nanna out, bringing joy to her old, faithful heart.

The active expression of his love of adventure was in the great cave beneath the cliff whither he even now was heading, a cave hollowed out by the sea, whose dripping walls echoed over the swish and rumble of century-old tides; and in whose depths, so tradition had it, lay somewhere hidden a famous smuggler's treasure. He and his brothers, Chevalier, Arthur and Walter, came there seeking tirelessly a treasure which they never found, but for which they never wearied of hunting. They played at being smugglers then, or, better still, at pirates robbing the crew of a wrecked galleon of the famed Armada; and in these games the boy Herbert Kitchener was the leader. It was he who planned and outlined the assault upon the unsuspecting and invisible foe, as it was he who by the sheer force of his personality, led the attack. Yet today, as he lay upon his back in that still water, it was solitude that he wanted, to think out this new life of the open sea that was calling to him. He was brought back sharply to reality by a gentle tugging at his left leg that grew quickly into an insistent drawing downward. For a moment the Boy's face whitened as he swiftly recognized his danger. He was caught by a piece of kelp that in all probability would suck him under never to let him go. He jerked his leg trying to free himself only to find that the weed gripped the tighter. It was after this that the real struggle began. It would not have occurred to him to call for help had any been near. His was a solitary, self-reliant mind, accustomed to get himself out of difficulties unaided, to solve his own problems without asking help or advice. So now he lay quietly upon his back, his square-set jaws drawn down grimly, the whole force of his will gleaming in his keen blue eyes, his body taut and still as the Boy bided his time for the moment when he could free himself. That silent struggle seemed a struggle of forces, the elemental striving to overcome the intellectual, a solitary struggle typical of the

Boy's whole life; for the Boy was to win success through struggle, a success attained through a relentless energy in mastering whatever he had in hand to do, this relentless energy in him tempered by an inexhaustible patience, a power to wait the psychological moment, a quality inherited from his French mother whom he worshiped. Would he never slip beyond the confines of the bay after all? The desire to live welled up in him. Yet the Boy lay motionless upon the water, the sinuous kelp about his leg. Presently his keen ears caught the soft murmur of the coming tide, and with it came a gradual loosening of the weed. He lay still, not daring to move lest it would tighten the grip of the gold-brown strand of kelp. After a space, he moved his arms through the water to find that he slipped forward slowly without feeling the grip upon his leg. *His will power had saved him.* His passive resistance had freed him from the kelp at last. Swiftly he turned over and began to make his way toward the shore, flinging himself upon the shingle at the mouth of the smuggler's cave. Though he would not have acknowledged it, a momentary reaction had set in. It was the first time he had been so close to death, and the memory of an old woman, the gardener's mother, and a rose-clad cottage came to him. It was in the days of his early childhood, at Gunsborough House, before they had moved to their present home, that he had gone to see this old woman, and she had read his fortune in the tea leaves. "*Sure, you will travel far, gasiur, and see many lands, but it is the sea will call you at the end of the road.*" The words had meant nothing to him then; but now—was this, then, a premonition, a first "call of the sea?" he wondered. He shuddered as he looked off across the silvered waters of the bay.

The Boy's thoughts slipped back to Gunsborough House of homely beauty, its square, white front trailed with ivy, its close-cropped lawn splashed with the flowers he loved. It was in those days that the Boy had been given over wholly to this world of dreams and fancies, dreams occupying time that should have been spent on books at school; this dream world rent and rudely broken into when he failed in his ex-

aminations—his first and only failure. His soldier father, a man of keen humor and rare wisdom, dealt swiftly with the Boy, realizing that the Boy's whole future hung in the balance. He called his son to him.

"Herbert," he said, "a man must dream, must possess the power of vision to be great; but he must not let dreaming run away with him. As punishment, I shall send you to the neighboring dame school until you learn the value of mastering that which is at hand. Remember always, that the practical has its place as well as dreams. 'Thoroughness' is our motto, you know, lad."

The Boy flushed now, remembering how mortified and humiliated he had turned away, his mind already set in a sterner, more determined mood. As he had left the room his father had called after him with his gay laugh:

"Another failure, and I shall apprentice you to a hatter."

The Boy's humor had for a moment overtopped his humiliation, and he had flashed back:

"I think it will be Woolwich, sir."

It was a turning point in the Boy's career. Thoroughness became his watchword. The relentless energy in mastering whatever task he had in hand became as marked a characteristic in him as his love of dreams, the one to be the complement of the other all his days.

The second great event of his life had come when the family had moved from Gunsborough House to Cottage House, an old place steeped in romance, satisfying the Boy's craving for the beautiful, also. The old garden crammed with flowers, and pervaded with a strange, brooding peace was to be the deep setting of his life, the spot to which his thoughts would ever slip back, the epitome, really, of the only home life he would ever know, that life in the garden marking not only his love of the beautiful, but representing likewise an intimate expression of his personality that in later years none but the few would see or recognize; for the personality of the man, though sharp-cut and distinctive in its power to leave its impress upon the country has was to serve so selflessly and so well, was to be merged as a quickening

spirit into the vastness of the Empire he had visioned and was to help to build. A wilderness that garden now, for,

“Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruins all,  
And the long grass o’ertops the mouldering wall.”

Yet beneath the tangled desolation flowers would ever spring up and blossom.

With the coming of the tide a faint breeze had sprung up, ruffling the waters of the bay, and the Boy scanned the horizon looking for the fisher boats that at sunset would be putting out to sea. He stretched himself lazily, and leaned back against the entrance to the cave, his thoughts flooding out again toward the future that was opening for him. In a few days he would be thirteen, and then, after the summer vacation, he was to go to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, and from there to London where he would prepare for Woolwich. Then it was that his life of service would begin, that life of service his French-mother had instilled in him from babyhood as being the be-all and the end-all of every man—the true bulwark of the Empire. The smouldering fire in the Boy’s eyes flamed at the thought. A life of stern discipline it would be, this life of service, a life in which every personal desire must be subservient to the accomplishment of the task in hand, a life demanding all of his relentless energy, his boundless ambition alone satisfied when complete success should crown his efforts. Doubtless, as the old woman had said, he would travel far and see many lands. The great avenues of the world were opening to him, avenues leading into the Far-East, to Arabia, India, southernmost Africa and Egypt, the land that even now lured him—places where he would come not only face to face with grave dangers, but with dangers that he might sense but never see. It would be then that his sensitiveness to atmosphere would stand him in good stead, and his rare understanding of another’s viewpoint would become an element of greatness in him; for no matter how foreign or antagonistic was a man’s point of view, he could grasp it, appreciate it, and with that fine strain of democracy in him, concede the right of an opinion other than his own. These seeds of leadership and

greatness were stirring now unconsciously in the Boy's soul. Hard and stern, people would call him. Yet he was possessed of that true kindness belonging to a strong, deep nature. His shyness and his reticence would ever conceal the depths of the emotions stirring him. His was a solitary figure, even now a certain aloofness setting him apart inevitably. His nature was of that simple directness so marked a characteristic in his soldier father, as was his hatred of display also. The Boy worshiped his father, who represented to him always the true ideal of what a soldier should be; and the Boy had taken to heart the lesson of the Dame school. He would keep his world of dreams. It would ever be for him the inner shrine enfolding his power of vision—without which no man can be truly great; and just because of it, *Thoroughness* would be the under-current of his life, the mechanism in the fulfilment of his dreams, the realization of his far-reaching vision of Imperial greatness for England, that mistress to whose service his whole life was pledged. The Boy's face glowed at the thought. Yes, the life out there beyond the headlands guarding the entrance of the bay, was calling to him, and soon he would be answering that call.

The sun was at its setting, the summer clouds shot with golden glow, the water flushed to iridescence, and out from the bay one by one fishermen in their yellow oilers steered their black boats out to the open sea while the purple twilight gathered softly in the west. The Boy rose slowly, stretched himself, and with a sigh, turned to the entrance of the cave, staring into its black depths where all the romance, the dreams, the love of adventure of his past life seemed gathered—the cave with its hidden treasure of Spanish gold which he had sought and, as yet, never found. His would be a life of seeking, of adventure, of struggle, but the bay would know him no more. His life would be that of the open sea that knows no east, no west, no north, no south. For a moment he stood thus, leaning against the dripping walls. Then, without a word, he turned swiftly back to the beach that was half-covered now by the incoming tide. Even the cave had echoed of the sea. In a few weeks the new life

would begin. He, too, would be putting out even as the fishermen; only for him there would be no returning to the bay. A breeze had sprung up, and already white-caps dotted the green water. Of a sudden the thrill of battle gripped the Boy. It would be a hard pull home, but he would conquer, glorying in the struggle. With eyes gleaming he plunged into the foam-flecked water, and with long, even strokes set his face toward the east.

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# THE ORIENT IN A NEW LIGHT

AMEEN RIHANI

**M**AN has always gone to battle for what he believes to be an ideal, whether tribal or national, political or religious. Even his wars of conquest have in them the inception of a spiritual aspiration; for there is, as in religion itself, a mysticism in war that baffles understanding. The consciousness of the tribe, who vowed vengeance before its totem or invoked his assistance against its "barbarous" neighbor, is not far removed from that of the European nations of to-day who are praying for the victory of their children in arms. The God of Battles is still the God of the Christians; a great sacrifice is still looked upon as a purification, a regeneration. And herein is revealed the faith of man sealed with his own blood. For whether the sacrifice be made in the temple or on the battlefield, it is his faith in the Unknown, the Unseen, the Inscrutable that renders mere life valueless and makes martyrdom possible. Every war, from the point of view of those who wage it, is a holy war. A nation changes, but never destroys her gods; and when the gods thirst, the nation must bleed. This may be a survival of tribal superstition, a chronic delirium of pious savagery, an outburst of elemental passions long dormant or suppressed; but we must admit that whatsoever ennobles death has in it a potentiality that is unhuman,—and very often it reveals the divine.

The political problems of the Orient, therefore, like the economic problems of Europe and America, might yet have to be solved upon this principle of human sacrifice and regeneration. Impatient of the slow process of evolution, man will leap forth, sword or pike in hand, to give the State a jog or two. And not infrequently he succeeds. Even his mistakes have a positive value—are a source of light and power. To be sure, democracy, or a constitutional form of it at least, will yet triumph in the Orient; and socialism will be given a trial in the Occident; but neither democracy nor socialism



can walk serenely into power with a dove on her shoulder and lily in her hand. In every city of importance in the Orient to-day there is a revolutionary party struggling for power; in Japan, in China, in India, in the Near-East the voice of the people is beginning to be heard. And the Oriental despot is no longer secure in his divine rights, for the revolution has already a roll of martyrs to its credit. The gallows of the government, whether in Cairo or Delhi or Peking, have more than once been answered with the bullets of despair or the pikes of rebellion. All is not well with the sovereign rulers, nor with their subject people.

“How long will you the tyrant tolerate  
 And at his door for mercy supplicate?  
 How long will you, with dust upon your brow,  
 Obey a wicked king or potentate.  
 “Awake, arise! Your heritage demand;  
 Unsheathe the sword, which, by divine command,  
 Was forged for the opprest. Why hesitate?  
 Allah himself has placed it in your hand.”

The cry of the Arab poet, Abu'l-Ala, uttered ten centuries ago, is heard again to-day in the Far East. But the European War has overshadowed, even rendered negligible for the present, every other political movement. And whether it will have the ultimate effect of weakening the spirit of revolution or imparting to it new energy and strength, is yet to be seen. It is generally believed, however, that political and economic conditions will undergo a radical change after the War. But no change, however radical, if it is to be beneficial and permanent, can be absolutely detached in its spirit from the innate genius of a race, or run counter to the laws of evolution. Every nation has a spiritual entity represented in its traditions. And any change in the established order of things, however sudden and amazing, is not infrequently a development of new forces, whose growth had been unobserved, imperceptible. There can be no wild leaps either in nature or in the state. Even such measures as are forced upon us by a great catastrophe, an unprecedented cataclysm, are ramifications, deeply considered, of a cherished institution, or detours of self-defence or compromise or

defeat, or a continuation, perhaps modified, of previous strivings and achievements. In other words, the tendencies of the past, which are inextricably woven in the realities of national life, cannot be wholly shaken off or repudiated. And the initiation of a new order of things often includes the perpetuation of certain inborn, ingrained, indelible traits of a race. *The War may turn political currents into new channels, but it will not change the currents themselves; it may turn a throne upside down or a government inside out, but it can not modify one iota for better or for worse, the human element in the state; it may cause a radical, a material change in the economic and social tendencies of society, but it can not affect the human forces from which these tendencies spring.*

There will be, to be sure, a modification of things in general, a compromise of wild ambitions, a partial surrender of power—a gradual growth, in other words, in which social evolution will resume its wonted course. This is the only change, if we choose to call it so, that is natural and enduring, the only change that is wholesome and beneficial. And the European nations, even though disappointed in such an outcome, will submit to it, accept it, yea, welcome it, because they will be too exhausted after this greatest of struggles to be impatient or rebellious.

*Not so the Oriental people for whom the spirit of revolution is beginning to have a fatal fascination.* If howitzers and machine-guns, however, which are rapidly replacing the sword and pike, can destroy fortresses and thrones, they can not destroy a race, much less the traditions, the spirit of a race.

Arms may bring triumph and glory to a rising nation, but they do not furnish her with magic wings. An attempted flight, whether by the people or their rulers, is as fatal as it is in nature. Even in Europe, were a great nation to leap from militarism, for instance, clear to socialism, a counter-revolution would correct her extravagance, punish her folly. *So much more so in the Orient, where the power of tradition is supreme. Islam cannot rise in a day by a single leap or a*

*flight from the quagmires of religious and social cant to the heights of science and reason.* India cannot abolish her castes and establish equality among her people by an act of legislation or a revolution. In Japan we have an example of social evolution making its way through a process of elimination and selection. In China the spirit of indiscriminate radicalism has failed.

High-flying, especially in political ideals, is always disastrous. History has emphasized this truth. For while a time-honored tradition may be modified, even violated, it can not be wholly destroyed. It can be pruned, cut down, but not uprooted. This field in the Orient, which is infested with noxious and barren growths, must be weeded and scientifically cultivated—which is the business of all the modern reforms that were instituted before the War and that will be carried out after it. For though tradition in the Orient has a religious, a divine sanction, it is now beginning to be considered in its positive worth; it will be purified of all unrealities that it may have a quickening, vitalizing influence on modern life. Whether the War will have a positive effect upon this particular phase of development, is doubtful. Japan had undergone a substantial change before she tried her strength with Russia. The Ottoman Empire was fast on the decline before the Balkan War. Indeed, *war only hastens the process of either growth or decay.*

There was a time when the European could see nothing but tomfoolery in the religion of the Oriental; and the Oriental could see little except religious spirit in the European. But that time is past. We are now approaching some kind of mutual sympathy and understanding. It is becoming clear to the extremists, I had almost said the fanatics, on either side that Europe is superior in science, but not in philosophy—in those branches of knowledge that require observation and thought, not in those that require imagination and intuitive power. She is superior in military art, but not in the business of fighting. She has better mechanics, tacticians, engineers, financiers and thinkers. This is a fact which the Oriental now realizes and to which he has sur-

rendered. The surrender is improving him. On the other hand, the Oriental has a better understanding and appreciation of elemental things, is more genuinely pious in the face of great calamities, more sincere in his faith, more ingenious too in invention, more capable of abstract reasoning. And this is a fact which the European is slowly realizing and to which he will ultimately surrender. The surrender will improve him also.

Moreover, the political and physical changes of the Orient in the last twenty years are also producing a corresponding change in the political and economical conditions of Europe and America. The Spanish-American War marks the beginning of a new United States. It bequeathed to the most democratic of governments one of the most difficult problems of autocratic Europe—the problem of colonization. And the government that has to embark on such a long journey, to the Philippine Islands, for instance, to justify its institutions and promote at the same time the welfare of millions of Mohammedans and Asiatics, cannot remain unchanged. A step once taken in this direction is seldom if ever retraced. The colonizing problem, therefore, is with this government for solution; and whatever way it may end, the adventure is now part of the national experience—it has entered into the national tradition. Whether the Philippine Islands are sold or kept or abandoned, therefore, makes little difference. This page of the nation's history cannot be effaced, nor can it be considered as detached from what precedes and what follows. Tradition goes down with the ages, undergoes with the national spirit a certain transformation, and is subject like it to the same development. A new United States has new needs, a new experience creates new duties and responsibilities.

If Japan is getting nearer to America in the Pacific, the Panama Canal is bringing America nearer to the Orient, to say nothing of its geographical significance as a possible southern boundary of this country in the future. For the chronic revolutions in the Latin States and the recurrent chaos and anarchy in Mexico and the little Island Republics,

are creating new political conditions—are becoming more involved in the destiny of the United States as a great world power. Indeed, as important perhaps as the commercial, is the political significance of the Canal. And an overland route to Panama is as natural as an overland route to the Pacific—as natural, too, that the cone of land west of the Gulf and the Caribbean should one day come into the sphere of American influence and control. I refer to this only to show how external conditions and new physical developments directly affect and transform the policy of a government, having a positive influence upon its most cherished institutions.

The Spanish-American War has created a new United States, the Russo-Japanese War, a new Asia, and the present War is bound to create a new Europe—is bound to give rise to a new consciousness in all the peoples that have been hitherto subject to European rule. This is a war of emancipation, despite the fact that already it has ruined and disinherited one of the little nations of Europe, conquered another, and is about to crush a third. *But Belgium and Poland and Serbia will recover yet their strength and ultimately reattain their freedom and independence. Liberty has survived greater empires in the past; it has risen triumphant over greater conquerors.*

The Orient, which has turned to Europe for light, will not altogether be disappointed. Already, in the Near-East at least, the effect of the War is evident; *on the wreck and ruin of a criminal Empire, England has laid the corner stone of a new Sultanate.* The Arab-speaking people of Syria, Egypt and Arabia are beginning to have a voice, a nationality, a political unit. They are slowly making themselves felt, slowly coming again to power. But their rise outside of Egypt at present is in proportion to the fall of the Turk. In Egypt, however, the newly established Sultanate has more than a political significance. It is gradually becoming the rallying-point, the center of gravity of Islam. And Islam, freed from the thrall of the Turks, will come under the enlightening and uplifting influence of civilization. It seems, perhaps, almost idle to say this at the present time. But civili-

zation has suffered greater interregnums in the past and has recovered from greater breakdowns.

*Through this unspeakable carnage, this unprecedented massacre, through the blind elemental passions of races, through all the blood-arguments of powder and steel, through all the glooming, stifling prejudices of nations and individuals, I can see the eternal forces of the spirit, the ideals of the human soul and the human intellect, still struggling for universal domination, still rising from under the blood-dripping heels of the conqueror, though battered and bruised, to enlighten and guide the world.*

And we in the East, at a less sacrifice perhaps than Europe, are destined to share in the fruits of this higher and nobler spirit of civilization. The idea of self-government and its ideals are no longer the exclusive heritage of any particular nation or people. The policy of colonization after this War will undergo a radical change; a development toward federation is inevitable. And there will be a law of nations by virtue of which the modern Oriental States will be considered on equal terms with those of Europe. The question then will be, not whether five thousand European soldiers, for instance, can keep in subjugation five million Asiatics, but whether the Asiatics can put to good use the millions of European capital. Benevolent assimilation will cease to be a sham, a makeshift, a pretext for conquest and aggrandizement.

Chastened by the War, the "Powers that be" will be more humane and just toward their subject people. Even to-day, the attitude of the United States Government in the Philippines is not that of ten years ago. England in India and Egypt will hardly be recognized in the future as the England of the past. The same will be true of France in Algiers and Tunis, Italy in Tripoli, Russia in the Caucasus. For the loyalty of the Oriental troops, Mohammedans, Christians, Heathens, is not actuated, to be sure, by political exigency or moral fear; it is the outcome of a growing sentiment, a sane and sober feeling, that, with the aid of Europe in the future, a new Orient, revived and revitalized, will emancipate

itself from the galling yoke of the old Orient. And whether in the Far-East or the Near-East, this will be the hope and the guerdon.

It must be said, however, that Germany at present is enlisting the forces of the old Orient; she is encouraging, perpetuating the iniquitous sway of enslaving despotisms and imbruiting cant. *But if the Turks are with her in this mighty struggle, Islam is not. The forces of progress and enlightenment that are destined to free the Orient and bring it under the sway of the higher spirit of civilization, are on the side of the Allies.* If Europe, therefore, betrays this new Orient after the War, or tries to thwart its higher aspirations, she will find that she has new conditions to overcome, new forces to contend with. For the Oriental troops that are fighting for her bravely, heroically, with her own sons, are doing so, it might be said, for a common cause. And when, afterwards, the resources of Europe will have been exhausted, her energies depleted, the Oriental people will remain strong enough to pursue their new course of life. But they have reactions, old regimes, forces of ignorance and stolidity and greed to cope with, too; and I can not conceive of a new Europe allying herself with the old Orient to defeat the hopes and aspirations of the young Orient. I am convinced that the spirit that will rise triumphant out of this wreck of nations and empires, will neither be European nor Asiatic—it will be supremely human.

The civilizing, humanizing influences will be more genuine than in the past, more effective, more encompassing. Ever since the Battle of Arbella it has been the aim and purpose of European nations to dominate the Orient and exploit it to their own exclusive good. After this War, it will be the aim and purpose of European nations to co-operate with the Orient in a common cause for the triumph of political and social and economical ideals in both continents,—for the general welfare of the human race. More pernicious than the militarism of Europe are the tyrannies and the castes and the cant of the Orient. The world, therefore, cannot afford to destroy the one and continue to tolerate the other. And we

know that a people who free themselves from the galling yoke of one despotism will not readily submit to another, whether native or foreign.

On the other hand, no nation can separate herself entirely from her past. France, who tried to do so a century ago, paid dearly for the experiment—which, after all, did not wholly succeed. The First Revolution sapped her spiritual energy, the Napoleonic Wars exhausted her material strength. And she struggled aimlessly after that, floundered without an anchor, without a faith, without a national spiritual entity, until finally she almost lost the initiative in Europe. France drifted for a hundred years from the quickening sources of her genius and traditions, and the drift was mistaken even by some of her great men for progressive movement. But now we have a new France, a united France—united not only in the political sense, but in the historical and philosophical meaning, united, in a word, with her past. *The France of to-day is the France of Jean d'Arc and the First Republic. Indeed, France has found herself again; she has recovered her faith; she has justified her genius. The cleavage of a century is bridged at last, and La Patrie is no longer a Goddess of Reason vaunting the red cap of atheism and revolt, nor a St. Genevieve advancing in her rusty antiquity, but a beautiful blending of the spirit of both, a divine duality of reason and faith.*

And it is this France, not that of the Reign of Terror, which the Orient will take as a model, because its new spirit is better suited to the Oriental nature and is more in harmony with its principles of growth and development.

But this slow, subtle process of elimination and transformation in all social, political and religious reforms, is often misleading to the Occidental mind. The undercurrents are seldom seen or seldom understood. We seem to think that the development of Japan, for instance, is strictly speaking only material—is more political, at least, than spiritual. True, Japan remains a monarchy clinging to her ancient traditions. But the abolition of the daimios and the samurai, the feudal nobility and the fighting caste, the promulgation



of a Constitution, the introduction of scientific methods in her various fields of endeavor, these, to be sure, are more than physical signs of development. To the outside world, however, the faith of Japan remains unchanged; but to the Oriental eye and instinct the undercurrents present a most interesting phenomenon. How far can Japan succeed in blending her ancient spirituality and culture with modern material tendencies and achievements?

She is the first Asiatic nation that has taken this course, and those who are observing her closely seem to think that there is trouble yet ahead. But the nation that succeeds in balancing her forces is the very one that does not wholly disregard her spiritual heritage, her time-honored traditions, but leavens with that healthy and vitalizing part of them her modern material aspirations and achievements. And among the five principles of what might be called the Magna Charta of new Japan, promulgated by the Emperor in 1868, which marks the end of the Shogun era, is that absurd old usages must be abandoned and righteousness must rule. This reveals the true characteristic of modern reforms, whether in Japan, China, India, or Arabia. But which of her traditions should be retained and which discarded, every nation must decide for herself. There is an inscrutable something in spiritual growth and decay which is not wholly amenable to reason, which does not admit of scientific argument. But this subtle, elusive, almost mystical element is not altogether unintelligible to the instinctive genius of a race.

The mediaeval and the modern, then, are now being tried together in the Far-East by Japan and in the Near-East by that prominent section of Mohammedanism that has inherited the Prophet's tongue—by the Arab-speaking people, by Young Arabia, which has already laid the corner stone of its Empire in Egypt. And whatever the outcome of the War, in Europe or in the Orient, the ultimate effect of it in the Near-East will be the passing away of the Evil Spirit of the Bosphorus, which for centuries occupied the most impregnable and the most picturesque position in the world.

Under the mara of Tartarism a scene of incomparable

beauty, indeed, has become a Juhannam of human passions and political crimes. But the end is near, Allah be praised. For that scarlet Gorgon, who made a footstool of the throne of Solomon, a bed-chamber of the Sanctuary of Christendom; that libidinous Priestess, with Jerusalem, Mecca, and St. Sophia as niches in her unholy temple, jewels in her blood-stained crown; that Basilisk under whose breath a happy verdant land became a howling desert, whose poison coursed through the veins of her bonds-people up to the fountain-head of justice and truth—that blear-eyed, foul-mouthed, horny-handed, steotapygous, carnivorous Gorgon of the Osmanly, who choked the Bosphorus with her victims and drained the coffers of the state on her midnight revels and crimes, is passing away forever from the face of the earth. *Allah be praised a thousand times and one!*

The country that lies between the East and West, the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, the cradles of the most ancient civilizations, can still boast of a race, though long in bondage, that is undying, unconquered—a race regenerated and revitalized, rising again to justify its brilliant heritage and to co-operate with Europe in promoting the new civilization, the civilization that will combine between the spiritual and the material forces of the Orient and the Occident.

# AMERICAN IN VERY TRUTH

ROBERT M. WERNAER

**W**E must be true, we must renew  
Our solemn vows, we must be true!  
True as the very prairie grass,  
True as the very soil, and mass  
Of rock, which sun and air have wrought:  
*Growing without a thought,*  
*Truly American!*

True to historic days, the flow  
And national ebb of times ago!  
True to the very drops of life,  
True to the battles fought, the strife  
Of anguished years to make man free:  
*Loving our Liberty,*  
*Truly American!*

True to the Lincoln man, the love-chart  
Of a great, empasioned human heart!  
True to the very cry of our Soul,  
True to the final far-out goal  
Of struggling man,—knowing no race:  
*Lighted by a brother's face,*  
*Truly American!*

We must be true, we must renew  
Our solemn vows, we must be true!  
True to the very stars above,  
True to a deep-inspired love  
For God's great laws,—with unfaltering breath:  
*Dying a true man's death,*  
*Truly American!*

# LORD DUNSANY, DREAMER

EMMA GARRETT BOYD

**I**N an age of materialism, to invent a new mythology; from out the roar of subways to take one on a thin sheet of paper soaring above time and space and the dim eternal,—this it is given to few among mortals to do. And no one of our own time has taken us so far nor to such strange new spaces as Lord Dunsany,—a Celtic soldier-poet who is easily the most original and the most fanciful, if not the most imaginative, of living writers.

This prince of modern dreamers was born in 1878, oddly enough a lord of the stolid British Empire, succeeding his father as heir to an ancient barony created by Henry the Sixth in the middle of the 15th Century. Dunsany inherits, thus, a high aristocratic tradition, emphasized by his marriage to a daughter of the Earl of Jersey; he inherits, too, a military tradition from both lines of his parentage, and he has followed this tradition by holding a lieutenancy in the Coldstream Guards, by active service in the South African War, and by serving, at present, as captain in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Not only a soldier but exceedingly fond of sports and hunting, Dunsany, in spite of his strange imagination, is emphatically not a mawkish sentimentalist but a virile, out-of-door man. "We used always to waste the first part of the summer in London," he writes an American friend, "and then come home and play cricket and stalk rabbits with a small rifle; then, about September, go on visits to Scotland or Yorkshire, deer-stalking or shooting grouse; then home again to spend the winter fox-hunting or shooting snipes, woodcock, golden plover, or pheasants,—a dull bird."

He is fond of big game hunting, too, and has shot in the Sahara and the mountains of Africa. "But I never write of these things," he adds, "because anyone can do that. A night in the forest hunting lions or rhinoceros-charging has

been experienced by several—probably, it is not beyond the scope of Thomas Cook and Son to provide.”

Active, virile, aristocratic, our poet-dreamer often waxes sarcastic, especially at towns and trade. He hates England’s “prosperous, wealthy, detestable towns” whose smoke “all day long troubles the holy sky”; towns with their strange fever of hurry; towns that have in their length and breadth “nothing that is good for a soul to see”; towns that have driven away “all the lovely forests and the furry, creeping things.” Never does he lose a chance to jibe at trade nor “Those advertisements of pills that are so dear to England.”

At times, Dunsany’s irony becomes quite personal. Apparently, he has found England somewhat slow to recognize his own strangely creative spirit. “In England,” he writes to the same correspondent, “We prefer our dead poets. You know where you are with a dead man. He will never do or say unexpected things. And that is so comforting. My own name, indeed, appears in the catalogues of The London Library, but only on account of a naval treatise written by my grandfather, who was born in 1804. I often look forward to the days when The London Library will discover me, too, for I feel that their discovery will give pleasure to my grandson.”

Dunsany’s nervous energy is witnessed by his method of writing, which is done at great speed and rarely oftener than three days a month. More than once, he has written a one-act play at a single sitting. Already, he has published seven volumes, while a number of other manuscripts, more or less carelessly set afloat in the hands of friends, bear witness to his astonishing fertility of imagination.

“The Gods of Pegana” (1905), “Time and the Gods” (1906), “The Sword of Welleran” (1908), “A Dreamer’s Tales” (1910), “The Book of Wonder” (1912), “Five Plays” (1914), “Fifty-One Tales” (1915),—these are all treasure-trove; strange pallid pearls in our time—books to dream over and gloat upon at midnight hours and to pass over cherishingly to those spirits that are choice and rare.

As yet, Lord Dunsany is little known in America for his tales. Yet it is doubtful whether, in future, he will stand as high for his plays as for his intangible, slight, atmospheric stories of mortals braving the super-mortals who dwell in dim spaces and of their terror and crushing defeats—yes, even of men's piteous willingness to accept as gods the strange towering things of stone that bear chisel marks but that, because of long years of sacrificial offerings and belief, are none the less deities, mocking mere men. His stories are tales of terror, of atmosphere, of the eternal verities, set with gem-like, highly connotative phrases, full of deep poetic beauty, but concerned nowhere so much with men as with men's elder brethren the stars.

The plays of Lord Dunsany have been produced in England by Beerbohm Tree, by the wonderful Manchester Company, and by the Irish Players; in America, while promised professional production next fall, they have been seen by few save those who have ventured to Philadelphia for The Stage Society or to the slum surroundings of New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, or have ascended to the roof of The Century Theater for the productions of The Comedy Club.

"The Gods of the Mountain" is a wonderful and thrilling play of seven beggars who proclaim themselves the seven jade gods that sit upon the mountain; but, at the height of their rejoicing in their happy scheme and in lavished votive offerings, seven green Things stride in with stony footfalls, walking with knees wide apart, as having sat cross-legged for centuries, and, pointing accusing fingers, they smite the seven beggars into stone. The play has a curious, Dunsany-like turn at the end; for, after the beggars have become stone, the sceptical among the populace who had doubted their divinity come in and fall prostrate before them crying: "They were the true gods!"

This play relates itself closely to the still unpublished "Night at an Inn," recently superbly produced at The Neighborhood Playhouse, in which play four rascally sailors who have stolen a ruby eye from the head of an idol take refuge in a lonely English inn; are pursued by three priests

of the idol, whom they kill; and then by the Thing itself; which takes back its eye, goes out of the room—and then, one by one, calls the thieves out into the darkness, into which, struggling as against hypnotic power, they vanish utterly.

“The Glittering Gates,” though perhaps oftenest played of Dunsany’s plays, is a less worthy trifle. It is the tale of two burglars who jimmy their way into the gates of heaven and then complain that they are cheated and that heaven is nothing but stars.

“King Arginenes and The Unknown Warrior” is the grim but dramatic tale of a prehistoric enslaved king who finds, in his digging, an old bronze sword, hits it, vows it in consecration to the unknown warrior once its owner and, brandishing the sword, leads his fellow-slaves victoriously in rebellion; but is overcome by his old slave-hunger at the end, when he hears of the death of the king’s dog, on whose bones the slaves were to have been fed.

In “The Golden Doom,” two little children, praying at the sacred door of the king for a little hoop to play with, write on the door with a lump of gold a verse that is taken by the prophets as a portent of the kingdom’s fall, so that the king renounces his crown and scepter to save his kingdom, laying the two before the doorway, where the little boy finds them and trundles them happily away.

“The Tents of the Arabs,” with its exquisite love lyrics and descriptions of the desert, while of all the plays the most conventional, is the most poetic and lovely,—the tale of a king who longs for the desert and who, after a little year of freedom there, welcomes an Arab impostor and wanders back with his gypsy love, abandoning his throne.

In all these plays, there is a profound interweaving of the things of destiny, a sense of great forces beyond mortals that must be propitiated, an ironic melange of exquisite poetry and the most modern realism, a jewel-like beauty of phrase, a succinct and graphic power of exposition, and a power to create moods in a few phrases that has never been surpassed. Superstition—the one great poetic motif still comparatively unexploited—Dunsany uses constantly; and,

through his plays and stories, stands a tragic Hamlet-like king, perhaps doing the work of a king for years, while all the while the desert calls, perhaps bitterly thinking that his crown should be beaten into a chain and his scepter into a stake, but always facing a tragic doom from ironic forces greater than man. "For I have not met my equal among men, that a man should overthrow me," says the King in the "Golden Doom," and I have not oppressed my people, that a man should rise up against me. Let it be said of me, 'The Gods overthrew him, and they sent a god for his doom.'"

In Dunsany's plays, as in his stories, there is one great dominant—an ironic juxtaposition—generally, a juxtaposition of impious mortals with the great Things that sit above—always a juxtaposition and one ironically put. In "The Tents of the Arabs," there is a king who longs for the desert, set against an Arab who longs to be king; in "The Golden Doom," the writing of two little children is the cause of an empire's fall; in King Arginenes, a slave overthrows a king and then hungers for bones, like a slave; in "The Gods of the Mountain" and "A Night at an Inn," the immortal deities, though only stone idols, stalk out of the darkness to revenge horribly an impious deed done to them.

Dunsany has appeared as a prodigy in our unimagina-tive age, yet he has certain literary analogies that are interesting to trace. To Wedekind, he is allied in the use of strange, ironic symbolism; to Poe, in his power to create an atmosphere of terror; to Lafcadio Hearn in a delicate artistry of phrase and a fatalistic philosophy of sorrow; to Kipling, otherwise his very pole, in his orientalism, in his wandering in weird by-paths, in his love of high-lights in tale-telling; to Barrie, occasionally, in whimsey, as "The Loot of Bombarsharna"; to the less known Strindberg of "Advent" and "The Dream Play" in the spaciousness of his imagination and his challenging deities and sense of the sorrow of life; to James Stephens in his fantastic melange of poetry, irony, and philosophy; in the striding gods among the modern figures of his tales.

Dunsany's two greatest analogues, however, are per-



haps Maeterlinck and William Blake,—that strange, half-mad Blake who wandered in heaven and hell, writing prophetic books, picturing them marvellously; like Dunsany, creating new gods, naming them strange names.

So, too, to Maeterlinck, Dunsany is somewhat akin. As Maeterlinck has dramatized terror in "The Intruder" and "The Death of Tintagiles," so Dunsany has made terror his dominant, in a whole range of stories and tales. Both writers take us to strange worlds—Maeterlinck to one remotely mediaeval: Dunsany, to one that suggests Assyria, Babylonia, and ancient Egypt. Both deal with the eternal verities,—Maeterlinck with the eternal verity of love; Dunsany, with the great eternities of time and space and gods that watch the fall of cities and even the coming of man "From under eyebrows white with years." Both writers have that power of showing the things of the eternal under the thin guise of the transitory that we call symbolism; both are thoroughly pagan, with an abode of spirits that still lean wistfully toward the warm, sunny earth.

In the literary influences traceable upon Dunsany, there is a surprising dearth of the Celtic legend that has so inspired the modern Irish movement; Dunsany scarcely borrows from this legacy; his is, rather, the spirit of the olden tale-tellers who made legends themselves, and whose legends we but dustily inherit.

The great influence upon Dunsany's work is not Celtic but Oriental. The cheat tale,—a characteristic Oriental tale,—is abundant; it is set in Oriental settings of a dim past; it is told with Oriental opulence of color and often with Oriental forms of speech.

The source of Dunsany's thoroughly pagan inspiration is, oddly enough, the Bible. Never were Biblical religious precepts more opposed than in these idol-filled tales of unknown gods and of doubt. Yet never was a Biblical inspiration more directly traceable. For these are tales of the eternal to whom man is but a small thing; strange tales full of heathen gods and heathen idols, but always told with a sense of the great wideness beyond man.

The Bible was, avowedly, Dunsany's model, and he shows its influence not only in his thought but in his style, as in the directness of his narration, its succinctness and graphic quality, the fine flavor of his old Saxon words, even the use of the typical Hebraic parallelism.

It is doubtful whether Dunsany has yet found himself absolutely, whether the play or the story will be his final medium; and a considerable group of his writings, notably those in "The Sword of Welleran" is experimental, if not imitative, in form.

As "The Fall of Babbulkund" is unquestionably Biblical in inspiration; so, in "The Kith of the Elf Folk," we get a suggestion of the Undine myth. In "The Highwaymen"—suggested, perhaps, by Verlaine's poem—we have one of the most stirring ballads in English, a ballad written wholly in prose but with all the ballad feeling and with a distinct ballad refrain.

Indeed, the poetry of Dunsany's prose is abundantly witnessed not only by its subject-matter but by the use of devices generally restricted to verse. Alliteration is abundant; in "The City of Never" he falls unconsciously into a saggameter far more rhythmic than that of most *vers libre*.

Looking upon Dunsany as a modern Irishman and attempting to trace in him the characteristic Irish traits, we find that, of them all, humor is the one most modified. Rarely or never does it exist sunnily, as in "The Loot of Bombarsharna." Almost always it is transmuted into a grim irony. But the religious or mystic sense of the Celt, Dunsany has profoundly.

Sometimes he is distinctly symbolic, as in "The Sorrow of Search." But always he sees life first in terms of the spiritual—man as a tiny mote in a fathomless, perhaps purposeless, will; time as a little fleck in a measureless eternity. The Celtic melancholy, the Celtic "Longing for infinite things" is his above all modern writers. Never, indeed, could life be aught but melancholy, dominated, as he sees it, by hidden gods that delight in the shriek of sacrifice upon the altar and in the doom of men. The Celtic imagination

Dunsany has, too, and one of the greatest, though not one of the most shaping; extravagance, beyond any other Celt, save possibly Synge. And, indeed, while Dunsany is too young yet, too experimental, to be finally classed among the Celts, it is to Synge obviously and to James Stephens that the future will most closely relate him. Less human, far less great as a tale teller than Synge, he has yet Synge's irony, Synge's sorrow,—perhaps even greater creative power amid all his chaos of form.

What, then, is Dunsany's imagination? Why does it arrest us as a portent in our barren time? What has he given us that others have not given? What has he given that will last?

Popularly, the word imagination is used in two distinct ways. In the one sense—in contradistinction to realism—Dunsany has more imagination than any other living writer. But, in another sense, when speaking of great imaginative writers, we do undoubtedly imply a certain architectural quality, a power to reject all that is superfluous to the pattern, to create a cosmos rather than a chaos—a stern self-mastery that Pater meant by "The artist's sense of responsibility to his material." If imagination be used in this latter sense, Dunsany must be rated as fanciful, rather than greatly imaginative; he gives us a new universe, but it is a chaotic universe. His greatest power is suggestive, rather than creative; his greatest field the unfathomable and the unseen.

With the sense gifts, however, on which the great super-sense imagination is built, Dunsany is richly endowed. His sense of color is splendid and barbaric, reminding one of the modern Russians; his sense of sound is especially keen. In the tale of one of his magical cities, mounting dream-like into unknown skies, we have jewelers who sing the song of the ruby, the song of the sapphire, the song of the amethyst; kings who are awakened by music and borne to the bath with silver tinkling bells—a very symphony of sound in all the streets. Dunsany is reverent toward music; it is the god of music who discovers the lost sun-ball and saves the world from darkness; and the fingers of a harper "Tramp over the

chords as the gods tramp over the skies." Sound-sensitive-ness, a sense of beauty, and a profound sense of the super-mortal—these are fundamental characteristics of Dunsany. One is reminded of the plea of the little elf-sprite: "Take my soul: it is a beautiful soul. It can worship God, and it knows the meaning of music, and it can imagine paradise."

Indeed, Dunsany not only imagines paradise in these strange dream-cities, but he has an unrivalled power to conceive immensities. His gods go "Striding through the stars"; Tintaggon, the vast black mountain coming to their help, "Leaves a wake of twilight in his trail"; to Charon, at his endless task till the last mortal is ferried over, "It is a matter, not of years nor of centuries, but of wide floods of time."

In Dunsany, as in no other writer save the old Chinese Taoists, one is made to conceive inconceivable immensities.

"When I look for a beginning," says Chuang Tzu, a thousand years before Christ, "I find only infinite time. And when I look forward to an end, I find only infinite time."

Dunsany, too, has this sense of infinity. *And this is his greatest gift—that he has taken us out into great, star-girt spaces and showed us, not the greatness, but the infinite littleness of man.*

Considering Dunsany's intangible subject-matter, his imagination has an incredible vividness—the very wind that blows up over the edge of the world has a strange, metallic taste from the wandering stars. It is a highly romantic imagination, too: nature not only takes its coloring from the beholder's mood, as in the romantic poets, but it anticipates and forebodes. When the three thieves set forth to rob the gods, the "Bare and ominous crags wear the appearance of an unuttered threat." Incongruity, as we have said, is his very delight.

Lifted up to the very heights of romance, we are dropped with a thud into some mid-Victorian parlor. In a delightful cabbage-patch at the end of the world, The Old Man Who Looks after Fairyland empties his slops upon the southern cross.

Terror no imagination has conceived nor bodied forth more vividly nor with greater economy of means. In a single half page of Tommy Tonker's adventure as he goes forth to rob the gnomes we have a crescendo of terror, a vividness of contrast of faint sounds with a supernatural silence, a gripping power of apprehension never surpassed, perhaps, in any one page.

Suggestiveness, too, he can handle incomparably and often in a single phrase. Never was huge beast more effectively described than by Dunsany's "Something so huge that it seemed unfair to man that it could move so softly, stalking in the darkness past the three thieves,"—never terror of mortals more completely than by their one half-formed thought, of "If—If—If!"

His imagination, too, has a humorous quaintness. A nice old pirate captain discovers and thoughtfully anchors a drifting island, captures a queen and floats away with her,—all very comfortably and cosily in a very Barrie-esque sort of way. And over the edge of the world there dwells a certain disreputable idol, who knows nothing of idol etiquette and will grant prayers that no self-respecting idol would ever consent to hear.

Of sheer beauty in imagination, there is abundance. "The Legend of the Dawn" is surely the loveliest dawn-legend ever invented. It is the tale of Inzana the dawn-goddess who has a golden ball given her by the gods for a plaything and whose tossing of it across the heavens makes the very first day. Yes, and of the Pleiades and the stars being made and borne by the gods for torches to hunt the golden ball of Inzana, when it has been lost and hidden by envious shadows and mountains.

Dunsany's figures, too, are full of beauty. Who can forget that the heat of the desert "Departs from it suddenly, like a bird?" Who, having read Dunsany, can ever see the evening star other than as coming "Mouse-like into view"?

His imagination is eerie past credence. Witness the strange goddess Sombelene dwelling hard by her tomb, or the Sphinx in her rotting house of terror, with her Deed

hidden under a cloak. It is an imagination that creates strange personification:—the thunder that puts his nose to the ground and bays along the valleys; the earthquake, asleep, loath to rouse, grunting deep under the earth; the famine with dry, bright eyes, purring and creeping closer and closer till he dares, at last, take man for his food.

Finally, it is an intensely creative imagination:—The Edge of the World, heavens full of ironic gods, Dubious Land, Zretazoola of the climbing ways, mysterious domains of idols and deities—all these Dunsany has created for us and named by names that are incomparable and that are connotative beyond belief. Names that seem, as someone has said, to have had all the attrition of centuries of use.

Motivating all that he writes is a sense of the sorrow of life. The gods are but playing a game that for mortals is life and death; men go groping back to them, praying vainly for little precious hours that are gone; they go searching down long ways for the true gods and, at the end, find only a little squeaking god in a void, crying shrilly “I know not! I know not!”

What, then, is this man? How shall we rate him? Who gives us a literature of moods, not of men; of strange, starry spaces, not of human beings in little nooks? If Pope with his eighteenth century didacticism be right and “The proper study of mankind is man,” then is this man not one of us and, hating all strange creatures, we shall probably stone him forth.

But if to have created a new universe of deities be something, if to have stretched the sense of infinity; if to have quickened a sense of the brevity and sorrow of life, then is Dunsany a great poet. Not interested in man, primarily, he will never be a

“Priest to us all  
O’ the wonder and bloom o’ the world.”

Yet is he a priest of great spaces, with a creed that, in all pessimism, has an overwhelming sense of the infinite and is a worship of the years to come. Even at his heights, however, Dunsany writes with a sardonic irony: for this is no

seer of old, burnt with a consuming message, but the product of a sophisticated age, self-conscious. His, verily, is "A soul that hath the walls of piled centuries for guard."

Such is Lord Dunsany—strange soldier, poet, dreamer—now in Londonderry Barracks waiting a call that may send him, like the rest of the flower of Europe, to his doom. What war must mean to a sensitive poet-spirit, he has told us in his "Sword of Welleran":

*"O sword, sword, how horrible thou art! Thou art a terrible thing to have come among men! How many eyes shall look upon gardens no more, because of thee! How many fields must go empty that might have been fair with cottages—white cottages, with children all about them! How many valleys must go desolate that might have nursed warm hamlets,—because thou hast slain, long since, the men that might have built them! I hear the wind crying against thee, O sword! It comes from empty valleys! It comes over the bare fields. There are children's voices in it. They were never born. Death brings an end to crying to those that had life once, but these must cry forever. O sword, sword, why did the gods send thee among men?"*

Dunsany, too—and it is bitter to think it—is now one of the many beautiful poet-souls staked on this terrible War. As he writes of the Irish peasant, Francis Ledwidge: "All his future books lie on the knees of the gods. May they not be the only readers!"

And we, knowing Dunsany's strange rare gifts and loving them—we who have trodden the stars in his company, even were it only to hear, among them, the laughter of mocking gods—we must surely echo this prayer, that the gods may not soon gather to them the dreamer of these strange, beautiful dreams.

AY

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*A Magazine for Men and Women of Affairs*

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# FORUM for May

What the most far-seeing critics of international affairs had predicted from the start has at last happened. The United States has been compelled to side actively with humanity and civilization against the forces of savagery and barbarism called into being by the German government. It is a war which concerns all of us intimately and immediately. In the months to come, FORUM will present many articles of striking and timely interest. You cannot afford to be without this magazine during the tremendous epoch of American history into which we are entering.

The May number, while it is devoted largely to a discussion of the various phases of our entrance into the great struggle, nevertheless offers the reader a veritable intellectual treat of literary and reform articles. Read THE SUFFERINGS OF POLAND, by Countess de Turczyuowicz; AMERICA STRIKES, by H. Thompson Rich; PEACE BY COERCION, by H. M. Chittenden, Brig. Gen. U. S. Army (Ret.); TWO YEARS OF PRISON REFORM, by Henry Leverage; THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, by James H. Hyslop; BOUCK WHITE—INTERPRETER OF CHRIST, by Mary Allan Stewart; IN THE DAYS OF CHESTERFIELD, by John Camden Dean.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of FORUM, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917.

State of New York }  
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. Thompson Rich, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Forum, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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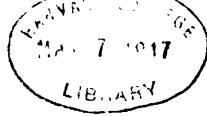
H. THOMPSON RICH, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of March, 1917.

[Seal] GEORGE GAMBER, JR., Notary Public, Kings County, No. 124.

Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 137; Kings County Register's No. 7015.

(My Commission expires March 30, 1917.)



# FORUM

For May, 1917

## THE SUFFERINGS OF POLAND

COUNTESS DE TURCZYUOWICZ

[Author of "When the Prussians Came to Poland."]

**T**HE seemingly impossible has happened. We in America are now openly on the side of humanity. The German ships have been seized, taken by the American Navy. Of all the thrilling events I have lived through, there has been nothing which has so touched me as that fact. I have pictured it to myself, imagined it all, how the sailors swiftly and quietly hoisted the Stars and Stripes over those ships of the Fatherland, and contrasted the imagined with the real pictures, fresh in mind and heart as if lived through yesterday. They were the desperate reality.

When I was caught by the tide of war in Poland, caught in a trap, held an unhappy prisoner with my three small children, still more fortunate than all the people about me, I heard much talk of those ships. Having the German Staff quartered in my house, I heard the officers discuss many things they would not have done had there been any seeming possibility of my escape. Forced to serve them, to sit at the table with them, I heard them talk over many amiable projects as freely and openly before me as if I were a table or a chair. I gained the impression that all they cared for, all that kept them long ago from committing some "overt act" against the United States was the fear of confiscation of those great liners—and now it has happened.

I wonder what has become of that American Army of

the Fatherland of which we had heard so much? How often I was told what would happen if the United States dared to break off relations with Germany! How overnight New York would be seized—how there were quantities of concealed munitions, parts of submarines, how every German had his place and knew it; in fact those officers who spoke so freely before me seemed to think America would not stand the ghost of a chance if once she dared object officially.

And yet—War has come, and New York is standing on the same spot. That city which was to be the first fruit of the war! The German ships have been taken over, and the American Army of Germany is conspicuous by its absence, the Germans here having evidently learned a little better how to judge the value of Kultur, and knowing very well on which side their bread was buttered.

With even the ties of blood they can hardly realize to what pass that same Kultur has brought their relations in Germany. They hear and read what happens in the countries Germany has occupied, but do not believe it. The whole world is aghast at the awful state of that portion of France evacuated by the enemy, yet no one seems to realize that Poland has been even so from the first moment the Prussians came, that they were no sooner over the border when Kultur began for the people.

One of the first results was the levy upon all food, followed after a few days by the confiscation of all seed grains, which were afterwards sold back to the people at 25 marks a measure. The fields had to be cultivated under pain of confiscation; after the peasants had patiently and painfully labored through that awful summer of 1915, they were met by a proclamation when harvest time came forbidding the Poles to touch the fruit of their labor. The crops belonged to the Military.

It were well if Americans could understand the moral obliquity of the Kultur Traeger. From my personal observation, I should say the only person a Prussian officer felt he could tell a truth to is to a Prussian. Promises could be given solemnly to other mortals, but with no intention of

keeping them. We, in the occupied territories, were a non-existent quantity. Therefore, we could not be deceived. The story of what happened to my lorgnette is an example of this curious mental attitude. After the Prussians had occupied our town about four months and we felt as if we had died and the world had forgotten us, one day an aeroplane appeared over Suwalki, and in my desire to see someone free, I did an indiscreet thing. My lorgnette was sewed in my mattress (all else in the way of jewellery had gone to pay the contribution made upon our little town, 200,000 marks). I ripped it out, went eagerly to the window to look at what I hoped was a Russian air-man spying out the land before an attack. As I stood there gazing, an officer came in, instantly telling me what a beautiful lorgnette I had, asking to see it. With great misgiving I handed it over, begging him to return it, that all else had been taken from me. He was offended, said he was an officer and did not steal. After examining the lorgnette minutely, he handed it back to me, clicked his heels together, and went away. The next day he came once more, this time to borrow the lorgnette, saying the officers were racing some horses that day and that he was near-sighted. Of course I had to hand the lorgnette over, even though the picture of a Prussian officer at the races with a lady's lorgnette was rather overpowering. He gave his word to bring it back to me in a few hours—promised! Perhaps one hour afterwards, his orderly came to me, a soldier who very often did us a kindness. He said he was sorry for me, that he had just carried my lorgnette to the post—it was already on its way to Prussia, to the officer's wife. I often saw that officer afterwards, sat at the table with him, and dared not say one word, or even look my contempt.

The treatment of prisoners is so awful the human mind can hardly take it in. When the battle of Augustovo took place, beginning the second week of February, 1915, two brigades of Russian soldiers were surrounded in the woods. They were brought into our town to be made an example of as a revenge for East Prussia. The punishment put upon

them was so appalling that the Germans thought no human being would ever presume to touch a Prussian possession again. The men were driven in like dogs, hitched to the guns and the horses driven alongside them, jeered at, beaten, clubbed if they fell down, kicked until they got up or lay forever still. Many of the German soldiers would tantalize them with the sight of food, those starving men. Then they were shut in the churches, packed in—it must have been two tiers deep—like sardines in a tin. So many were there that a man could not raise his hand to his head. Then the doors of the church were closed and a guard put around, and the poor creatures were kept there without food or water for almost two weeks. When the doors were opened, such is the wonderful tenacity of life in human beings, that even then some were alive. *And I knew it was going on all that time and had to hear the Germans often speak of it, of their punishment for East Prussia.*

Of all those men taken in the battle of Augustovo I doubt if there is one alive to tell the tale, for from the 15th of February, when they were brought in, they were given no rations of food until the 15th of July, having to depend upon the poor townspeople. The townspeople were truly golden-hearted, sharing their last bite with the poor unfortunate ones, though they had nothing themselves and were in almost as bad a state as the soldier prisoners. The prisoners very quickly lost any resemblance to humanity. They were dirty, because they were not allowed to be clean, herded together and publicly rejoiced over when they died. Such was the force of the epidemic which came after all this state of affairs that the Prussians were themselves punished by the sickness and loss of many of their own men.

The townspeople were absolutely without defence against the Army of the Invader. The soldiers would not have been so cruel many times, but were punished if they were kind. They dared not give food, and many times we also were punished for giving food to the prisoners. There were many days of extra severity, till one wonders if anyone exists in that unhappy country.

Now the Americans are in this war. I only hope that they will have the courage to know that their part is the helping, the building up, the healing of the wounds of the unfortunate invaded countries, rather than the actual warfare; that with their declaration of war and army preparation, the great work they have done in relieving the sufferings in Europe will not be interfered with. When peace is finally declared, another army will be needed, a peaceful army, to go to Europe to work, to teach and help those people to once more be human, to look the world in the eyes; for one of the first things the Kultur Traeger does is to kill all sense of pride and self-respect. Surely it is the work of America to bring it back, to give the hand and say: "Brother, here is help for you; here are seeds and implements and comforts. Stand on your own feet."

## AMERICANS!

### I

Comrades! we have not sought the War—but rather  
Than see the light of liberty abate,  
We would array ten million sons, would gather  
All our vast wealth to save us from that fate.  
Comrades! we wished to stay at peace, but forces  
Beyond our power to alter drew us in:  
There were two ways, but not two noble courses.  
We made our choice! We have a war to win!  
And we *shall* win! Earth's future shall be written  
On the high clouds in syllables of scarlet,  
Unalterable; the heavens shall be litten,  
Damningly—then Autocracy, the harlot,  
Shall cringe and creep through the dispersing gloom,  
Too impotent for anything but doom.



## II

Comrades! thank God we have this cause to fight for,  
And have a leader equal to the fight;  
His is the voice we listened all the night for—  
And now we hear it championing the right.  
Comrades! the War has set our people thrilling,  
And unified us and made firm our land;  
Tomorrow lasting peace shall come, Christ willing,  
Where nations shall no more misunderstand.  
There is a creed has clamored long for hearing,  
A creed symbolic of a larger life;  
And even now the mighty hour is nearing:  
Out of the agony of mortal strife,  
A word is born for all! DEMOCRACY—  
Word that shall heal the world and make it free.

# IS THE KAISER MAD?

CORT LEIGH

*"Thirty-two months have passed since the first German soldier crossed the Belgian frontier and by his crossing opened a breach in the wall of civilization through which wave after wave of barbarism has entered."*

**T**HE die is cast. The United States has at last gone into the War. The remaining great neutral nation of the world has finally been compelled to take its stand against Prussianism.

Our little friend Cuba was quick to follow. The Central American republics are mobilizing against Germany. South America is astir with indignation at the Central Empires. Even China has given her vote of censure. Practically the whole civilized world now stands behind the Allies.

How is it possible, in this enlightened age, for one man so to offend the very fibre of humanity that the peoples of all nations and all creeds and all races should rise as one man against him. *Is the Kaiser mad?*

Consider, for a moment, before answering that question, what the ambition of the Hohenzollern had been. For over a generation he had directed all the vast machinery of his Empire to a single end, had employed the mechanical and agricultural and military genius of sixty million subjects to one colossal ambition—*world conquest*.

There it is, in bald words. That is what he had been working and scheming and plotting for. Why mince matters? Most of us realize it, now. We know, of course, that he did not hope to achieve this all at once; but with Belgium out of the way, France quickly subjugated, and Britain overcome—the rest of it would be comparatively easy. He would aim a sudden, paralyzing blow at America; then at the East, China and Japan. After that . . . . .

It all hung on France. But France, to the surprise and joy of the whole world, held and turned and rolled back the Invader. Right there, on the Marne, in August of 1914, General Joffre and his gallant *poilus* crushed out forever the Teuton hope of a vaster Deutschland.

Emperor William, however, did not realize this. Abandoning hope of victory before Christmas, but still confident of complete success by spring, Turkey was dragged into the bloody arena and a staggering blow aimed at Russia. But what to any other nation would probably have been a quietus was to "the Bear that walks like a man" only a prod which goaded him to frenzy. And but for the corruption and dishonesty of a fatuous Autocracy, the tables would speedily have been turned—and the Bear would have cavorted across the plains of Hungary up Unter den Linden. But luck was against the Allies, and a criminal munition shortage dashed triumph to earth and sent the Russian armies retreating far into their own territory, abandoning Poland to a savage and merciless foe.

If the Kaiser lives to a ripe old age (which in certain quarters is considered singularly unlikely) he will never suffer a severer shock than that sweeping Russian advance, led by Grand Duke Nicholas, occasioned him. But even had he been quite callous, one damning fact must have pursued him relentlessly by day and stalked hauntingly through his dreams by night. *All hope of victory was now over.* For from the hour of his double failure—first, to make a lightning march past Liege and Namur to Paris; and second, to smash through Petrograd to the East—from that hour the house of Hohenzollern was doomed, and the end of Turkey in Europe absolute.

Is it any wonder the Kaiser twice offered peace? He had his royal neck to save—if he could!

But his moments were not opportune for peace talk. The Allies had already sacrificed too much not to go on with it to the victorious end. In answer to that first overture, Russia initiated a new offensive, England re-uttered her solemn vow to prosecute the War until a lasting peace could be possible, France raised the biggest loan in her history, and Italy crushingly defeated an Austrian army in the snowy Alps. One and all, the punishers of Prussianism demonstrated that they had the courage of their convictions, and that they were determined what they had undertaken

at such a frightful cost should not fall short of complete fruition.

*From that hour on, Germany was beaten.* There was no longer any doubt of it. Low murmurings began to be heard in the Central Empires. In addition to reverses on the battlefield, the people were not getting enough to eat. But if conditions were bad at home, they were infinitely worse in Austria, in Bulgaria, in Turkey. By this time, Prussia's co-conspirators were heartily sick of the miserable business, and wanted nothing so much as peace. The Ottoman Empire became a hotbed of mutiny and insurrection and open revolt. German officers were shot down on the streets of Constantinople and other cities by Turkish officers, who were in turn shot down. Conditions were frightful. Subjects of the German Emperor kept indoors, not daring to show themselves.

Time passed. Conditions grew steadily worse. Then, at precisely the wrong time, Rumania entered the War. And Germany, seeing her chance, pounced and slew. Then, with a sudden military prowess that rested solely upon that poor crushed State, she made a second overture for peace. Rather a small bid for consideration. Yet the Teuton staged it with all the pomp of a Waterloo.

Three months before, everyone on the inside knew that the Central Powers intended a Rumanian coup, followed by a dictum for the cessation of hostilities. That is the reason the ensuing Cabinet shake-ups took place. England, France, Russia, Italy, and the rest of the Entente wanted no premature peace, were ~~not~~ determined not to have one. So they threw overboard the patient ~~and~~ had cleared their ships of State for continued action.

Meanwhile, some time before, a ship had gone down, and Uncle Sam had begun to think. It was the *Lusitania*. Then another ship went down, and Uncle Sam told Germany to stop doing such things. It was the *Sussex*. Then, for a while, Germany stopped. We thought she had changed her tactics. But no! She was building submarines—three a week! And filling our country with spies and plotters!

Several months passed, and Uncle Sam had almost forgotten the matter—when all of a sudden Germany announced that hereafter the ocean was hers, and that if we wanted to sail boats on it we would have to do it in a certain way.

This made Uncle Sam exceedingly angry. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves and told Germany that we would sail our boats where we pleased.

Germany said: "If you do we will sink them!"

Uncle Sam said: "All right. Go ahead, and see what happens!"

So Germany went ahead, and sank two or three.

Then Uncle Sam said: "We will arm each boat that leaves our ports."

Then Germany said: "That will be war!"

And it probably would have come about in that way, had Zimmermann and Bernstorff not made a diplomatic blunder and let the Mexican note fall into our hands.

That document precipitated matters. From that day on, war was certain. And had there not already been ample reason to doubt the Kaiser's sanity, would not that communication have furnished just grounds? What a maniac attempt at subterfuge! What a water-brained piece of business. The annals of history contain no such duplicate of folly.

### *Is the Kaiser mad?*

Ordinary insanity is without method. But in the workings of Emperor William's brain there is no lack of method. It is easy to see what he is after. It is difficult, however, to conceive how a sane man could have hoped to achieve such an ambition. And it is doubly difficult to understand why he fails to realize that he is beaten.

History has some place for a man who dreams of a gigantic victory and after attempting to put it into execution, admits defeat. But there is no place in history for a man who clings frenziedly to a hopeless cause, dragging with him half the world.

But if he and his party will not admit it, they must be

made to—even though that entails untold suffering to the German populace. It is unfortunate that the many should suffer for the few—but when the many are ruled by the few, they must accept the punishment that their rulers evoke. It is a pity that the German people cannot be reached directly. But the scheme of things runs differently. They whose own flesh and blood drew the hateful sword must bare their own bosoms to its wrath.

#### A COLOSSAL DEFEAT

What has this canny madman accomplished, of all his proud dreams of conquest? How many of all the lands he hoped to rule do his armies hold? Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland, a little of France. Small exchange for five million slain and an Empire cast away!

Even now, the German troops in Belgium and France are retreating, England remains unconquered, Italy is menacing Austria on the west, Russia is threatening Hungary on the east, Bagdad has fallen and with it the hard-won prestige in Mesopotamia—and last of all, the United States has added the final weight of opinion, turning the scales definitely and finally against the Central Empires as they are now organized.

From start to finish, the Kaiser has played a cruel and senseless game. To humble and crush Belgium, he allowed all manner of frightful atrocities to be committed, beautiful historic relics to be laid in dust and the most sacred art treasures to be ruthlessly destroyed. *Louvain!* It speaks volumes. There they had their will.

They murdered feeble old men, slaughtered children, outraged defenceless women, committed all manner of vile and savage acts—yet what did it accomplish? Did they break the spirit of Belgium?

God forbid that tyranny and oppression may ever break the spirit of man! Human nature is too wonderfully constituted. Instead of breaking the spirit of that stricken land, they only heightened the people's resolve that they would never be conquered. Today Belgium, under the tyrant's heel,

is still free and unbroken, though the graves of the Teutons who strove to crush out the spirit of that brave people dot the countryside from the Meuse to the Channel.

What happened in Belgium is typical of Serbia, of Poland, of Rumania. The suffering of those little States has been almost intolerable, the oppression and the tyranny beyond our power to conceive—but through it all and in spite of it all, the national spirit survives, transfigured, glorified, unquenchable.

In an attempt to paralyze Russia, German spies and agents were scattered broadcast, Slav generals were corrupted, the Court was sown with treason, the Royal family was enlisted to Teuton loyalty—but in spite of it all, Russia is today a Republic, and the War is being prosecuted as never before. The voice of the people, in one great chorus, repudiated the hateful German influence, together with the Romanoffs and everything connected with Autocracy.

In an attempt to terrorize Britain, the Zeppelin scourge was loosed, and London and the surrounding countryside were made the target for Prussian malevolence. Scores of innocent citizens were killed. Edith Cavell was put to death. Captain Fryat was executed. Submarines were sent out by the hundreds to strike England's supremacy of the seas a blow beneath the belt—yet today British patriotism and loyalty are at fever heat, her colonies are faithful, her merchant fleet is not appreciably diminished, and a vast army of millions of men from London and Liverpool and the whole Kingdom is fighting in France beside the men of Paris and Lyons and the South. In return for her savage work, Germany has created throughout the entire British Empire a spirit of loyalty and devotion unprecedented in the world's history.

In an attempt to cripple the industries of the United States and spread dissension and anarchy and revolt throughout our possessions and dependencies and neighboring territories, Germany has reaped another enemy—in many respects the strongest enemy of all. By his spies and plotters and pseudo-diplomats, the Kaiser has made a unit of the

United States, has refired our manhood, has given us a new unity and a new purpose.

Wherever the German Emperor has laid his hand, in his madness, a new loyalty and a new devotion and a new conscience have awakened—until today practically the whole civilized world is against him. By his terrorism and ruthlessness he has stirred the noblest instincts the world has yet seen. By his corruption and his intrigue he has brought forth a new spirit of Democracy. By his brutality and barbarism he has shown us a higher humanity and a loftier civilization. Everywhere, the reaction is abroad.

#### BEATEN IN EVERY QUARTER

The Emperor's armies are being pushed slowly to the Rhine. Consider for a moment the Hindenburg line. Forced to retreat, the Prussian general selected an arbitrary line and decided to withdraw to it and there hold firm. But he did not take into consideration the fact that, to an enemy who is just about to attack, such a retreat is little short of a stroke of providence. Now that he has taken up his famous line, Hindenburg finds the Allied armies opposed to him offering the most vigorous assault of the War. Why shouldn't they? They were all prepared to fight vigorously for the miles of land he willingly abandoned. So, the very initiative of their offensive gained without struggle, they are in a position to expend still more vigorous efforts to capture the new positions.

The dispatches on the subject are as nearly humorous as dispatches ever become. Each day we read in the press: "Allies again' smash the Hindenburg line."

This line is typical of the German mind at large. It assumes impossible premises, and draws untenable conclusions. It attempts to make gods of men and mythology of deeds. *It is that element in the Teuton make-up which must be eliminated.*

Militarily, the Kaiser has bitten off more than he can swallow. Already, within that vast circle of his, he holds the very essence of disintegration; and with every additional



foot of ground he might gain from the Allies, who could well afford to lose it, he would be heaping the reservoirs of collapse. The time *must* come when the walls shall break.

Meanwhile the Allies, gaining all the time in power and purpose, will continue to deliver increasingly severe blows upon the ring from without. They will bend it here and dent it there, decreasing it all the time in size, wearing it down in strength—until when the crash does come, it will find itself struck from without and from within simultaneously, and will buckle and break.

An enemy surrounded is generally an enemy beaten. And Germany is surrounded. There is no escape. They have tried to break through and failed. They can do no more. Meanwhile we have only to exert a continuous uniform pressure, a "squeezing" process, as it has been called—and victory will eventually be ours. But that is not the whole of the business, by any means. Being surrounded, the Central Powers face a very grave economic situation; for whatever food or munitions they need must either come from their own territories or be smuggled in—whereas we have the whole world as a market. That alone, in time, would prove a decisive factor. In spite of the fact that Germany maintains she is self-sufficient, investigation shows that she is not. Exhaustion stares her in the face. Meat, butter, eggs, sugar, flour, cotton, steel, coal—almost all the necessities of civil and military existence are approaching famine rates, a sure sign of their extreme scarcity. Even now, a further reduction of 25 per cent. in bread rations is about to take place. Should the 1917 crop of potatoes and wheat fall short, the German populace will either demand the surrender of their armies or starve.

Such is the existent state of affairs. Another year of war will bring to the Central Empires not only ignominious defeat, but untold suffering. Do you wonder that Count von Bethmann-Hollweg talked of peace? Do you wonder the world asks if the Kaiser is mad?

But that is not all. Germany had, prior to 1914, over 1,000,000 square miles of colonies, with a population of

12,000,000, and yearly revenues totaling millions of marks. Now Germany has lost all this—an amount of territory equal in area to the combined states of Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota and Ohio. In other words, *the Kaiser has lost to his people, through this War, land equal in area to nearly one third of the total area of the United States, and more than five times as much as the inclusive area of France.*

Such is the Central Power's status quo on land.

Where has the German fleet kept itself for nearly three years? Has it come out in the open and fairly challenged England's supremacy of the seas? No! it has skulked off Heligoland, afraid—and sent pirate submarines forth to prey upon Allied commerce.

There have been skirmishes. A couple of destroyer fights. But only once did the British sea-dogs get a halfway respectable chance to show their mettle. That was Jutland! And what happened? The Germans ran away. But that was not the worst. They ran home and told everyone how they had defeated England's Navy. And a good many people believed it, for a time. Then, one day, the real facts were revealed, and—well, they told a different story.

Heligoland is becoming strangely congenial to the German fleet. They stay there month after month, the seas of the world swarming with Allied trade; while England, France, Russia, Italy, and now the United States, are quietly storing up prodigious quantities of food-stuffs and munitions—for “the Hour.” When that hour arrives, the great blow will descend, lightning-like and fearful to contemplate. It may come sooner than any of us expect.

At the beginning of the War, Germany completely out-classed the Allies in aircraft. She had 700 aeroplanes and at least 100 Zeppelins, while England and France and Russia had less than 150 aeroplanes between them, and scarcely a lighter-than-air machine suitable even for observation pur-

poses. And for several months the Central Powers held the undisputed ascendancy of the air. But that is changed now. Recent reports from the firing line show that Germany has been practically driven from the air, whereas Allied aeroplanes and observation balloons are thick along the whole front. The battle of Arras is being won by English and French airplane superiority. Germany has lost her battle-eyes.

Then there is the matter of Zeppelins. Upon these long silvery cruisers of the skies, the Imperial Government placed the highest confidence, and lavished fortunes. They were to work wonders. London was to be reduced to ruins. The whole English countryside was to be laid waste. The Allies were to be brought down upon their knees. But instead—since the beginning of the War, Germany has lost no less than 38 of these monsters in raids that not only failed of material damage—but that woke the Britishers out of their complacency, and showed them that the Empire was at stake. Such a service was inestimable. When those calm English fathers and husbands and lovers saw death dropping out of the sky—not destruction of any military value, but just plain *brutal death*—they went and enlisted, millions of them. Every time a Zeppelin was sighted over the British Isles, the recruiting stations got positively congested.

A Zeppelin costs in the vicinity of \$500,000. So it is seen that Germany has contributed something like \$19,000,000 to Lord Derby's recent recruiting fund. Besides, each "Zepp" mans a crew of from 14 to 26 men; so something like 500 Germans have sacrificed their lives in the cause of the Entente Allies. In the air, as well as on land and on sea, Germany has been beaten.

So far, by their campaign of submarine frightfulness, the Teutons have managed to account for 5 per cent. of Allied commerce carriers—a fairly large figure, when it is taken into consideration that in peace times less than one-fourth of one per cent. of vessels are lost at sea, the world over. But in accounting for this 5 per cent., no less than 88 per cent. of the German submarine fleet have found their

way either into the nets laid by England and France, or to the bottom of the ocean. Moreover, England is building ships at least as fast as the U-boats can destroy them. And with the entry of the United States into the War, Germany might as well abandon all hope of starving out the Allies.

For the mere pittance of trade she has destroyed, Germany has embittered the nations of the earth against her, and given her cause its darkest color. Long after the War has passed into history, and its passion and hate have cooled, the German campaign of submarine frightfulness will be recalled with a shudder. The *Lusitania*, the *Arabic*, the *Laconia*—such names can never be forgotten.

Even the Imperial German exchequer is unequal to the task of combatting the lumped wealth of a hostile world. Not only has England been the world's banker for scores of years, with credit reaching into limitless billions of pounds; but in addition, she possesses an almost fabulous wealth of colonies; and in her own home Kingdom, her subjects have at her disposal the garnered and inherited wealth of generations. France, moreover, is an economical nation, and has surprised everyone by her financial solidity. And in much the same measure, Italy has proven a revelation. Russia alone, of all the Allied Powers, must be financed; and England is able to care generously for all her needs. With the United States in the War, new and practically limitless storehouses of wealth are opened up.

The Central Empires, on the other hand, are possessed of no such colossal wealth. To begin with, two great sources of supply are closed to them. They have no colonies to come to their aid; and they are unable to borrow money abroad.

The only way Germany and her Allies have of securing funds for the War is by direct domestic subscription. And lately it has come to be more nearly *conscription!* When the people have given their last, then where is the money to come from?

*Is the Kaiser mad?*

*I see him as a rather pitiful ruler, with an inherited*

*egotism that has been fostered almost to the point of fatuity. In the hands of a clever military party backed by his son, the Crown Prince, this egotism has been indulged for their selfish ends until he has come to see himself as the very epitome of the German ideal and aspiration—whereas he is only a vain, weak man.*

*For the sake of the selfish ambitions of a handful of schemers, he has wrecked his Empire and brought the reign of the house of Hohenzollern to the point of an ignominious close.*

*But he has done one thing for which the German people will be eternally grateful. He has broken the chains that held them in bondage, and has given them their free place in the great world of tomorrow.*

# AMERICA'S ATTITUDE

GEORGE STANLEY

**J**ONATHAN, though little more than a newcomer, as the responsible head of a family, is the Big Noise in the community. If you should doubt this—ask Jonathan.

When he set up his Penates, he made it known that he believed in liberty, the rights of man, the pursuit of happiness, and what not, and declared them to be his ideals. Moreover, they were not for him only, but for all mankind. They were inalienable, among the things of which no man could be justly deprived—and Jonathan gave notice that his interest covered the race. What was good for him was good for everybody, and none need longer suffer oppression.

It was gallantly uttered, as if the spirit of the tourney had been revived. A champion had risen to do battle for liberty and the right, and henceforth the victory would neither be to the swift nor to the strong but to the valiant—to him who challenged creation in the cause of humanity.

Jonathan was certain of the commotion he would make in the community, and when divers strange echoes began to assail his ear, he repaired to his stoop to listen. Nothing like it had ever occurred in the community before. The hubbub was growing momentarily, and could only be compared with the blare of an approaching band in a quiet village street on a Sabbath morning; but rising above it all Jonathan could distinctly hear the reverberations of his words. He could also see some marked effects. It was, to be sure, a far look; but Jonathan's eyes were keen, as were his ears, and could not deceive him. The folk were stirring everywhere; several of the neighbors were plainly disconcerted; many of them seemed preparing to make a gala day of it; some were cheering their heads off; others tossing their caps into the air. Looking heavenward, Jonathan beheld the clouds disperse and melt into the blue. It was a good omen. A new day had surely arrived, and lovers of liberty would breathe more freely now—for Jonathan was on their side!

From that day to this, he has been the pace-setter, as he himself can show you, with necessary diagrams.

Jonathan lives apart from the community proper, some two or three hundred yards, though not in isolation as to neighbors. Contiguous to his land are several Latins who, like Jonathan, declared for democracy. These neighbors, just on the other side of his fence, he has always regarded with a peculiar interest. They were weak, almost defenseless, and would fall an easy prey to the powerful and rapacious. That, however, was not the sole beginning of the peculiar interest; but meditating on the subject one day, and with it, on something rather personal, Jonathan quietly took them under his protection. They became his wards. Since then he has made few calls, formal or informal, manifests little desire to be sociable, and seems to be interested only in what his neighbors can give him, or what he can take, which has frequently caused them to question the motive behind the protection. They are not entirely without friends, entirely helpless, or entirely unwilling to defend themselves against a foe who would seek to despoil them; but Jonathan still declares that he knows best what is good for them, which would go to prove that his interest is as strong as ever—but what, ask the Latins, is the nature of the interest? Jonathan may proclaim liberty—but who is it for, and what does it mean? It may be comforting to know that one is under powerful protection, and perhaps one ought to be grateful; it isn't everyone who can snuggle into bed at night with the assurance that the cow will be found in the pasture in the morning—but comfort and gratitude are both results, and come from clearly seeing the point.

Two other of the neighbors, Mongol and Nippon, who live away off in an easterly direction, and still farther removed from the community proper, have occupied Jonathan's attention more or less, ever since he noticed their presence. This, of course, would be expected of a broad humanitarian like Jonathan. Nippon has risen to considerable prominence within recent years, is adaptive, progressive, resourceful,

courageous, and all that; but strange to relate, Jonathan makes no bones about having little neighborly feeling for the Nippon person, and would pass him by, if he could; he has no better feeling for Mongol—but Mongol has his values, and Jonathan keeps a fairly steady eye on him; he would never think of inviting him to his cotillions or card parties, but is strong for a free hand in his midst.

The leading families of the community proper—Briton, Gaul, and Teuton—are powerful and distinguished; but the latter, a notorious bully, is now under a cloud in the best circles, because of recent disclosures of frightful brutality and ruffianism that put him without the pale of the civilized. One or two of the other families, though less powerful than these, occupy high social rank.

Jonathan himself comes of the first family, but you would never gather this from his manner or frequent speech. He is friendly, after a kind, quick to detect a grievance, or to find one, and is sometimes openly hostile. To gibe and jab old Briton is a popular pastime in the Jonathan family circle. It may be elemental, but it gives a sense of relief from the memory, still bitter, of a feud that brought about a separation more than a century ago. But let Jonathan get into trouble whether of his own seeking or not, and he immediately turns his eyes in the direction of the old homestead. Is the Old Lady watching? Will she get into action, or sit and twirl her thumbs in her lap? And true to the promptings that have never failed, she both watches and gets into action, and has more than once saved her still cherished son from the ruthless hand of Herr Teuton. It is always the Old Lady in storm and stress; at other times, you hear only of the Old Man Briton. The Old Lady refused to have anything to do with Jonathan's family quarrel half a century ago; but she is experienced, wise in her generation, and believes that family tiffs should be settled by those concerned. Jonathan soon forgets the favors and the indulgences; he remembers only the grievances, real or imagined, and the gibes and the jabs are continued.

While Old Man Briton has never himself suggested it,



it would be greatly in Jonathan's interest to reach an understanding with him, looking to a closer bond between them and the better realization of their common ideals. But that is not in Jonathan's dream. Both Briton and other neighbors have, at different times, asked him to join them in neighborly excursions and games; but the instant a neighbor approaches with the ingratiating smile that Jonathan has come to know, he is cold and wary, and presently explains that this is his busy day, and that he will have to be excused. And one of the things on which Jonathan prides himself, is his neighborliness—but it is Jonathan's kind of neighborliness. So one-eyed is he in some things, and near-sighted in that, he can take in only the most partial view at a time; but in his refusal to be one of a party with any of the neighbors, Jonathan is governed by a family tradition—and need not see at all. The founder of the family, a most estimable man, in his last will and testament, warned his heirs and assigns to avoid a too thick friendliness with the neighbors; they were a quarrelsome lot; no sooner were they out of one broil than they were in another, and the Jonathans should keep clear of associations that might lead to entanglement and sacrifice. He had only recently established them in independence, and it was a trust they were to preserve inviolate. They were to be neighborly and keep their distance at the same time; to attend to their own affairs and let the neighbors attend to theirs.

It was good advice—when given; but it has come down the line, and has now the force of a commandment. Jonathan refuses to join a single club; takes no part in partisan debates, is independent in politics, and votes the ticket only when Jonathan himself is the candidate.

But on one thing he has specialized—the neighborhood soiree. At the soirees Jonathan blossoms into a new man; he is master of ceremonies and leads off the dance. You can hear him all over the hall; he is the most neighborly neighbor in the place; he can tell the best stories—usually about himself, waits on the ladies, and is the kind of cavalier you meet in juvenile fiction. At soirees Jonathan is irresistible, as some of the neighbors could tell you; and it

pays, and pays handsomely, as Jonathan himself could tell you.

But the forefatherly advice Jonathan commits to memory, to patriotism, and to his children. The world has changed wonderfully since it was delivered, and the fortunes of Jonathan have wonderfully changed. He has grown rich, developed great possessions, and is recognized as a power in the community. But Jonathan is strong on family traditions, family habits, family prejudices, and even family hates, though century-old and cherished only by himself. In his coming and going amid the changing currents of time, Jonathan may have added a few peculiarities of his own; but compared with what he inherits, they are as mere variations to a musical theme, or as frills added to an ancient garment. It is the theme that is dominant, the ancient garment that gathers memory and sentiment—if also cobwebs. In the essentials, Jonathan is the most conservative man in the entire community—and believes he is the most progressive. That his traditions are barriers to progress he emphatically denies; he denies that they have anything to do with progress. They are institutions, and as institutions, they are to be preserved—if they are his and part of himself. Progress is visible, material—and Jonathan is its Exemplar. But since Progress began with him, and it has ever been his inspiration, then all that is called progress is his. Have you never heard him speak of the things of the spirit, and so forth? When do you even hear any of the neighbors say anything about *them*? So does Jonathan take the unction to his soul.

He views the neighbors from the inside of his fence; it is as far as he ventures, but it is far enough for Jonathan. He occupies vantage ground, you see; but the voluntary isolation has its inevitable result upon a self-contemplating nature like Jonathan's—his practice of measuring and valuing the neighbors, with a squint at himself, as in a mirror, in which he beholds himself as a sort of a redeemer, the one who set the community in the way of progress and its own salvation. Jonathan, however, never takes a squint at himself but the neighbors fade from mind in his interest in the

reflection, and the squint becomes a full-faced, leisurely, deliberate look; it is life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in which Modesty has no voice. Should he notice a sign of progress anywhere in the community, in the moving of the modern spirit, of the ideals of democracy, he curiously regards it, with a knowing smile.

"Ah-ha!" he exclaims; "up to the old game again, I see—imitating Jonathan!"

Jonathan is frequently heard in his thinking, but the neighbors good-naturedly charge it to his inexperience and the ebullience of youth. When he draws the bow a little strong, as he does at times, they may quietly smile up their sleeve; but, truth to tell, they would encourage him; they often do—and rather enjoy the listening! Bubbling youth is always interesting—though maybe at a distance—and who can say what good it may not do? The tall boast, the make-believe, may some day turn into the real. Words are only words, but they are the things of youth, the implements of fancy, and where you find much smoke you may look for fire. So argue and so hope the neighbors, who look with favor and indulgence upon youthful Jonathan. He is still performing chiefly with words, and he is frequently "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," but he may yet furnish some true examples, when he settles down to the serious business of life.

Jonathan confines his reading largely to Jonathan family history, and prefers the works that come under the head of fiction. They are spicier, more to his idea of it. The other family histories are prosy affairs, dull, inane, sleep-inducing. They have no more interest than the neighbors themselves.

An unusual and bloody fight has been going on for over two years, and drawn in the greater part of the neighborhood. It is well known who started it, and for what purpose. Jonathan is not ignorant. Moreover, great principles are involved in the struggle—the very principles of which Jonathan regards himself as the peculiar exemplar, the first to embrace. But until recently he saw merit on neither side, was blind to

the principles. To him, they were merely belligerents, disturbing the peace—and interfering with his proceeds. When the fight began Jonathan called to his children to keep away from it—it was none of their affair. The neighbors were a bad lot, but if one of them, mark you, if one of them molested any of his, or destroyed any of his property—he would write a sharp note and demand a disavowal!

A broad ditch separates Jonathan from the community proper, which nestles near the rim of the horizon. It looked very small indeed—small and insignificant, from where Jonathan took his accustomed view, in the cool of the evening, when the lines blurred and faded in the setting sun. He made mental note of his wide, fruitful acres, his bulging barns, his acquisitions, his power, and what not, and smiled the smile of self-satisfaction.

As he gazed over the darkening landscape, to the black vomit and anarchy of war, he quietly reckoned up his hoard—the tribute exacted from the battlefield, from the blood of the world's sterling manhood. It was enough to make war righteous—this glittering, ever-increasing tribute! How long would it last? Ah, but there was the after-war demand, and the price—the price would be the same!

Jonathan, as America, thought only of Jonathan, and of his neighbors as progressive profit units, to whom he could read an occasional lesson on the ideals of national life. But all that is changed now. Jonathan has at last seen his duty, and has rolled up his sleeves. He will strike—and strike hard. But, oh, Jonathan, if only you had struck a year ago!

The great European conflict is a contest of principles, though America viewed it until recently as merely a question of economics. It is a contest that goes to the root of national existence, that concerns liberty, justice, the rights of humanity, even civilization itself; it is a war between *our* principles and their opposite—but we have in the past been able to see nothing more than simply a bale of goods. How does the war affect American trade? How much can we make out of the exhausted nations after the war is over? are the questions that have occupied us, shaped our policy, and inspired our

utterances. For the west we have preached and practised peace—peace and friendship with the world, even with the Power we knew was an active enemy, that we knew was plotting against us, that we know to be our historic enemy, that had declared itself an outlaw by its enormities, that in the past two years had again and again challenged us to the sword by its deeds against our people, our property, and our honor.

“We do not want, at the end of the War, to be alone in the world, without a single friendly nation; therefore, we desire friendly relations with all!”

This we declared in Congress and out of it, even after the German plot had been made public—though we knew that Germany was an enemy to mankind and made peace in the world impossible until Prussianism had been conquered. We desired the friendship of the nations, but we preferred to wheedle it from Germany by a supine submission, to deserving it by a course that would ensure it among the honorable Powers. “Under no circumstances would we force the issue.” President Wilson was careful to avoid “any act which could be construed as an *offence* or *affront* to Germany during the diplomatic break”—though our Ambassador in Berlin was held there an entire week after diplomatic relations were severed, was unable even to communicate with his government until he had left Germany, and was not only refused safe conduct, but was even warned by a friend in Germany that his life would be in danger in the war zone. The President could have sent a battleship to convoy our Ambassador home—but that might have been construed by Germany as an *offence* or *affront*.

Mr. Wilson should have protested the indignity to the wives of our consuls in Germany when they were stripped and acid applied to their skins to ascertain if they had any secret writing on them—but Germany’s feelings were more important. We might be offended and affronted, even outraged, and our Government treated with contempt, to help glut the spleen of a disappointed and unscrupulous and suspicious Power—but we must do nothing to offend or

affront it! We must retain our *friendly relations* with Germany—if it were the only friend we had. But if we *must* break the last bond that still united us, it must be done by Germany—*not by us*. The publication of the outline of the German plot served to inject a little stiffening in our spine—here and there; but it was the Pacifreaks who instantly became active. To them, the plot was like a cold bath in the winter time, a real bracer—and they would have no war with Germany, not even if half of our continent were to become a Japanese colony and the other half a German. In Congress it was urged that “Our *interest* counsels that we should remain at peace, that *we should forego our rights to navigate the high seas embraced in the war zone* declared by Great Britain and by Germany, rather than to wage war to enforce such rights!” Several members pleaded that we should not go to war *under any condition!*”

We had played croquet with the “overt act” and the “next step” until we could give the world lessons in the gentle art of dodging the issue. To arm our vessels or not to arm them, held the stage for a time, and patriotism somehow won by a neck. But we were not to fire the first shot. We were to be sunk first. Proof before action—that was the prescription, and we were told that Washington was observed to breathe more freely upon this decision. Then dawned a light. To fire at a German submarine while our vessel was shooting through ocean's depths to the bottom, would not, it was recognized, produce the most satisfactory results, to say nothing of the loss of the vessel with all on board. If we should keep this up to the end, the end would not be far off—and then! It must have cost an effort, but patriotism and chivalry won again. Our gunners must fire first—*fire to kill!* And we are a peace-loving people, too. We announced our decision to the Powers—we were to fire the instant we saw a periscope, and we would free the seas of the ruthless submarine. But whether we went to war or not was for Germany to say. The act of actual war was Germany's move—not ours. This was followed by a perceptible sobriety at the seat of the Government. It was reported that

the majority of officials were fearful that a direct issue that must culminate in war would be reached as soon as the American lines resumed their sailings.

President Wilson may ascend to Pisgah heights when he delivers his homilies, his philosophy of the peace that "comes with healing on its wings," his lectures to the warring nations on how to live in harmony and justice to all—with the ever-present example of America before them; but the truth will sometimes out, despite the gloss, the lure of the studied phrase that gives the appearance of substance to the theme. In his note of December 18 President Wilson made it known to the belligerents that our concern for an early conclusion of the War "arises out of a manifest necessity to determine how best to safeguard those (American) interests if the conflict is to continue." We would hold aloft a torch to lighten the path of mankind to peace and righteousness—but as for ourselves our interest is in material things—our trade. If the War should end now, or be brought to an early conclusion, Germany and Militarism would be the victors; Prussianism would go unpunished and unchastened for its crimes and atrocities; the sacrifices for a permanent peace, liberty, and justice would have been in vain; there would neither be peace nor righteousness for the world; and the last condition of the smaller and weaker nations—for whom Mr. Wilson has professed such solicitude—would be worse than the first.

The achievement of American Independence inspired the world that pinned its faith to human progress. It saw a better prospect rise before it. But even Independence did not speak for the spirit of a united people; nor was Independence itself any more the moving of the spirit for the rights of man, than of the desire to shake off an oppressive monarchical yoke. There were idealists then, who uttered the spirit of freedom and thought beyond the American shore, as there are idealists to-day, who utter the words with the spirit omitted. The vision and the battle were to the few; the rest were occupied with the profits, and shouted the

loudest for liberty and patriotism. When Independence was accomplished, America was isolated in spirit from the outside world, as it is today. America was for Americans, but not in the national sense; we proclaimed liberty and human rights, but they were for the individual, as he construed them. The government of the newly created nation was only negligibly of public interest, while the interests of the individual, as he chose to see them, were the things of first and last importance. The nation, in the sense of a united people, with national ideals and working toward common ends for the good of all, was an idea that sometimes floated in and then floated out of the mind, a campaign asset on which only the candidate realized. America meant greatness in its deed of Independence; its political institutions were the hope of the world; we were a power in the making, to which no bounds were to be assigned—but few could be found who would sacrifice a single selfish interest in behalf of the nation, of the America that so filled the Chauvinist soul. We still think and speak as we did in our national infancy; America still fills our horizon—the America we can see from our door-step. We think, or think we think, of the United States when we work our lips and they utter the language of patriotism, but it is merely the noise of a habit that we mistake for a spirit. The United States is reduced to the personal equation, and the personal equation is *me* and *mine*.

The Pacifreaks of today, like the Copperheads of a former day, would annul the Declaration of Independence and revert to political subjection—for the sake of peace! They would hand the country over to the first invader, if he would only permit them their own ease and possessions. But it is not the Pacifreaks that are to blame. It is our national attitude that should be at the bar. The Pacifreaks would not have been possible if our patriotism had been alive, if our outlook had been national, in place of being individualistic and provincial. We may uplift our eyes at Senators Stone and LaFollette, but they are corollaries. If patriotism had had even a working majority, and morality



a chance, character and fitness for popular, patriotic service, would have ruled long ago in public life. We cannot blame our public men, who are our own reflection. They would not be in public life if they were not. If Senator LaFollette filibusters to defeat a measure designed to meet a grave national crisis, the initiative is with the people, not with LaFollette. Senator Stone obstructs and maneuvers against the acceptance of the diabolic German plot, charges that it was given out by the Government to affect public opinion, suggests collusion, would question and cross-question the President on where and how he got the story, like a common prisoner in a police court, and as much as charges him with trickery—to aid the Allies! Senator Stone could not have carried an insult to greater lengths—an insult to the President, to the United States Government, and to the American people. But neither Stone nor LaFollette would be in public life if they had not been elected, and they would not have dared to venture as they did, were they not assured that they could venture safely, that what public sentiment there might be against them, would blow itself off in a day or two.

America's attitude would never have been other than it is, had there not come a new America—new in spirit; an America that knows and accepts its responsibilities, that has grown beyond its provincialism.

Germany is an outlaw, and we have so declared it, and so acted. Germany is an enemy to all mankind, that would impose its might and its despotism upon the world, and plots and intrigues the destruction of the nations that refuse to submit supinely to its will. Germany is the antithesis of Democracy, the antithesis of everything that means freedom and right. The Prussian Power has no place in the society of nations, it has no place in modern civilization, it is a pariah by its own deeds; and the responsibility is ours, not one degree less than it is that of the Allies, to put down the common enemy. True Democracy is a thing of humanity and not of machinery, a vital force with a world outlook.

America has redeemed herself.

# BUSY BERTHA

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

**W**HEN the monster guns from the Krupp works rumbled through Belgium and tore up fortresses, the German soldiers called the shells "Busy Berthas." On the registry of the German court, however, the Mistress of Essen is down as Frau Dr. Bertha Krupp-von Bohlen. She is one of the few women in the world today who is making money out of blood. Guns, armor-plate, shells, creators of death and misery—these are the commodities in which she deals. Not because Busy Bertha likes to see misery in the world, but because the huge Krupp plant was handed down to her by her father. If, however, you told her she was making money out of blood, she would deny this.

Bertha Krupp personally, day by day, supervises the work of the Krupp plant. She is the Mistress of Essen—the provider of the huge guns that are roaring on Germany's battle fronts. Her thoughts are in tons of steel. Her ambition is to turn out guns that will blow to pieces the strongest fortresses that engineers can devise; to develop the power of a gun so that it will kill more people than a gun made by some other nation. Strange occupation for a woman? Yes. But she plays the piano beautifully, too.

Bertha Krupp's father made a fortune for her. She made a second fortune, while Europe prepared for war. She will have made a third—or lost everything—before peace comes. Guns, armor-plate, shells, they bring in the money. And it's much better business when guns are fired and wear out; then governments have to buy new guns. Bertha Krupp thrives on war. Germany has forgotten today the Krupp scandal of peace time, involving two officers of the General Staff. *Patriotism? Among the artillery captured by the Germans, in one of the Russian fortresses of the Polish triangle, were six Japanese howitzers of the latest type and made by Krupp.* They had been in action against the Germans. They had killed Germans. Bertha Krupp is German; but she knows the business of armament well.

She knows "paternalism," too. The German Socialists hate Essen. It is one of those "model cities" for workmen. It provides neat, serviceable little houses, this to curtail any demand for higher wages. Essen is one of those models of "paternalism," one of those Imperial bribes under the system inaugurated by Bismarck, that has for its foundation "Fill the belly of the people. Give them a soft bed. Then they won't want too much money. They won't think too much." *It would be bad business for Bertha Krupp if the German people thought too much.*

Bertha Krupp is a very strong-willed woman. The Kaiser had a "nice husband" picked out for her. He wanted Bertha Krupp to marry into the German nobility, but Bertha Krupp was not going to be used for any purpose of Imperial domestic politics. So she went flatly against the wishes of the Emperor and married an obscure young diplomat, Dr. von Bohlen. Whereupon the Kaiser insisted that, because of this marriage, she should not bury the great Krupp name. The Kaiser declared she was Frau Dr. Krupp-von Bohlen. So a "hyphenate" Krupp-von Bohlen, she became.

Busy Bertha has had many quarrels with the Kaiser. She has tread none too softly on the Imperial toes. Once, invited to dinner at the Schloss in Berlin, she greatly disturbed the Emperor in the presence of his guests. The Kaiser, who is immensely fond of caviar, was enjoying it hugely. He noticed that Bertha Krupp disdained the caviar served her. "Eat it," he said in his impetuous way, "it is good."

Bertha Krupp turned up her nose. "I don't see how anybody can eat that stuff," she declared. The guests were shocked.

Bertha Krupp is always positive; she always has her own way—which is dangerous unless one has real ability. But she *has* real ability. It is a sore point with her that some officers in the German ordnance department consider the big guns turned out by the Skoda works in Austria superior to hers. Just before the War the Skoda plant com-

pleted its triumph—the 30.5 c.m. howitzers drawn by traction engines.

“See,” the objectors claimed, “Skoda is better than Krupp.”

“Wait,” said Bertha Krupp. “These Skoda guns, while the biggest movable guns in the world today, are not big enough.” And she produced for Germany the famous 42 c.m. howitzers, whose shells were nicknamed “Busy Berthas.”

After the Balkan war, the world was divided on the merits of the Krupp guns. Then, the Turks equipped with Krupp cannon were routed by the Balkan states using French artillery. The story went around the world and Krupp prestige was hit a heavy blow. There were even many skeptics of Krupp in Germany, until the Kaiser’s anniversary—a pre-War celebration at Essen. Two thousand Essen engineers and department chiefs glorified the Imperial birthday. Bertha Krupp, who had set the stage, got up in the presence of the Emperor and said:

“Much has been written and talked of late about the inefficiency of Krupp guns and Krupp workmanship. Is there anyone among you who believes those fables? Is there a man here who would not be ready, like myself, to take the field against all comers, with Krupp guns and Krupp armor? *I know you all think as I do, that each of us has the utmost confidence in these things which are our very selves.*” Bertha Krupp knew what she was talking about—“these things which are our very selves”—guns, shells, blood. A stunned world knew, too, when her guns began to roar.

Bertha Krupp is no figurehead at Essen, but the boss. She signs a payroll that totals twenty-five million dollars a year. Under one roof alone she has 235 acres. Nearby she has three gun-ranges fifteen miles long, where she personally watches the results produced in action by each new type of gun. Her business is enormous. At Essen in peace time she employs 39,000 men; today the number is known only to the General Staff. She owns coal mines in the Rhineland and

Silesia, where 10,000 miners are paid by her. She has blast furnaces at Rhinehausen, Dursberg, Neuvia, and Engers, where she keeps 15,000 more men busy. She owns iron mines in Spain and employs 5,000 men there to produce ores for Essen. In peace time the ores go in Krupp steamers. They are landed in Rotterdam on Krupp docks. They are transported down the Rhine in Krupp barges. They enter the huge factories of Essen. They emerge as murderous guns and murderous shells. And Bertha's dividends grow every year.

She has supplied fifty-two different governments with guns. Outside of Germany she has sold thirty thousand cannon. From this business of armament she makes five and a half million dollars a year. Her fortune is seventy-five million dollars. The only person in Germany who has as big an income as Bertha Krupp is the Kaiser. And her power is enormous.

Bertha Krupp looks efficient. She has an exceptionally long, thoughtful face, steady penetrating eyes—eyes that have a way of peering into everything going on in the Essen plant, as the workmen can tell you. Her father taught her the rudiments of steel when she was a young girl. She is following his example today by taking her six-year-old son into the Krupp works at least once a week. The heir to the Krupp millions divides his time between the nursery and the rumbling birth pains of big guns.

Every morning Busy Bertha is in her office at nine. She devotes the entire forenoon to conferences with subordinate directors and department chiefs. She works close to her husband, who is at the Krupp plant the day long. She is present at every meeting of her board of directors. She is seldom outvoted, and has been known, with the flash of genius, to suggest ideas of vast importance. *The Essen side of her is as cold as the steel of one of her monster guns.*

At home she is quite different. It has been said of the modern young German woman that she can speak French, English and Italian, play the piano beautifully and—that lets her out. Bertha Krupp can do all of these things. But in her

home life she is no mere butterfly. Nor does she care much about woman's part in world affairs—this probably because she is so absorbed in the monstrous Essen plant. The kindergarten lessons of her son interest her far more than do votes for women, or woman's economic independence—a perfectly natural thing, having as she has, ample publicity and five and one-half millions a year. The latest efforts of the Paris dressmakers are said not to interest her; and she looks it. She likes to go horseback riding. Also, it is characteristic of her piano playing that she has force enough to play Chopin properly, something that most women and indeed men are incapable of doing.

She hates posing. She does not care what that stiff formality, which Berlin calls society, thinks. With her money she could build palaces, yet she chooses to live in an old, spacious, comfortable house, the Villa Hugel — which pleases her, but possibly not some of her friends who love the ostentatious. Luxury and splurge are not in Bertha Krupp's life. Rarely, even during the Court season, do Bertha Krupp and her husband come to Berlin. When they do visit the Capital, it is to live unostentatiously in a hotel. Castles are open to them; but castles bore both Bertha and her husband. Thousands of German middle-class families live far more pretentiously than Bertha Krupp. Her one extravagance is yachting. Her schooner *Germania* has long been a rival of the Kaiser's yacht at Kiel Regatta.

But the most of Busy Bertha's time is devoted to the Krupp works, to her three children, and to the condition of her work people. In this she is undeniably clever. Always she is thinking up some philanthropic festivity. She knows the wisdom of securing the good-will of those who work for her, and in the Krupp shops and mines she has it. Every year her father's birthday is celebrated. Never would she miss the occasion. On it she bestows money and golden mementos on all Krupp employees who have completed twenty-five years of service. Then quite shrewdly she insists upon shaking hands with every horny-fisted work-

man—from which, of course, she gets reward but no pleasure.

During the War she has frequently been present at the Imperial councils. The importance of the woman cannot be overestimated. When the Germans planned their drive against Russia in 1915, a big part of the problem depended on Bertha Krupp. "Can the work in your factory be speeded up?" she was asked.

"No, it is running full capacity now."

"By the first of May, we must have five hundred guns from you. Is this possible?"

Bertha Krupp made some further calculations and told them it was.

As you cross the dreary plains of west Prussia on the way to Holland, a forest of chimneys and smoke stacks make the landscape still more ugly. And all through the night, the sky is flared with red. There, in the valley of the Ruhr, the smoke is thickest, the crash of the steel mills loudest—for there is Essen. It may be eight o'clock, ten o'clock, morning or night. If something important is going on, Bertha Krupp is always to be found in her office, receiving reports from her department chiefs. The cannon Queen never takes her hand off the work of the gigantic factory. Guns, shells, armor-plates, the crash of the mills, the crash of the cannon, belching death—that is her life.

She is worth seventy-five million dollars. By the end of the War her fortune ought to be over a hundred million. A hundred million dollars, a million graves, thousands of homes that exist no more, thousands of women gone—God knows where—millions of mourners, nations staggering under fearful debts. And the Krupp mills grind on, and the Krupp profits swell. One cannot think of Bertha Krupp without thinking of that.

Bertha Krupp's hands are quite long and quite white. But as one looks at her, one seems to see millions of other hands reaching out, supplicating. One seems to hear voices: "Give us back our men . . ."

The mills of Essen rumble on.

# AMERICA STRIKES

H. THOMPSON RICH

**T**HE United States has once again been compelled to set itself the task and the sacrifice of war—that the sacred precepts upon which our nation was founded, and to which it owes its large measure of material and spiritual development, shall be kept inviolate.

*Those precepts are the precepts of Democracy, and the foes of Democracy are our foes.* Humanity and right are on the side of the Entente, and we there take our belated stand.

It has been a difficult decision to reach, for it has involved the abandonment of our hereditary policy of political isolation. Through almost one hundred and fifty years of unparalleled economic change and growth, with an ever closer weaving of international relations, we have held doggedly to that provincial doctrine, perfect in its time but long outworn and obsolete. The Rubicon has at last been crossed, however, and we have by a single momentous act become citizens of the world; have finally joined hands with our comrades across the seas, comrades in ideals and aspirations, for what is the beginning of a commonwealth of nations which shall make future warfare impossible.

We became Independent under Washington. Under Jefferson we became Continental. Under Lincoln we became United. Under Wilson we have become Cosmopolitan. Steadily we have progressed upward and outward, as the world has expanded. The idea that we should remain indefinitely huddled within our own frontiers was untenable even by the most conservative students of history. The change was bound to come. It was predetermined. The only phase which gave any of us concern was that it had seemed more remote. But suddenness is characteristic of nearly all great changes. It has occurred cataclysmically, and we find ourselves involved in a war outside our own province, with strange alliances looming up and uncharted ways before us. What are we going to do?

It is not a time for fear, but for faith. Those of us



who are leaders will take the lead. The rest of us can serve the flag no better than to follow. "The United States has answered 'present' at the roll-call of the peoples who love liberty and are willing to defend humanity and civilization against force and terror." Let that mighty "present" swell on until it is in some active way the voice of every one of us!

Time and again we have declared ourselves foes of the oppressor, proclaiming that the fundamental principles of freedom and justice underlay our Democratic form of government—until the oppressed peoples of all the earth came to look upon us as their champion and friend, making our code their motto and our land their haven. To them, now, in this hour, if not to ourselves and to civilization at large, we owe it to vindicate this faith, to test if these principles are indeed fundamental.

The issue is clear-cut and sharp. With tardy vision we see it. Out of the stress and fury of three years of vicious combat, the clarion note has at length sounded; out of the forge of wrath has come the gleaming, precious metal. The barrage-fire has lifted, and we now behold for the first time the battlefield in its grim entirety. What these millions of men have been and are fighting for and dying for is no longer vague and clouded; it is suddenly vivid, disentangled—a raw, nude issue. They are fighting *for* Democracy; *against* Autocracy.

#### THE DOOM OF AUTOCRACY

The last half-century has seen rise in Central Europe the most unliberal and overbearing Autocracy the world has ever known. Conceived in oppression and dedicated to the proposition that the common people were created servile to militaristic caste and hereditary kings, it has flourished and spread like a cancerous growth upon the peaceable face of the world. Now it has grown rabid and rank. It has waged war not upon one nation or one creed, but upon mankind—and mankind, in terrible determination, has risen to stamp it out.

"The menace to peace and freedom lies in the existence

of autocratic governments backed by organized force and controlled wholly by their will and not by the will of the people." President Wilson, in his masterful address to the 65th Congress assembled in extraordinary session, April 2nd, 1917, stated that issue as we have come to see it. And, the issue being ours; our rights and liberties as individuals and as a nation having been wantonly interfered with and curtailed to a point where further forbearance was impossible; our honor and our integrity having been vilely affronted; the very existence of our most sacred doctrines having been threatened; having every reason to be at an end of peaceful relations with the Imperial German government, we were forced to the inevitable alternative of arms.

We were slow to take this stand. We were loath to enter the conflict until we were convinced that it was no sordid scrimmage for power, but an unselfish struggle for the great principles which underlay human life and inter-relationship.

We have entered at the right moment. Had we a year ago taken our present stand we would have taken it in a half-hearted fashion, scarcely knowing for what we fought. By our lengthy forbearance, by our extreme patience, we have found a great ideal for which to fight—and, if need be, for which to die. It is fine for individuals to know that they have a great cause; it is splendid for a nation to be possessed of lofty principles and high ideals.

But do not let us enter this War *blinded* by idealism. Let us realize that the principles for which we bleed are the noblest principles for which blood can flow; let us, moreover, be well aware that our enemy is the most savage and barbarous adversary of modern times. Let there be no halting measures. Let us go in "up to the hilt"—for the sake of the sacred trust which humanity has laid upon us and our brave Allies. Let our entrance be a guarantee that no cessation of hostilities shall occur, nor any separate peace be made, until this sacred trust has been achieved. Let us wield the sword mightily, which was drawn so sternly and after such ponderous deliberation. Let it not be laid aside lightly. Civili-

zation is indeed "in the balance," and to America has been given the might to outweigh the powers of savagery and oppression.

Let it be a war where hate shall hide its face. Let us fight as men fight who honor women and children and obey laws. That Teuton horde which swarmed out of their castled towers and mediaeval towns into Belgium, drunk with impossible dreams of conquest and lusting blood, have left a record which cannot be matched in kind. It is enough that history will punish them with the unregrettable truth. We need only drive them back, batter out their dreams, level all their proud hopes in dust.

#### THE BIRTH OF WORLD DEMOCRACY

The world is being transformed, recreated. We are beholding the birth, with the pangs of travail, of a new order of things. It is the end of tyranny and oppression and hate; it is the beginning of liberty and freedom and love. The great War itself is the major manifestation of this miracle. Russia's bold seizure of independence and the downfall of the Romanoffs is but a sidelight, though a momentous one. And should Germany rise up and rid herself of the Hohenzollerns, great as that event would be in world annals, yet it would only be one additional aspect of the awful drama now being staged for freedom.

It is good that America should have seen and interpreted the surge of events; it is well that we are going to contribute to this great effort; but that, too, is only a minor incident alongside of the forces which are at work. *America's effort will contribute largely to the successful direction towards Democracy of those forces called into being by this Titanic tournament of bloodshed*; the result will bring us a larger freedom and a nobler republic. But we must realize that we are not altogether imperative to the success of the cause with which we have allied ourselves—and that even the victory of that cause is not the great victory. One of the results of this War will be the destruction of Prussianism; but even that is a small matter compared with the great victory. *When*

*the last gun has been fired, and the last hero has laid down his life—a new idea will have been born. That idea is*  
WORLD DEMOCRACY.

With that as a working basis, the governments over all the earth will eventually become welded and united by a common tie. They will no longer have individual animosities unamenable to tribunal. *For the voice of the people will speak, and the voice of the people is for equity.*

Already, significant results have been achieved. England has become Democratic in truth, as she has long been in spirit. France has reformed her Republicanism. Italy has at last been welded firmly together as a nation. Russia has thrown off the yoke of a needless and oppressive Autocracy. From Germany and Austria and Turkey come murmurs of restlessness and revolt. The principles of Autocracy are everywhere being judged with those of Democracy, and are being found wanting.

We are living in an age of one of the greatest political and social upheavals in history—a condition comparable in many ways to the glacial epochs which aeons ago rocked the earth and altered it to its very foundations. Yesterday saw the culmination of civilization under the old conditions. Today sees civilization brutally shaken and torn. Tomorrow will see a new and better civilization emerge from the ruin, based upon wiser and more wholesome conditions.

“The world must be made safe for Democracy.” Another lofty challenge rings from the President’s Address. We are fighting to eradicate the menace to free government that exists in Autocracy. We are fighting for a Democracy that shall thrive out in the open, that shall not need to cringe behind huge military and naval armaments. We are fighting for the universal right to unhampered and unmolested liberty. Such a Democracy we believe in, and to which we can consecrate our lives.

We are *not* fighting for the abstract principle of Democracy as opposed to Autocracy. The preëminence of that principle has long since been established, the majority of the world’s men of learning having for centuries conceded that

the most equitable government is one where the people's voice in their own affairs is preponderant. Democracy needs no longer to be defended *as a principle*. But *as a form of government* it has yet to fight stoutly for survival.

This War, however, is not a government's war; it was precipitated by a Government that did not in any fair way represent the people. Indeed, that Government would gladly conclude arrangements for peace at the present moment—but cannot. The power has been taken from its hands and rests where it should rest, with the manhood and womanhood concerned. Peace now can only be concluded by an Allied victory or by a Teuton revolution. In either instance, the will of the people would have been done.

Similarly, this War is not a "war of victory," in the true sense of the words. Wilson saw far into the future when he uttered that temporarily unfortunate phrase. He saw that, should hostilities terminate in advantageous peace for one side or the other, the true and great opportunity of the conflict would have been lost. What he meant was that the people of one nation were not to profit by the discomfiture of the people of another nation; that those who waged the War should suffer, not those who were its victims; that all nations and all peoples should profit equally by the death of a pernicious precept—Autocracy. In that sense, a war without victory (except of the spirit) is the only war into which it is conceivable that we or any other civilized nation could now enter.

#### THE PEACE OF THE FUTURE

The great issue of this War has been clear to us for so short a time that we can well remember only a few months back, wondering when it would be over, and what of value would have been gained by it. In truth, the outlook seemed dark. Manhood and munitions were being expended in a fashion so unprecedented and prodigious as almost to stagger thought, yet no tangible or lasting good seemed likely to accrue.

In that dark time, there were those among us to whom

it appeared as though the very fabric of civilization were crumbling, that this awful combat was but the first of a series of increasingly devastating wars, so bitter and so costly that humanity would not be able to endure them—that the intricate internal structure of individuals and nations would weaken and degenerate; that the scourge would press steadily westward until some later Gibbon, meditating on the slopes overlooking the Pacific, whence man in his fiery march had pressed to his uttermost limits, would write *The Decline and Fall of the World*.

A ghastly fear—but happily unfounded. For this is the last great war. This issue of Democracy, once settled in the courts of blood, never can rise again. There will be wars, of course, between nations, just as there will be quarrels between individuals; but they will be more of the nature of brawls, entered into by the smaller and less civilized peoples of the earth, and the great international police of a close-knit civilization will quickly quell them.

*This is the war for peace.* These dead have died that the world may be a better living-place. It is a spirit of sacrifice unexampled, for which mankind may well be proud; it is something that supersedes patriotism.

“Steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations.” They are prophetic words, and it is our duty to help achieve that partnership for which the President so eloquently speaks. Such a partnership can be achieved only by sending Autocracy to its meritorious oblivion, along with the rest of mediævalism’s trinkets and trappings. Then only will the people of all nations and of all languages have the power to elect their own representatives and abide their own justice.

*The peace of the future is inestimably more important than anything which concerns this day.* Vital as our own personal lives and ambitions are to us, they are as nothing compared with the right of our children to enjoy a larger liberty than we knew.

That is an ideal truly worthy of a great nation’s entrance into war.

# THE COUNTRY CALLS

ROBERT M. WERNAER

**O**N the hallowed grounds of Harvard University,  
Facing South,  
The river way,  
Stands a memorial gate  
Through which I pass well nigh every day.  
And on the entablature of this gate,  
Cut into stone to last for ages,  
Stands these words—  
Great words, conceived by the blue of the heavens:  
“Depart to Serve thy Country and thy Kind.”  
My brother, this is America’s true Soul,  
When her eagle’s wings are spread.  
The country calls!  
Wherefore? What cause to serve?  
Let it be ever so!  
Let never the deed belie the word!  
Let us go forth, to serve our country *and our kind!*  
What is that noisy word called Patriotism,  
Unless it sounds a noble cause?  
*What means the willingness to die,*  
*Unless through death a noble victory is won?*

Hear the bugle sound?  
The feet treading the ground?  
The shouts, the crack of the gun?  
A battle is to be won!  
The country calls!  
But not alone for country do we fight;  
There is the might  
Of a common human right!  
It is a call  
For all!  
*For those at home*  
*And those we left behind,*  
*For country and for kind;*  
*For those at home*  
*And those abroad—*  
*Be Thou our Light, my God!*

# PEACE BY COERCION

H. M. CHITTENDEN, BRIG. GEN. U. S. ARMY (RET.).

**T**HE writer of this article is in complete sympathy with the great purpose behind the recent propaganda for a League to Enforce Peace. But he is not over-confident that it could ever be put into successful operation. The "Program and Policies" of the League (just issued in pamphlet form) states that a consideration of working details at this time "would afford so many points for discussion and disagreement that attention could not be obtained for the main principles." And yet, as universal experience shows, it is upon the rock of details that projects are shipwrecked more than upon any or all others. No enterprise can be safely launched without thorough attention to this all-important matter.

The above citation naïvely recognizes the danger ahead, and this danger, moreover, is further emphasized by the findings of impartial critics who have attempted a detailed analysis of the problem. The writer believes it to be a duty to study the working details of the plan as closely as possible from the very outset; for such study may avoid the commission of serious mistakes and may avert grievous disappointment hereafter. For this reason he will here attempt, so far as the space of a magazine article will permit, to examine some of these details in their practical workings, and to state the reasons why they do not seem to support the theory of coercion which is the distinctive feature of the League's program.

## I

Quite naturally, the organization of the League must be the matter first to be considered. The "Program" already cited, and public utterance by advocates of the plan, indicate that the League, as at present conceived by its promoters, is to be an alliance among as many States as are willing to join it; that its functions are to be limited to questions of dispute among its members, and the action to be taken there-



on; that it is to serve notice upon members of the role each is to play in any contingency; after which, execution is to be left to the members themselves, acting independently. There is apparently to be a standing central committee, but its office is only that of determining the necessity of action and the serving of the necessary notice. It is uncertain whether the "Judicial Tribunal" and the "Council of Conciliation," referred to in the League platform, and a board or boards of arbitration, are to be adjuncts of the League itself, or whether they may be existing agencies like the Hague Court, or temporary agencies created to consider cases as they arise. No hint is given as to the organization or method of handling of the military force which may be required to execute the League's decrees. It is stated, however, that it is not proposed "to create an international army or an international executive."

At this point we encounter our first, if not most serious, difficulty. Effective action by several States acting independently cannot, in the nature of things, be expected. Each State, for example, would have to lay its own embargo upon trade with an offending member in carrying out the economic part of the program. Could the several States, jealous trade rivals of one another, be counted on to deny their citizens commercial privileges unless absolutely assured (which they could never be) that all the member States were taking the same course at the same time? And how would it be possible to secure effective military action with each State furnishing its own quota of men and materials and exercising independent command thereof. Moreover, can it be expected that division of sympathy among members of the League could be avoided in time of crisis? As with men, so with nations, it takes two to make a quarrel. It is scarcely conceivable that one side should be so wantonly wrong as to be entirely without friends. How would the League committee decide which of the quarreling States was the aggressor? By a majority vote? And in such vote would the two trouble-makers be admitted, or one or both of them be excluded?

The delays and probable misunderstandings inseparable

from these initial proceedings clearly indicate that simultaneous, quick, and effective work could not be expected from any such agency. The "Program," already twice cited, says that some such organization is necessary in order to "exert its powers on rulers who clap a muzzle on the press and issue ultimatums that have only twenty-four or forty-eight hours to run." But this is the very thing which such an organization could not do. A war might be well on its way, perhaps entirely over, before a League so organized could get its cumbersome machinery into motion. If one has any doubt of this, let him try to figure out how it would have worked at the beginning of the present war.

There is a radical difference between an ordinary alliance of two or three States, and the proposed League alliance among many. In the first case the allies are closely united in interest, and their compact is generally for mutual aid in defense against outside aggression. In the other the alliance has nothing to do with non-members, but is rather an offensive alliance against such of its own members as may not conform to its rules. Manifestly no such bond of common interest can exist in a heterogeneous organization on so large a scale, as between two or three States brought together by the very fact of common interest. It is quite logical that the United States should reach some basis of co-operation with Great Britain for example, because that Empire is our closest neighbor at home, the most important State to us abroad, and her language and institutions are essentially the same as ours. But it is not conceivable that it will ever join a general League organized on the ineffectual basis outlined above. It will either remain out altogether or it will insist upon such modification of the whole scheme as fundamentally to alter its character.

## II

To overcome or avoid the inherent defects of the proposed plan, as just pointed out, the whole proposition of coercion must be placed on a different basis. As a matter of fact, many of those who have only the friendliest feelings

toward the League idea, recognize the futility of its policy of coercion. They realize that any form of International Police must stand upon its own feet and not be subject to interference by any State. It is no more possible to conceive of such a force without some independent organization behind it, superior to the individual States, than it is to conceive of any army in any real sense without a government behind it. In fact, by whatever avenue we approach the problem of the abolition of war by force, we invariably arrive at one conclusion—that some form of World State is the only agency which can accomplish the desired result.

It seems wholly disheartening, therefore, to feel constrained to declare that such a consummation is not a possibility of the near future. The reason is that nations are at heart opposed to it. The change would be too revolutionary for possible acceptance. It would strike at the most vital and distinctive attribute of the State—its sovereignty. This has always been one of the most difficult things to accomplish, even on a relatively small scale, and with every consideration of self-interest in its favor. Our own history furnishes an example. Today we scarcely realize the reluctance, dread, and suspicion with which our little original States gave up a part of their sovereignty to form the Union; and how, for two generations, until quenched in a mighty war, the claim of the right to assert this sovereignty persisted. The long process of merging the many German States into a single empire was hampered throughout by this same unwillingness to give up any portion of independence. How much stronger must be this feeling in States which are so much more unrelated, often of different race, language, religion, and systems of government, and perhaps estranged by historic prejudices and antagonisms!

The term "vital interests," which is a subject of more or less ridicule in pacifist circles, is full of significance in this connection. It is in those things which are not "justiciable," not capable of definition in international law, that will be found the final obstacle to the relinquishment of so much of State sovereignty as is necessary to form a World State.

Examples abound in all countries, but we will illustrate by one from our own. It is one which will remain a permanent living issue because it goes to the very roots of our racial integrity. Our people will never voluntarily submit to unrestricted Oriental immigration. If an International State were to decree that we must let down the bars, the decree would not be acquiesced in except at the frightful cost of military subjugation.

We thus find that the very foundation upon which an international force for the maintenance of peace would have to rest is virtually non-existent. In deference, however, to a large section of public opinion, which honestly believes in the feasibility of the World-State idea, let us assume that such a State *has* actually been created; that it has its Executive, its Parliament, and its Court or similar tribunal; that it controls sufficient territory for the performance of its functions; that its financial needs are provided for; and that it has taken over the control of purely international affairs. We cannot see how anything short of this would enable it to maintain a truly effective police force. Each of these assumptions involves problems in detail of the most formidable character; but assuming that they have been successfully solved, let us try to visualize the working of an international police under such an hypothesis.

### III

How would this force be created and maintained? Presumably it would be recruited from all nations; but even so, differences of language, customs, associations, would necessitate organizing the units by nationality. There would thus always be the danger of disloyalty in any contingent whose native land might be the subject of coercion, and this might easily extend to others in sympathy with it. The present war has shown us something of the strength of these influences.

How large would the force have to be, both on land and on water? A prominent advocate of the League to Enforce Peace recently said that the force which the States would

have to contribute under the League plan should be "overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any member of the League", and President Wilson said, in his address to the Senate, January 22, 1917, that it would be "absolutely necessary" to have a force "so much greater than the force of any nation involved, or of any alliance hitherto formed or projected, that no nation, no combination of nations, could face or withstand it." On the basis of this opinion, a high authority has estimated that it would require a land force of five million men, of which the United States would have to furnish at least one tenth. What the naval force would be we can only conjecture; but any figures which would satisfy either of the above estimates would be almost beyond comprehension. Consider well what this means. Is it not certain that the burden of armed peace would be greatly increased? Surely this must be the case unless a way is found to curtail very materially existing military and naval establishments. Whatever other nations may do, is it conceivable that the United States, with its traditional prejudice against a great military establishment, will ever commit itself to such an obligation?

Again passing over obvious difficulties of great magnitude, how would this International Police, once created, perform its allotted functions? So far as small States are concerned, the problem would be comparatively simple, but not at all so with the Great Powers. Suppose, for example, that France and Germany were to fall out and come to blows as suddenly and unexpectedly as in 1914? What would the Police do in that case? Could it count upon its German and French contingents? Hardly. As to the others, they would probably be so torn and distracted by conflicting sympathies as to make united action impossible. But if it *should* come to the point of action, far from preventing hostility between the two States, its own efforts would mean war pure and simple, and a vast extension rather than an extinction of the conflagration. *War to prevent war is not doing away with war.*

Impracticability in actual functioning is not the only ob-

jection to this proposed use of force; there are equally powerful sentimental or psychological objections. *Coercion, or the threat of coercion, or even the possibility of it, is repugnant to any State. The American Union could never have been formed on that basis.* Even today, when our institutions have acquired great stability, and our Supreme Court commands universal confidence, does anyone believe that the Government would ever march its army upon a State to compel it to abide by the Court's decrees? Only when resistance amounts to armed rebellion, insurrection, or forcible defiance of national law, will the Government interfere with its armed forces to coerce a State or any large section of its people. These prejudices must inevitably be far stronger in the case of a World-Union because of the far greater dissimilarity of interest. Granting that other objections to such a Union could possibly be overcome, any suspicion at the outset that coercion might be applied whenever the central authority thought it necessary would prevent a single State from joining.

It is this scrutiny of details which compels the conclusion that coercion, whether economic or military, cannot be relied upon to maintain the peace of the world. This conclusion is not based upon any prejudice against the use of force when occasion demands. We have no superstition on that score any more than we have about the use of force by a policeman in executing a court's decrees. If the plan would work, we should heartily welcome it. But we believe that it cannot work; that the function of the policeman in ordinary life cannot be reproduced in the great family of nations. In strict technical language, it is not a "practical proposition." *Enduring peace can never rest upon the boycott or the bayonet.*

#### IV

Are we helpless, then? If we must depend upon force to maintain peace, the outlook is certainly not encouraging. But we are not so dependent. Our hope rests upon quite other agencies. Peace depends upon the execution of justice, rather than upon compulsion. If justice be done, occasion for coercion will not arise; if it be not done, coercion

will only embitter and aggravate. We are liable to be too much influenced by outward symptoms, and to give too little attention to underlying causes. Reverse the situation; strike at the causes; eradicate *them* and the symptoms will disappear.

The first and greatest step in conformity with this rule will be a righteous settlement of the present war. It is an opportunity which transcends, in its possibilities of good, all others combined. Justice without revenge; an equitable adjustment of frontiers; consideration of the economic welfare and the legitimate national aspirations of States; eradication of a barbarous despotism in certain regions—how vast is the range of subjects whose treatment may make or mar the peace of the world! It is to this supremely important matter that the best thought of the world should be directed until the Congress which shall formulate the treaty of peace shall have closed its labors.

The restoration of peace should be followed by closer intercourse among the belligerent States than ever before. International conferences of all sorts, more equitable trade arrangements, standardization of values, exchange of professorships and scholarships, better acquaintance through travel, increasing resort to peaceful agencies for the adjustment of differences—everything of this sort tends to break down the bars of provincialism and to promote a better understanding among peoples.

There is a possible organization for the promotion of peace in which we have great faith—one which already has behind it the support of many of the ablest minds of the civilized world. This is an international tribunal—call it World Court or by whatever name—which shall hear and determine controversies among States. What we have in mind is not a court restricted to purely judicial functions, but one which may on occasion become an arbitral court or even a council of conciliation. In a word, it shall be a tribunal to which international controversies of whatever character *may* be submitted.

The word "may," just used, suggests what seems the

most important feature of the proposed tribunal, though it is one which will seem a source of weakness to many. Appeal to it should be entirely voluntary, and there should be no thought of compulsion in the observance of its decrees. We believe that this voluntary character will prove to be its greatest source of strength. Its sanction will be the only true sanction for any international tribunal, the force of public opinion. Gradually, if its work be guided by good judgment, it will gain the confidence of peoples, and by increasing use will acquire an authority which governments will hesitate to ignore. If the present war has demonstrated one thing more than another it is the deference of governments to public opinion, and their almost feverish anxiety to explain away any violation of it which they thought that military necessity required them to commit. This authority is bound to increase until it becomes the controlling factor in international relations. It will be the officer who will hale offenders before the court and will enforce compliance with its decrees.

There is no complete precedent for the organization and functioning of such a court, for the conditions surrounding it will be, to a large extent, unprecedented. It should be, as we said, more than a judicial tribunal such as our Supreme Court. It should be so comprehensive in its scope, and so independent of local influences in its make-up, that States may bring any question before it with confidence that they will be treated fairly. We appreciate fully the difficulties of so organizing such a court that States may not be mistrustful of it; but they are not insuperable. By making recourse to it and observance of its decrees discretionary with any State, the initial steps would be greatly facilitated, for States would then not hesitate to make trial of it as they would if they felt that they might be bound in a way which they might afterward regret. If, then, in its early stages, the Court should be blessed with a personnel of high character, as our Supreme Court was blessed with a John Marshall, it would soon draw to itself an authority which no power of compulsion could ever give it.



## V.

But how about the burden of armed peace? There is the rub! It is the most hopeless feature of the whole problem. The stupendous and ever-increasing magnitude of the burden, its continuing character, and the apparent impossibility of relief in any form, make it more to be dreaded than war itself. Wars are of short duration. They produce results, and rest and recuperation follow. But armed peace is a never-ceasing outlay, and without commensurate return; for, with the utmost that can be done, the relative strengths of States are changed but slightly, if at all. The impossible feature of the problem lies in the absence of any criterion as to the lengths to which States may go. Indeed, any such criterion seems impossible to arrive at. Fear, suspicion, and the imperative duty of self-defense, cause each State to meet every move of its competitors, and, if possible, to surpass it. This is particularly true where States are close neighbors and relentless rivals, whether in trade or military efficiency. Unrestrained rivalry constantly sets new standards, and leads on from one excess to another, until there seems to be no end except in the capacity of genius to devise and of national wealth to construct. It is a sort of mathematical series with infinity as its limit. To no other subject is the ingenuity of the race so incessantly and intently applied. If it produced results it would be different; but it does not, for it leaves the nations relatively where they were before.

Is there, then, no possible remedy? To judge from the volume of careless utterances upon the subject, one would think that it is a very simple matter. But here again details upset generalities. No doubt, if nations could be assured beyond peradventure that their neighbors would make definite limitations in armament, they would most of them do the same. But there is no power in existence which can give them this assurance, and therefore each State feels that it must do what is necessary to offset the acts of its neighbors, or what it suspects those acts to be. It is a case where the one thing absolutely essential—mutual agreement—is the very thing which it seems impossible to attain. Imagine

England and Germany trying to agree upon their respective naval programs! Germany and Russia, Germany and France, Austria and Italy on their land forces and frontier defences! And if such agreements could be reached on paper, there are so many ways of evading their spirit while conforming to their letter, that their very existence would be a fresh source of misunderstanding and friction.

These difficulties, moreover, have been greatly accentuated as a result of the present war. We now know, as we never suspected before, how far war preparation goes to the roots of a nation's industrial life. It might be possible to agree upon a limitation of naval vessels or of land forts, because compliance with such agreements could be determined without offensive inquisitorial process; but it would be very different in regard to munitions, supplies of all kinds, and the multitudinous details of modern military preparation. There is a liability, too, that any sharp limitation of naval vessels might bring in its train complications which one would scarcely think of beforehand. It would probably mean that the State having the greatest commercial fleet would have a decisive advantage in war by simply converting such vessels into an armed fleet. Doubtless their original construction would be so planned as to make this change easy of quick accomplishment. These and other similar considerations show how difficult the problem of disarmament by treaty must ever be. Just as Prussia was able to evade her agreement with Napoleon placing a limit on her military force, while outwardly living up to its letter, so it could never be known how far a State might be loyal to the spirit of a treaty of disarmament, or how far it might be clandestinely violating that spirit while strictly conforming to the letter.

Frankly, the problem presents to us no suggestion of a possible solution except through the people themselves of the several States who, by mutual understandings, shall place some restraint upon their governments by the withholding of funds. Naturally this presupposes a greater democratization than at present of European States; greater influence of the people in legislation; and, to a large degree, the removal

of acute causes of misunderstanding. The present war ought greatly to advance these several conditions. It will undoubtedly promote democracy and internationalism. Peoples will increasingly realize the necessity of better understanding and more thorough cöoperation. The influence of such organizations as the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and particularly of international labor unions, ought to lead to a better conception of the duties of peoples to their respective governments. Approached in this way, without outside compulsion or interference, yet with tacit mutual understandings, the popular will in the various States may yet set some limits to these well-nigh intolerable burdens. We believe that this will prove to be the line of least resistance, and will be surer of accomplishing something worth while than a policy of coercion ever can.

## VI

Finally, what of the United States? Speculate as we may upon the future, we have now to grapple with the practical, pressing, present problem of waging successful war upon Germany's militaristic ambitions. Even when the great conflict is over, however, and that end has been achieved, we shall not, in any likelihood, join a league to *enforce* peace, whatever other alliances we may form. There are better ways in which our influence may then be exercised. The first of these is, of course, to deal justly and openly with all peoples, and thus remove causes of discord and set a proper example. We shall aid in all practical ways the promotion of international acquaintance and good relations, and we shall assist in the creation and maintenance of voluntary tribunals for the settlement of disputes, and particularly of a permanent World Court. Lastly, but not least important, we shall recognize the possibility of misunderstandings, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, and we shall hold ourselves in readiness to repel aggression and to enforce our just rights in every clime. It is to this last matter that we wish to devote a final word.

The duty of preparedness is fundamental. Our brief

reference to it here has no relation to the present hour, except as that crisis shows how utterly mistaken our pacifist friends have been in their strenuous arguments that we need no preparation because there is no real danger of war. The unescapable truth, on the other hand, is that the duty of preparation remains, now that we are actually engaged, what it has ever been—what it was when Shakespeare (Henry V) said:

“For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintained, assembled and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.”

We shall enter into no discussion of details, for these are already in the hands of our experts. We shall merely touch upon a few underlying principles. Our situation requires that we lend first and fullest coöperation with our Allies upon the water. We must, of course, embrace, both on land and water, the development of our resources in munitions and supplies of every kind, and a thorough mastery of the problems of transportation. We should place the organization of our land forces upon a strictly national basis and do away with the fatal weakness of our present dependence upon State organizations. Finally, we should embrace that measure against which there has hitherto been so much prejudice—universal training and compulsory service. If it be conceded, as it must be, that the State has a claim upon its citizenry for aid in time of peril, it is surely neither undemocratic nor unjust to now enforce that claim equally and impartially. Is not such enforcement rather of the very essence of democracy? And does not justice to the whole body of citizens require that no one, duly qualified, may of his own will be allowed to shirk his part of the common burden? Our people will have made a great advance in their conception of duty to their country when they overcome these traditional prejudices and recognize both the injustice and the peril of the present discredited system. A rational and

adequate system does not mean militarism any more than does one which is irrational and inadequate; but it *does* mean, in far greater degree, the dignity, influence, and safety of the nation. Whatever may be the outcome of our entrance into the World War in other respects, it will have signally failed in this, if it does not compel our Government to rise above petty local influences and adopt a truly national policy of preparedness.

# TWO YEARS OF PRISON REFORM

HENRY LEVERAGE

**S**ING SING, perhaps the best known prison of this or any other country, was in existence prior to the year 1825, but at that time the State of New York decided to build the most up-to-date prison in the country to take care of an increasing criminal population, and work was started on the cell block as it stands at the present day; the stone from the quarry back of the river site being hewn out and placed in position by inmates until they had erected 1,200 cells, in much the same manner as a bee-hive is constructed; the cells being placed back to back, each containing 165 cubic feet of space and each ventilated by a three inch opening in the stone that led "somewhere" upwards.

On the outside of this chambered pile, six tiers in height, stone was laid up into a building with a roof and grated windows, each window containing a cross of iron, and this structure with but few changes constitutes the habitation and the home for an average of 1,400 inmates today; necessitating doubling up in crowded periods when some of the cells are occupied by two men.

Efforts have been made by almost every administration since the year 1845 to provide a new prison to take the place of Sing Sing. Plans have been drawn and accepted and in a number of instances work was actually started at other sites, but they all have led to nothing and in the year 1914, the State of New York had expended \$594,999 on visionary plans to replace Sing Sing without results, and the great prison by the Hudson stands practically as it stood in 1825.

There being, from past experiences, no prospect for improving the situation at Sing Sing from a material standpoint, efforts were made in 1914 to improve the moral and ethical conditions of the inmates, and although some progress was made in this direction by Warden McCormick, it remained for Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, who succeeded Warden McCormick, to effect the changes which of late have

been so revolutionary in the affairs of things penal, and at the same time have produced results which have attracted the attention of the entire world and bid fair to revolutionize the treatment of convicted men in this country.

Prior to the advent of Warden Osborne, Sing Sing was a dyed-in-the-wool old system penitentiary, with all the paraphernalia of punishment that went to break the spirit of the convicted man. Contract labor had flourished, and after contract labor had come the brooding silence of the cells. A long line of wardens had followed each other like rulers of a dark age and little or no attention was paid to the work at hand, save to prison graft and keeping the fear of the "coolers" and the man-made tortures in the hearts of the inmates, and the great prison was run in the only way that these wardens knew or cared to know, and that was by fear and suppression.

Prior to 1913, the prisoners were locked in their cells at 3 P. M. and remained there until breakfast the following morning, or in the case of a Saturday being followed by a holiday on a Monday, they were confined until the following Tuesday morning, rather more than sixty hours without toilet facilities, in cells that reeked from vermin and lack of ventilation.

From six hours per week of limited freedom, in 1913 and prior to that date when dinner was served in the mess hall on Sundays and holidays, the inmates of Sing Sing today have over fifty hours each week out of their cells to devote to recreation and study as well as absolute liberty of conversation at all times. In addition to this grant, the per capita cost per annum for food has been increased as follows:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	\$39.82	\$43.92	\$45.90	\$46.68	\$54.50

This increase in food was also followed by a further increase in clothing issued to the inmates, such as warm underwear and blankets in the Winter, and the per capita cost for clothing for inmates has been as follows:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	\$5.26	\$8.36	\$8.90	\$10.31	\$13.99

The result of more food, better clothing, and recreation periods is best exemplified in the report on insanity within Sing Sing for the years:

	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Cases	21	32	48	27	19

This decrease is in inverse ratio to the granting of privileges, which have not been abused by the inmates, and the removal of the depression occasioned by the dismal influence of the cells and the brutality of the guards.

Under administrations prior to Warden Osborne's, fifty or more guards were stationed in the dining-room to maintain order at meal times. These guards were removed by Mr. Osborne, and Delegates and assistant Sergeants-at-arms, appointed by the officers of the Mutual Welfare League, took their places, with the result that there has been little or no disorder in the dining-room. An occasional fist fight between inmates is attended to by the Sergeants of the League, and the offenders are "arrested" and taken before the prison court, or Grievance Committee as it is called, presided over by five inmates, where sentence is handed out with all the fairness and seriousness of an actual court, although the punishment is never more than confining the offender to his cell during recreation time, for a period of days. This is sufficient to maintain order in Sing Sing and replaces all the dark age tortures of the "old system," in vogue prior to the coming of Warden Osborne.

The discipline within a prison can best be shown by the statistics of the hospital and the record of cases before the prison court. The test of the Mutual Welfare League and the good that it has done in comparison with former years under the "old system" is best shown by the records of the Board of Paroles and the records of the Commission of Prisons for violations of paroles.



Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Number of Violations	16	21	17	22	13

This is a gratifying decrease from former years and reflects the influence of the Mutual Welfare League; but even better figures than the above are obtainable by consulting the records of the hospital in emergency cases, and as these are sworn to by the prison physician they are to be taken as authentic.

From the physician's report we find the following:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Emergency cases that might have been due to assault	124	186	378	372	86
Number of above recorded as incised wounds	119	114	197	215	67
Number recorded as stabs			94	43	4

It will at once be seen that during 1915—the Osborne administration—self government by the inmates of Sing Sing under the Mutual Welfare League led to highly beneficial results and a notable decrease of assaults and fights. In addition to the better feeling prevailing among the inmates, a “prize ring” was established wherein one inmate could challenge another to a boxing contest and in this manner settle his differences in the manly art of self defense.

The Mutual Welfare League, with its granted freedom within limitations, having succeeded in lessening the disorder within Sing Sing to a considerable extent, has been encouraged at all times by Warden Osborne to uncover anything in the line of infraction of the prison rules and bring it to the light of day and to the prison court, and the records of this court, which are available from March 1st, 1915, to December 6th, 1915, reveal the fact that three hundred inmates were brought before this court by the Sergeants-at-

arms and out of this number, fifty-six appealed to the Warden's court, or higher court, with the result that this higher court affirmed the decision of the prisoner's court in twenty-one cases and that the penalty was reduced in twenty-two cases and that only in two instances was the lower court reversed by the higher.

This record reveals more than anything else that the inmates of Sing Sing are capable of self government and of maintaining a republican form of government, within limitations, and gaining by this same government habits of self control and self thought which are bound to have a far reaching influence on the management of all prisons of the future.

The industrial situation within the prisons of the state of New York have been the subject of much discussion by politicians and penologists, and inasmuch as the industries are limited to State institutions and municipalities, the problem of finding sufficient work for the inmates is a serious one.

The industries of Sing Sing, which are representative of all the prisons of the State of New York as well as many other States, turn out under-clothing and outer-clothing; brushes, matts, mattresses, wooden furniture, iron castings, carts and wagons, street cleaning cans, shoes, knit goods, and other minor articles demanded by the market.

Although municipalities are compelled by law to purchase from the prisons of the State of New York, they have managed to evade this law by offering as an excuse, immediate necessity and the impossibility of waiting for the prison shops to turn out the goods, and have gone to "free labor," for their requirements.

Were all the hospitals and municipalities in the State of New York required to live up to the full letter of the law and purchase from the prisons, these same goods would be manufactured in the prison shops and the industrial situation would be greatly simplified and the inmate would be worthy of his hire and be self supporting, instead of being a steady drain on the annual budget, a prison such as Sing Sing requiring in addition to its manufacturing profits, approximately a quarter of a million dollars per year for maintenance.

Every effort is now being made in the prison department at Albany to better the industrial situation within Sing Sing, and as a start the hearty and whole souled co-operation of the Mutual Welfare League has been asked by Superintendent of Prisons, Hon. James M. Carter to further this work and increase the output of the institution. How well the League has responded to this call can be shown by the increase of Sing Sing's industries, which proves that it is not all "beer and skittles" in Sing Sing and that there is much hard work being done by the inmates, which will be further increased by the new compensation bill which went into effect in the State of New York on May 1st 1916, and pays the inmates in lieu of wages, earned time extending all the way up to ten days on each thirty day period.

The shoe industry within Sing Sing, with the use of automatic machinery, is teaching many of the inmates a trade which they can take to the outside world with them, and the records of this department, both before and after the formation of the Mutual Welfare League, is instructive in relation to production and a benevolent administration.

With no increase in the number of shoe operators, and with the same machinery, the shoe industry of Sing Sing has increased as follows:

Year	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Pairs of Shoes	37,641	45,183	41,380	55,124	69,345

From the above figures it is seen that the improvement is very noticeable under the Osborne administration, and the same per cent. of increase applies to the knitting industry, which has likewise responded to the call for more work and a greater production.

Under the "old system," prior to the Osborne regime, one of the most flourishing industries within Sing Sing and one which returned a large profit to the State of New York, was the Cart and Wagon industry. This shop was burned down during a strike within Sing Sing when a large draft of men were sent away for punishment, and the profits of this

shop, which is just coming into its own again, were lost for a number of years to the State with the additional expense of re-building. In this connection there has not been a serious fire in Sing Sing after the coming of Warden Osborne and the formation of the League, notwithstanding the unlimited opportunities offered, the shops being patrolled both during hours and after hours of work by an efficient force of inmates who comprise the fire department. Thus the League has saved the State many thousands of dollars by the policy of trusting the inmates, while under the "old system," a fire a month was the rule, most of which were caused by inmates who were attempting to get back at the State for punishment, real or fancied.

Perhaps the final and the acid test of the Mutual Welfare League and the modern penology, is the one of the rehabilitation of the inmate when he leaves the prison and during the period of his incarceration; and this in the light of what has already been done along the lines of reform within Sing Sing, is the supreme bi-product of any penal place. The industries, however important, are secondary and should be correlated to the reformation of the prisoner.

The Mutual Welfare League, with its freedom within limitations, having succeeded in lessening the disorder within Sing Sing, and also in Auburn Prison, at Auburn, N. Y., has been encouraged at all times to uncover anything in the line of infraction of rules and bring it to the light of day and to the prison court. The records of the prison court have decreased in direct ratio to the education of the inmates under the direction of Thomas Mott Osborne, and to-day in Sing Sing there can be found in addition to the State primary classes presided over by a civilian professor, for the education of the illiterate inmate, a series of lectures and classes ranging all the way from a class in English and mathematics up to a full fledged auto-school and instructions in the higher branches of education. The teachers of these classes and the lecturers being inmates of superior mentality and training.

The aim and the object of this League school is to qualify inmates for positions on the outside and to keep them

from becoming recidivists and returning to the prisons of the State. Over one half of the entire population of Sing Sing have enrolled themselves in the League classes and much of the idle time formerly given to recreation is now employed for study and instruction. It is not an uncommon sight within Sing Sing to see a group of inmates with books, working out problems away from their instructors, while in a side lane, four or five automobiles are being stripped by eager students who are qualifying to become auto-mechanics.

Lectures are frequently given in the chapel at Sing Sing for the education of the entire population, and these vie in popularity with the moving pictures.

A crucible or a melting pot is usually judged by its output and Sing Sing is to be judged by the low per cent. of recidivists. All the League schools and classes have this one object in view, and the prisoners discharged during the regime of Warden Osborne and those who return to a life of crime, in comparison with former administrations, constitute the acid test of the Mutual Welfare League. Although the records have not extended over a sufficient length of time to form a law, there is more than enough encouragement in the last two years to justify the founder of the Mutual Welfare League in continuing his work for the rehabilitation of the convicted man.

The evidence of the Court of General Sessions of the City of New York, which sentences the greater bulk of prisoners to Sing Sing, is that very few men who have been discharged from Sing Sing under the Osborne administration have returned. Judge Wadhams of the Court of General Sessions has stated that no member of the Mutual Welfare League of Sing Sing has come before him for resentence, which is a remarkable record in view of the number of convicted men who appear before this Judge.

Spencer Miller, Jr., Deputy Warden of Sing Sing, has compiled figures, showing the relation of parole violations to the total number of prisoners released from Sing Sing—figures which have revealed the fact that less men are coming back to the prison than ever before.

Year	1912	1913	1914	1915
Number released by State Board of Parole	253	195	190	139
Returned for Violation of Parole	21	17	13	7
Percentage of Violations	8.3	8.7	6.8	3.7

The last figure, 3.7 per cent. is under the Osborne regime and is an indication that a light has been lit in a penal place and that less men are coming to Sing Sing as recidivists than ever before in the history of the institution.

*The factors which have contributed towards the success of the Mutual Welfare League are three in number. The prime factor is self government and freedom of thought brought about by self government. The second factor is education both for the inmate and the general public, which up to the Osborne regime refused to employ discharged inmates of prisons. The third factor is the personal one: taught subconsciously by inmates returning to Sing Sing as visitors, as well as by the recreation hours and the sunlight and the interest that society has taken in the convicted man; when former society pressed him deeper in the mire with a social thumb of authority and brutality.*

# BEAUTY

DAVID MORTON

**T**HERE is a beauty that outlives the form  
That gives it birth, and lingers in the mind  
Through all the after years of peace and storm,  
A constant benediction, sweet and kind.

I have stood still in thrilling solitudes,  
In leafy rooms among great-hearted hills,  
Where passionate and thoughtful beauty broods,  
Pierces the spirit, startles, stabs—and stills.

And I have watched from craggy mountain-heads,  
Looking to westward where the sky unfurled  
Banners of beauty, shot with changing reds,  
Above the blazing uplands of the world.

And quiet scenes have given largess, too:  
Dim fields at dusk with standing stacks of hay,  
Made dearer still by curtains of deep blue,  
And first, faint stars in wastes of green and gray.

Or those same fields on August afternoons,  
Flooded with sunlight till their beauty blinds;  
Or brooded over by slow, thoughtful moons,  
Or bent beneath the swift, light feet of winds.

There is a star—I have never learned its name—  
That rose above a certain hill I knew:  
I mind, one stormy twilight, how it came,  
Piercing the cloudheads—and my spirit, too.

And since that day, in many a stormy hour,  
In many a hot and uncongenial place,  
A sudden beauty opens like a flower;  
Within my mind a star lifts up her face.

Once when I walked a city's bitter places,  
The twilit canyons and the streets of pain,  
I found a strange, white beauty on those faces,  
Like thin, white flames of eagerness and strain.

And beauty, too, was in their vaulting thought,  
Made palpable in towers, rows on rows,  
Those modern monoliths their minds had wrought  
By vision and bold planning and hard blows.

But best of all Earth's beauty, in my eyes,  
Best of all loveliness that stirs my mind,  
Are trees grown old and neighborly and wise,  
Grown great and strong, yet gentle, too, and kind.

I mind one now that stood within a field  
No others near—where cattle came at noon  
For the cool shelter that wide branches yield:  
And I came, too, finding another boon.

Finding a beauty that could heal hot pain,  
And touch the shackled spirit with release,  
Filling the mind with cool, green thoughts again,  
Swathing the heart in shadows of deep peace.



I cannot think that all this beauty passes,  
Part of the lightless drift and dust of Time,  
Swift to the death as some swift summer's grasses,  
Early forgot as this dissolving rhyme.

I cannot doubt—whatever Death may be——  
That somewhere in those bright immortal ways,  
I shall remember all Earth's gifts to me,  
And give new thanks in new, glad songs of praise.

# THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

JAMES H. HYSLOP

“**S**ECONDARY personality” is the doctor’s Irish stew. He does not know what it is. In antiquity it was “demoniac obsession.” At a later period it was “witchcraft.” Today we call it such things as “split consciousness” and think we have solved the problem, when, in fact, we have only thrown dust in people’s eyes. We have become so accustomed to paradoxes in human knowledge that almost any impossible combination of terms will receive respectful attention, the more impossible the better. What is split consciousness? We can split wood, iron, pumpkins, political parties; but split consciousness, however convenient a term for describing an apparent situation, is a term for our ignorance—a most happy term, to confound a group of people who refer every anomalous thing in the universe to spirits, and to make it unnecessary to inquire minutely into the anomalies of personality.

Since the rise of modern science, the one thing that has saved the thinking of most people from the hasty interpretation of mental anomalies, has been the general belief that science has exorcised the “supernatural” from the order of the world, though scarcely anybody knew what the supernatural meant. During all this period secondary personality was unknown, or its apparent significance not appreciated, as a means of reducing the claims of the supernatural. The echoes of witchcraft still remained in the popular consciousness. But the words secondary personality, and their associates, “subliminal,” “subconscious,” and “hysteria,” redeemed the situation, and became an open sesame for the scientific conjurer. Spirits disappeared into the limbo of illusion and mythology.

Ansel Bourne disappeared from home in Providence, R. I., and was given up as lost or the victim of an unknown death; but he suddenly awakened to his normal condition eight weeks afterward, in Norristown, Pa., with no memory of the eight weeks interval. Professor James and Dr.

Richard Hodgson hypnotized him and traced the events of this period, which he told under hypnosis, and found them true.

Charles Brewin disappeared from his home in Burlington, N. J., and between New York City and Plainfield, N. J., he spent four years in a secondary state, undiscovered by his friends, and ignorant of his own identity; but at last he awakened from his Rip Van Winkle sleep to know nothing about it, and was restored to his family.

Dr. Morton Prince had a case, which he calls Sally Beauchamp, who appeared to be four different persons. One of them was a mischievous imp and played all sorts of tricks on the other personalities. She would entice one of them to ride out into the country on the last car, and then awaken her. The poor victim had to walk home exhausted from the trip. Sally would put toads and spiders into a box and leave them on the bureau so that the normal self would go into hysterics when she opened the box. These and similar tricks and escapades it required a volume to tell and explain. Split consciousness, or multiple personality, was the charmed word that was supposed to clear up the mystery. The supernaturalist's theory of spirits was waved aside, and justly enough, for lack of evidence. There were no credentials in the phenomena for such an explanation.

But some years ago I happened upon a case which offered the opportunity for proper investigation and experiment. It was one that had fallen into the hands of a clergyman, also by the name of Dr. Prince, for care and cure. After visiting it, I resolved to try an experiment as soon as the condition of the patient permitted. This resolution could not be put into effect for several years.

A child, whom we shall call Doris, when three and a half years of age, was picked up by her drunken father and thrown violently upon the floor. The shock stunned the child, but at the time no more serious effects followed; the next day or so, however, it was found that something had happened. The mother did not understand it, though informed that it was the consequence of a contusion at the base

of the brain. From that time on, the case was one of alternating personalities. The chief of these was called Margaret, and events proved that there was another which manifested itself only in the girl's sleep, and was called Sleeping Margaret. But this one was after the mother's death. The normal and primary state was called Real Doris. All that the mother knew anything about was Real Doris and Margaret. The death of the mother, however, when the child was 17 years of age, caused the appearance of another personality, which was called Sick Doris, because in this condition or personality the girl was always ill, though she would seem to recover a perfectly healthy condition in an instant upon the return of Margaret or Real Doris.

From the time that her father had so brutally thrown her down, she had imbibed a mortal fear of him, made more intense by his constantly brutal treatment of her. The pastor of the family had accused the child of lying, because he did not understand her changes, and the result was that ever afterward she refused to attend his Sunday school. One Sunday she casually went into Dr. Prince's church, and Mrs. Prince became interested in her, without knowing anything about the real condition of things, except that she was something of an invalid. Finally Dr. Prince's attention was aroused by the psychological interest of the case, as well as its need of charity and care. He found that Doris could probably never get well as long as she stayed with her father, who still brutally abused her. He then resolved to adopt her into his family, and proceeded to study her and to attempt a cure. First he began to dissolve the personality of Sick Doris, and after his success with her, he eliminated Margaret; but he did not undertake to remove Sleeping Margaret, as this personality had been helpful in the dissipation of the other personalities, and claimed to be a "spirit," as did Sally in the Beauchamp case.

The primary personality, Real Doris, was apparently a well-behaved and normal person, and at no time were there any signs of physical lesion or degeneration, except in the personality of Sick Doris, when nausea and other abnormal

symptoms manifested themselves. But Margaret was a perfect imp and personification of mischief. She would take horses from a livery stable and ride about the city or country to her heart's content, much to the annoyance of the owners, though she always returned the horses. She would go down to the ferries and try to ride across the river, sitting on the edge of the boat; but if the men would try to put her off, she would kick up her heels and throw herself backward into the water, frightening everybody. But she was an expert swimmer, and never suffered any real danger. She would take objects from places where she worked, and hide them in a drawer. When the normal self was accused of stealing, she naturally and honestly enough denied the accusation. She would write notes to the normal self, as the only way of reaching it. Sick Doris, the result of the mother's death, was a very stupid personality. She did not know what death was, and did not understand the funeral or the mourning of friends, though she herself had prepared the mother's body for burial. Sick Doris did not know the names for the objects about her, and could not speak intelligently. Margaret had to set about teaching her the names of things, and how to talk intelligently. In the course of this, Margaret imbibed a bitter hostility to Sick Doris, and used to play every imaginable trick on her, as bad as those played by Sally on the other personalities in the Beauchamp case.

The death of the mother threw the household work on Doris, and this made matters worse, especially when the cruelties of the father were added. Let me quote from the account of Dr. Walter F. Prince.

"Overwork, together with the baleful influences of the home, chiefly militated against the primary personality. Upon the girl fell the major expenses of the household. Margaret knew that something must be done, and dinned it into the mind of Sick Doris that she must earn more money, by working at night. Sick Doris learned the lesson all too well. As Margaret afterwards ruefully expressed it, 'She began to work like fury and then she made me work.' By a process of abstraction, particularly when sewing, she could gradually enchain the will and entire consciousness of Margaret, so that both consciousnesses coöperated, intent upon the task. Everything but the

needle and the stitches faded away, the eyes never wandered from the work, color fled from the countenance, the fingers flew with magic speed, and hours passed before the spell was broken. An instance occurred of the definitely proved execution of an elaborate piece of embroidery in less than a quarter of the time that the most conservative judges estimated as necessary. In this instance the abnormal work went on more than twelve hours at a time, absolutely without rest except such as was furnished by seizures of catalepsy, when the needle paused midway in the air, the body became immobile and the eyes fixed, for ten minutes or half an hour, whereon the arrested movement was completed and the task went on, Sick Doris not being aware that she had passed more than a second. When the task was ended Margaret would come out and dance a wild dance of joy. But one of the evil consequences was that she became malevolent against Sick Doris and entered upon a long series of revenges. With a malice that seems almost fiendish, she scratched Sick Doris with her nails, although she herself got the worst of it after the numbing effect of rage was over, in that she was less anaesthetic than her colleague. Many times she tore out whole strands of her hair, several times she actually grubbed out nails. She caused in Sick Doris sensations of nausea and various pains, destroyed her work and her possessions, thwarted her plans, threatened, teased, taunted her. And yet at times she pitied and comforted the harassed creature, and often came to her relief in emergencies."

Between the combats of these two personalities the normal personality would appear five or ten minutes at a time, though occasionally for a few consecutive days. But Sick Doris and Margaret controlled most of the life of the girl for five years directly under the observation of Dr. Prince, the foster-father. All the while Sleeping Margaret was in the background, and appeared only in the girl's slumber, though conscious all the time of what was going on in both personalities, and the source of much that Dr. Prince learned about the girl's experiences before she came to him. Besides, she directed the management of the case for its cure in many of its features. At first she laid no claim to being a "spirit," but finally, whether due to suggestion or not, this not being determinable, she set up the claim that she was a "spirit," though she could remember no past life on this earth or elsewhere. Margaret apparently knew nothing about this Sleeping Margaret, while the latter knew all about the former, as

well as about Sick Doris. Gradually Sick Doris was dissipated, and then Margaret, leaving Sleeping Margaret in the castle. It requires two volumes to record all the facts, including the exciting experiences of the different personalities and the disagreeable incidents of the curing process. But the final outcome was a normal and healthy women, with no signs of dissociation. The only thing that a keen observer would note would be the immaturity of the girl mentally, which is quite explicable by the fact that the abnormal personalities had occupied the chief part of her life, and their experiences and education were not transferred to the normal self, except a part of those of Sick Doris.

So far there is nothing in the case that either proves or suggests anything more than what is already known as dissociation or multiple personality. The consciousness of the girl would be described as "split," whatever that phrase really means. In fact, it can mean nothing more than that amnesia occurs between the various personalities. But this is not true in its complete sense. There was intercognition between them, more or less, while Sleeping Margaret seems to have a memory of the experiences of all of them. But, as said, there was often the usual dissociation or amnesia between the various personalities, so that this can be the only provable meaning of the term "split consciousness." Occasionally in the Margaret personality there occurred a few incidents suggestful of mind-reading, but not sufficient in quantity or quality to afford scientific proof. But there were no traces of the phenomena which pass for communication with the dead, and nothing that would suggest to the psychologist anything like demoniac obsession, in so far as the standards of evidence for such a doctrine are concerned. The various forms of hysteria and dissociation would be the only diagnosis that any reputable physician or psychiatrist would propose for it.

The next step in the investigation was a most important one. I had come across three other cases which would be or had already been diagnosed by physicians or psychologists as paranoia or hysteria, and I should have myself given the

same explanation of the facts, had it not occurred to me that the method of "cross reference" might bring out some facts which would throw light upon the perplexities of dissociation and multiple personality. The facts that brought me to this were in three cases of it that had come under my notice.

A young man who had never before painted got to painting pictures so well that they were sold for good prices on their artistic merits alone, and buyers who did not know how they were produced thought the man was copying pictures of Robert Swain Gifford, who was dead. The young man did his painting after Gifford's death, and seven months before he learned of that artist's demise. Another subject, a lady this time, was writing stories purporting to come from the late Frank R. Stockton, so characteristic that Henry Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, and another gentleman who had made a study of Stockton, thought them quite characteristic. Another lady, who had no education in singing, was doing this and automatic writing, both of which purported to be influenced by the late Emma Abbott. Three other cases had similar experiences, and in addition half a dozen cases diagnosed as paranoia or other form of insanity were put to the same investigation, and yielded the same result.

It was the Thompson-Gifford case that suggested the method of experiment. After an interview of two hours with the young man, I came to the conclusion which the doctors reached in their examination, namely, that the case was one of dissociation or the disintegration of personality. But it flashed into my mind that there was no obligation to wait until an autopsy was performed in order to find out if the diagnosis was correct; and that, if I took the subject to a psychic, I might learn something about the situation. I did this under the strictest conditions possible, making my own record of the facts. The dead Gifford appeared to prove his identity from his childhood up, through two separate psychics, and gave some evidence through two others. This suggested the type of experiment for the other



cases, and they yielded the same result: that deceased persons purported to accept responsibility for the phenomena that had occurred in the various subjects. These phenomena in the subjects themselves afforded no credentials of a supernormal source until they were repeated by cross reference through a psychic that knew absolutely nothing about the person brought to her. What appeared to be merely secondary personality on its own credentials proved, by cross reference, to have come from foreign inspiration. Gifford appeared to be back of the painting, Stockton of the story-writing, and Emma Abbott of the singing; and in the other instances we found similar transcendental sources for the arts which the subjects were engaged in, or for the abnormal phenomena which caused medical men to speak of insanity.

The method which thus proved so successful was applied to the Doris case with the hope that we should find light thrown upon its personalities. The case had never been mentioned publicly. Doris lived the first part of her life in western Pennsylvania and afterward in California. I therefore had an exceptionally good opportunity to try the experiment under the best conditions that would conceal all the facts from the psychic. I brought the girl from California and kept her outside of the city in which the experiments were to be made. I admitted her to the psychic only after I had put the psychic in a trance, and at no time did I allow the psychic to see her, either in the normal or in the trance state. Indeed, she could not have seen her had she, the psychic, been in her normal state, as I kept the subject behind her, and had the subject leave the room before the trance was over. At this time the girl was perfectly normal, as healthy a piece of humanity as anyone could expect. The following was the result recorded in automatic writing by the psychic, and it summarizes a volume of data of more interest than any epitome can give:

I asked no questions, and made no suggestions for information. I allowed the controls to take their own course. The first communicator was the girl's mother, who had died about eight years before. She called her daughter by her

pet name, and the name which represented the last words of the dying parent. She soon showed knowledge of the girl's malady and improvement, and then went on to prove her identity by many little incidents in their common lives, in fact, pouring out these incidents until the foster-father was astonished at their abundance and pertinence. I knew nothing of them, and the foster-father was living three thousand miles from the place where the sittings were being held.

After this had been done, a remarkable incident occurred. Dr. Richard Hodgson, who had died in 1905 and who since then had ostensibly been a frequent communicator through this psychic, purported to communicate, and compared the case with that of Sally Beauchamp, with which he said he had experimented. This was true, and he also named Dr. Morton Prince as the person who had had charge of it. Though the psychic had read Dr. Morton Prince's book on that case, she had not even seen the present subject, and had not heard a word about her. I had brought this case to the psychic because I knew its affinities with that of Sally Beauchamp. But the most important incident, as the sequel proved, was the allusion to a child about the girl with whom we should have to reckon. I was told that one of the controls of the psychic had discovered the child, and presently I was further told that this child was an Indian. There had not been any indication in the life and phenomena of Doris that such a personality was connected with her. But evidence of it came plentifully enough later.

Then, following this episode, came one of the girl's guides. After Margaret and Sick Doris had been eliminated, the girl began to develop automatic writing, and this was alluded to through the present psychic, and the person said to be responsible for the development of Doris as an automatist was a French lady. Through the psychic some French was used, and a number of incidents given which had been given through the planchette by Doris. This confirmed the process that had been employed to correct the conditions prevailing in the girl. It was a substitution of better for worse controls.

Following the revelation of the little Indian, who was called Minnehaha or Laughing Water, came an illusion to the trouble with the girl as a case of spirit obsession. This was exactly what I had suspected when arranging for my experiments. But I was told that Minnehaha was not the personality responsible for it. She was very cautious about telling me incidents to prove her identity, because she was afraid of inculcating herself and of being exorcised. As soon as I had calmed her fears, allusion was made to another personality. At first I had suspected that Minnehaha was Margaret. The incidents told justified this inference. But it soon developed that it was wrong. Minnehaha insisted that she was not a "devil," and threw the responsibility on someone else.

In the meantime I was curious to test the claims of Sleeping Margaret. She insisted on being regarded as a spirit. But not a trace of her came in the communications of the first series of sittings. I then left the subject, Doris, in New York, and held some sittings on her behalf in Boston, during her absence. In my experiments with Sleeping Margaret in New York, she excused her failure to communicate in Boston by saying she had to give way to others present, and pleaded in defense of her failure to come when Doris was not present at the sittings, that she could not leave Doris, of whom she claimed to be the chief "guard" or guide. But she promised to try to communicate, if I took Doris back to Boston. I did so for further sittings, but not a trace of Sleeping Margaret came. No impersonation of her was even attempted.

I, therefore, tried another device. Remembering that it was one of the controls of the psychic that was said to have discovered Minnehaha, I made arrangements to have a sitting for this special control. I had to conceal both my object and the sitter from my psychic, while I also had to arrange to have Sleeping Margaret "out": that is, manifesting. This could only be during the sleep of Doris, the subject. Consequently I arranged with the normal psychic to give a sitting at the house of a friend of mine in the evening. I

purposely left the impression, by telling the name of the family, that it might be for some one in the house. In the meantime, I had arranged with my friend to keep Doris all night. I first saw that Doris was sent to bed at 9 o'clock. After this I went to meet the psychic, and brought her to the house, where I left her in the room below until I had seen that Doris was asleep and covered her up so that she could not even be seen. No part of her body or face was visible. I then brought the psychic into the room, and soon after the trance came on she saw the same little Indian that had been seen about Doris in the regular sittings, and tried to give her name. She got it correctly in symbols, but not the exact name as I have given it. She saw *water* and *laughing*, but did not connect them as a name. She went on, mentioning a large number of incidents that had been mentioned in the deeper trance at the regular sittings, and finally, when I asked her to talk to the sleeping girl, she did so, and I then asked her to tell me with whom she was talking. She said, and adhered to the assertion, that it was "The spirit of the girl herself, half out and half in, and that, if she would only go out farther she could communicate with 'spirits'."

Assuming this to be correct, it meant that the girl's development as a medium was not yet adequate, and the situation explained readily enough why I had not heard from Sleeping Margaret. The next day at the regular sittings the matter was taken up, and in the course of several sittings I was told that there were two Margarets in the case, and one of them was said to be the Margaret that appeared in sleep, and that she was not a discarnate spirit, but the "spirit of the girl herself." Here again we had the explanation of her failure to communicate as a discarnate reality. Later I made an inquiry to know why Sleeping Margaret claimed to be a spirit; and Edmund Gurney, of whom I made the inquiry, and who had died in 1888 in England his existence and death being wholly unknown to the psychic, purporting to communicate, replied that, just as many spirits suffered from the illusion that they were still living and in contact with the physical world, so Sleeping Margaret, the

subconscious of Doris, had a similar illusion about being a spirit, because she was not in a deep enough trance to realize the real situation. This view exactly confirmed the theory that other cases had suggested to me, and was consistent with the general attitude taken about Sleeping Margaret. Moreover, we must remember that Sleeping Margaret had never claimed to have existed before, and Doris had such negative ideas of what a spirit was, that she had not thought she saw a spirit when she had an apparition of her mother after the latter's death. She thought it was her Prince, Doris's foster-father.

With the nature of Sleeping Margaret cleared up, the next task was to decide the status of Margaret. That had already been hinted at, in saying that she was a discarnate spirit. The controls with Minnehaha then appeared too, brought Margaret, and make her confess to having influenced Doris in the Margaret state to do many of the things which would have made people of common sense, who did not reckon with the real cause, blame her for all sorts of lying and stealing. Margaret confessed that she had done so, and stated some of the things she had made the girl do. The facts were verified by the testimony of Dr. Walter Prince, Doris's foster-father.

As soon as this result was effected, the controls seized the occasion for extending the meaning of the conclusion which would be drawn from the proof that Margaret was a spirit and an obsessing agent in the life of the girl. They were not content with proving that a spirit was at the bottom of the Margaret personality, but took up the task of showing that she was but a mere tool of a group that was more important than she was, and that the case was (1) an instance in which an organized band of evil influences was trying to determine the girl's life for evil, and (2) that the conditions manifested in this instance were only an illustration of what was going on in thousands of cases which were treated as insane, but were perfectly curable, if the medical world would but open its mind to the situation.

Very early in the work of revealing what was going

on around the girl, the controls, who professed to be the Emperor group that had directed the labors of Dr. Hodgson when living, indicated that there was an important historical personality at the head of the organization which had been guilty of influencing the girl for evil. They enticed him into the witness box, apparently to make him unconsciously give himself away, and I undertook to play the game as tactfully and shrewdly as I could. I managed as soon as possible to elicit the name, much against the will of the rascal, and it came out Count Cagliostro, the celebrated adventurer of the 18th century connected with the French court and Revolution in the Diamond Necklace affair. When he found himself trapped, he was rather angry, but, after trying to commit violence on the medium by twisting her to pieces, was cajoled by the controls into further communications. He was finally persuaded to give up the life he was leading, and to abandon the organization of which he was the head. One after another of these disordered spirits was brought to the bar for confession, and shown their evil ways. Some were willing and desirous of escaping the hell they were in, but a few were very obstinate. They yielded, however, in most cases after much effort and pressure. The removal of Count Cagliostro made them leaderless, and they were utterly unable to carry out their plans without his help. He was finally induced to go into a monastery or "hospital" in charge of Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had lived in the 11th Century!

Much to my surprise, I learned that the psychic had never heard of Count Cagliostro or the Diamond Necklace affair, and this was plausible enough when I further learned that she had never read anything about the French Revolution, except in Carlyle, and this only in deference to the tastes of a friend. In this work, Carlyle does not say anything about the Diamond Necklace affair, save merely to refer to it, giving Cagliostro's name. He had discussed it in his essays, but she never saw them. Besides, I obtained Cagliostro's real name, Joseph Balsamo, even to the pronunciation of it, which was not given in any authority but an old Webster, and

various episodes in his life, especially the name of his brother-in-law, which was obtainable only in a French work which was hard to secure, the psychic, moreover, not being able to read French.

Throughout all this revelation of the agencies at work, the controls displayed their higher objects in such work, and outlined the method of treating such cases, which was to thwart the purposes of the evil "spirits" in any special instance, to extort confession of their deeds, and then to remove them from contact with the living victim. They asserted the doctrine of obsession with all emphasis, and endeavored to give the facts which proved it. In the case of Margaret and Minnehaha they proved it beyond question: for the personal identity of these two agents was proved by their knowledge of the necessary incidents in the life of the girl. Later I also got a reference to Sick Doris, but not as a single personality. It was stated that many spirits had influenced her in that state, and reference was made to the embroidery which had characterized the girl's work as that personality. But evidence for the reality of Margaret and Minnehaha being overwhelming, the probabilities are that the controls were correct in their statements about Count Cagliostro, which were back up by good evidence of his personal identity, not known by the psychic. The other obsessing personalities could not prove their identity. But this made no difference, as the avowed purpose of the controls was to show the wide extent of the obsession, and to remove the leaders of it.

Having effected this object, they took up the development of the girl, who had returned to California, and endeavored to establish cross-references with my work in Boston. Minnehaha was put at the task of telling what was going on out there, in the life of the girl, while the controls endeavored to indicate who was doing the work on development. Minnehaha succeeded in giving a large number of detailed incidents in the normal life of Doris, and also gave the full name of Dr. Prince and the former name of Doris, which was a very unusual name—one that I had never heard

before, even pronouncing it as the girl and her relatives had done, though this was not as it was spelled. Hundreds of such facts were told, but there is no space here even to summarize the simplest of them.

Here is a case of dissociation caused by a parent's brutal act that results in a form of multiple personality which the physicians regard as incurable and certain to terminate in the insane asylum and death. It was variously diagnosed as paranoia and dementia precox, but under the patience and care of a clergyman was cured, and the girl made a perfectly healthy person, capable of carrying on a large poultry business, and serving as vice-president of a poultry association in the county where she lived, presiding over its meetings with intelligence and coolness. Then when she was cured, experiments with a psychic appear to show that it was a case of spirit obsession, with the identity of the parties affecting her proved. Mediumship begins its development as a means of preventing the recurrence of the evil obsession. This mediumship proceeds along with a normal and healthy life.

I have asserted that the explanation of the case is obsession, spirit or demoniac obsession, as it was called in the New Testament. *Before accepting such a doctrine, I fought against it for ten years after I was convinced that survival after death was proved.* But the several cases referred to above forced upon me the consideration of the question, and the present instance only confirms overwhelmingly the hypothesis suggested by other experiences.

What is obsession? It is the supernormal influence of a foreign consciousness on the mind and organism of a sensitive person. It may be good or bad, though we are not accustomed to think and speak of it as being good. But the process is the same in both types, though we may prefer to reserve the term for the abnormal cases. Any man, however, who believes in telepathy or mind-reading, cannot escape the *possibility* of obsession. Accepting such a phenomenon, he assumes the influence of an external consciousness on another mind. Hence, if you once grant the existence of discarnate spirits, the same process, namely,



telepathy from discarnate minds, might exercise and have an influence, either sensory or motor, on the minds of the living, provided they are psychically receptive to such influences. It is only a question of evidence for the fact. I regard the existence of discarnate spirits as scientifically proved, and I no longer defer to the sceptic as having any right to speak on the subject. Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward. I give him short shrift, and do not propose any longer to argue with him on the supposition that he knows anything about the subject. Consequently, I am in a situation to investigate and weigh facts that suggest obsession.

What the doctrine involves is a reinterpretation of secondary and multiple personality. It does not set the doctrine aside, as most critics will be disposed to think. Obsession is simply superposed upon secondary personality or dissociation, or interfused with it, but it is not necessarily substituted for it. Secondary personality is the medium or instrument for its expression, and will color or modify the influences acting on it. It should be noticed that this very view of it is admitted or asserted by the controls in the case under consideration. They do not deny the existence of secondary personality, where we might naturally suppose that the prejudices of the psychic were inclined to apply foreign influences to the explanation of everything. Foreign influences will follow the lines of least resistance, and, where they may overcome the subconscious altogether, they will dominate the ideas and impulses of the subject. They may never be transmitted intact, unless at odd moments, but may usually be nothing more than instigative, like a match setting off an explosion. The match is not the cause of the effect, but is the occasional cause for releasing the pent-up energy of the subject exploding. You may stimulate a man's mind by alcohol or other stimulant, but we do not think of referring the action of the mind affected to the transmissive power of the alcohol. Utter a sentence to a man, and it may recall many associations which are not transmitted to his mind by

the sound, or by the ideas of the man who utters the sentence. A man dreamed of walking in his bare feet on the ice of the north pole, to awaken and find that his feet were not under the bedclothes in a cold night. There was no correlation between the stimulus and the sensation in respect of kind, which was the sensible effect of interpretation and imagination, not of tactual reaction to the real cause. The same law may act in spiritistic stimulus. It may only incite action of the mind affected, as in a dream, and not transmit to it the exact thought or impulse in the mind of the foreign agent. In some cases, of course, we find the ideas and impulses transmitted more or less intact, and in such cases we may find the evidence for the obsession in the personal identity of the agent. But in cases of dissociation which distinctly represent subconscious factors, the only evidence for the obsession can come by the method of cross-reference. Such is the case before us. There was no evidence whatever for foreign invasion in the girl's experiences, cross-reference yielded this evidence in abundance.

*The chief interest in such cases is their revolutionary effect in the field of medicine. The present case shows clearly what should have been done with Sally Beauchamp, and, in fact, plays havoc with the usual interpretations of that case, without setting aside the secondary or multiple personality there. It is probable that thousands of cases diagnosed as paranoia would yield to this sort of investigation and treatment. It is high time for the medical world to wake up and learn something. It is so saturated with dogmatic materialism that it will require some medical Luther or Kant to arouse it. This everlasting talk about secondary personality, which is very useful for hiding one's ignorance or merely describing the facts, should no longer prevent investigation. It is very easy to find out what is the matter if you will only accept the method which has thrown so much light upon such cases. Nor will the method stop with dissociation. It will extend to many functional troubles which now baffle the physician. There is too much silly fear of the "super-natural," and reverence for the "natural" which has quite*

*as much lost its significance as has the "supernatural."* Spirits, as we may, at least for convenience, call certain aggregations of phenomena, are no more mysterious things than is consciousness and, one could add, no more mysterious than atoms or electrons. Perhaps they are less so. They are certainly as legitimate objects of interest as drugs and pills or similar means of experiment.

# BOUCK WHITE—INTERPRETER OF CHRIST

MARY ALLAN STUART

**A**FTER the Ludlow Massacre, Reverend Bouck White, preacher of the Church of the Social Revolution, wrote to Doctor Woelfkin, then pastor of the joint congregations of the Fifth Avenue and of the Calvary Baptist churches, suggesting a meeting of Doctor Woelfkin's congregations and his own to consider the topic: "Does Jesus Teach the Immorality of Being Rich?" Doctor Woelfkin's congregation was notably wealthy—one member being the owner of the Ludlow mines; while Mr. White's congregation was made up of the class known as "workers." As both congregations were professedly Christian the discussion promised to be interesting. Mr. White stated that he would visit the church the following Sunday to extend his invitation.

Receiving no reply to his letter, on Sunday morning at the time for the weekly notices, he arose and said: "As pastor of a neighboring church I am here——"

Then the detectives seized him. About fifty plain clothes men and police had been assembled to "safeguard" the congregation from this man who wished to place before them the naked truth.

Some members of Mr. White's church also had attended the service. When the police attacked their pastor, they arose to their feet. They, too, were beaten with clubs and dragged to prison. Some people in the congregation tried to protest; they, likewise, were taken away by force. A young artist, who had arisen to leave the church, was seized by an officer, who used his club so vigorously that the young man had to lean for support against a stone pillar in front of the church while awaiting the van that was to convey these people to prison. As he stood there, swaying, his clothes torn, his face covered with blood, spitting his broken teeth from his mouth, a passerby, seeing him, and the motto of the church, "We

Preach Christ Crucified," cut into the stone directly above him, cried: "Yes, and you crucify him too!"

In a New York police court, in a trial of less than twenty minutes, the magistrate sentenced Mr. White to the extreme penalty, six months hard labor in prison. His finger prints were taken and he was sent to Blackwell's Island. In pronouncing sentence, the magistrate declared him a "dangerous man." Therein lies the crux of the whole matter. How is this man dangerous and why was this church consumed with terror at the thought of him? What had he done but speak the truth?

There are people so unused to thinking their own thoughts that they cannot carry on a casual conversation without first consulting the editorial opinion of their daily paper. The attitude of the general public toward Bouck White shows how many such people there are. How many people in New York or elsewhere know for what this man stands? Doctor Fagnani of Union Theological Seminary says: "The marvel is that the race progresses at all, for whenever a man is big enough to raise his shoulders above the crowd, the rest of us immediately seize clubs to knock off his head, or, failing that, do our best to drag him down to our own level." Such is the case of Bouck White.

A minister in the role of criminal made a picturesque figure for a newspaper story; by making him appear a desperate character, the injustice of his sentence passed unnoticed by the people who take their opinions ready-made. Also this did not stir the wrath of the court officials, but, rather, tickled their vanity. Courts are a fertile source of news. Bouck White once labeled "dangerous" is good copy if the tone of the theme is unchanged.

Accordingly, we declare Bouck White is *a dangerous man*. How do we know? Some one said so once upon a time. The papers printed it, and the thought is so firmly settled in our minds that we haven't yet done sufficient original thinking to dislodge it. What has he done? *He stirred up the people*. Those words have a familiar sound. Somewhere, long ago, we read of a man who "stirred up

the people" and he, like Bouck White, received his merited reward. He was crucified and they will crucify Bouck White, too, if they can.

His message was as unpopular then as the message of Bouck White is now. Both messages are the same—"Awake!" *We need not turn to blood-drenched Europe for an arraignment of the civilization of the pseudo-Christianity that is ours today.*

Our present industrial system is most unscientific and atrocious. Truth, honor, justice, and love are thrown overboard without compunction in our mad rush for dollars. We see these things. We know they exist but, if they do not interfere with our personal well-being, they do not impress us. We are too busy with our own affairs; the pressure is too great to stop for those who fall. *These and worse things are true. We know it. What are we going to do about it?* We say we live in a Christian country. Do we? Do you who believe in Jesus Christ think He would approve of such conditions? If you do, you know Him not.

For three centuries after the death of Jesus His followers lived according to their Master's teachings. The result was that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity prevailed among them. They became the most prosperous and spiritually enlightened of all peoples and the world was being won to their way of living. But the Roman Empire, founded on slavery, militarism, and the private ownership of the world by the privileged few, knew the progress of Christianity meant her end. Her horrible atrocities and her efforts to crush Christianity availed not. But Constantine, the politic, seeing Christianity could not be crushed, adopted it and made of it a popular ecclesiastical institution instead of a universal brotherhood wherein the interests of all were the interests of each, and early in the fourth century were eliminated the fundamentals of its fellowship. *Since that fatal day, the world at large has not known the real Jesus.*

The churches, sharing the profits of injustice, have become blind. We have had centuries of poverty and oppression; hate and greed; crime and carnage. We deny

the justice of brotherhood on earth while upholding it as an ideal for a heaven after death. Yet, if we believe in God, we know He must love the man we despise equally with us, or He is not God.

We pray "Thy kingdom come on earth." Do we want it to come? Jesus' plan for the kingdom of God on earth—the proper conducting of human affairs—is the most practical, the most feasible ever put forth. He is the greatest social economist in history. The churches, concerned with their creeds, their dogmas, enlarging upon their differentiations rather than their common humanity, teach and preach ethics, philosophy, sociology, morality—anything save the teaching of Jesus. Isn't it pitiful that after two thousand years it is still necessary to indoctrinate the church with the religion of Jesus Christ? Here and there a few valiant souls brave charges of heresy and worse for the truth they must tell to the world, but they are pathetically few. If preachers would retain their pulpits and the emoluments that go therewith, they can preach no such revolutionary doctrine as that of Jesus. It is too unsettling and people of comfortable horizons do not want to be disturbed.

Bouck White has written a book that took Jesus from a niche in the wall and set him in the street. This is genius and of a high order. *Jesus Christ, an ecclesiastical dignitary living in the clouds, is of no practical use to the world today. Jesus, the Carpenter, the man who worked with his hands for his daily bread; Jesus whose proclamation of the gospel of self-respect cost him his life, is a living, breathing reality. His protest against injustice is as true today as it was in the days of Tiberius and Herod.*

Our problems are the same that Jesus had to face in his life-time. Bouck White shows us *the man* who is more than a God. He carries us from his birth through his childhood into manhood. He shows us how his environment bred into his life the indomitable purpose that shaped his career. His years as a toiler, oppressed like others of his class, formulated in his mind a sense of injustice that later caused his revolt against the oppressors of his time. He is a figure such as

we might see in the world about us. He is not a mystic something to be propitiated by long prayers and castigations, candles and sweet odors, gorgeous trappings and munificent donations. He was and is a human being, even as we; a gallant, glorious, self-sacrificing idealist.

A saint on a cornice; a God in the clouds—what service, what use are they to humanity? They are too far away, beings of another sphere, there can be no common point where we touch and they do not interest us vitally. The Jesus of Churchly tradition is such as these. But the real Jesus, the workingman, Bouck White's in *The Call of the Carpenter* grips the soul of mankind. Here is a man who lived a life worth while; a man who knew whereof He spoke, and feared not to speak the truth He knew. Any leader of thought knows the difficulty of *awakening* the people, sodden in ignorance, stupidity, and fear; unused to thought, unused to concerted action, stupid from their over-burdening toil and their limited horizon. We see Him working with these people, pleading with them, inspiring them, setting them on fire—making them alive. "*The event to which the whole creation moves is that humanity might have life, and that it might have it more abundantly.*"

We see them arising from dull acquiescence to ennobling thought. Where they had only fear, He gave them hope—hope in themselves as men. We see Him as a real, human man. With Him we live His life, we suffer His sorrow, His privations. We know him as he is. The book is a masterpiece—the book of a century. We envy Europe its masters of music, art and science—great men whose work is epochal. Yet here is a work that rivals these; an interpretation of the great master-spirit of literature and life, achieved with consummate art and with inspired devotion.

The writer of this book has been face to face with the wrongs of the poor—as was Jesus, and like Him has set his face like a flint against evil-doers. This is surely a book that will help make history; it is more than a book—it is a philosophy of life. And its philosophy is compounded by the most human, the most divine man that ever lived—Jesus



Christ. To have written this book alone, it was infinitely worth while to have lived.

This man, who has been persecuted so persistently by the police and by *created* public opinion, is author of several other remarkable books. In his writings will be found evidence of a ripe degree of scholarship, a high appreciation of historic values, and an intense spiritual insight into the life and teachings of the Carpenter worker that is almost without a parallel in the field of modern literature.

In *The Book of Daniel Drew*, a study in psychology of the money mart, Bouck White gives us a fascinating story of the mental evasions and feats of ethical juggling of a man hopelessly caught in the system. Daniel Drew, the founder of modern Wall Street finance, made millions by his crookedness. With Gould, Fisk, and Tweed, he wrecked the Erie Railroad in the early seventies. Yet, throughout it all, he was a "professing Christian," a founder and supporter of churches and the founder of Drew Theological Seminary. He was utterly unable to see anything incongruous between his religion and his business life. That they should be associated, or even related, he could not believe. Justification was "by faith alone" and "pardoning mercy ratified the covenant." His prosperity was justified because he was a "faithful follower." When results seemed doubtful, he waxed "mournful and fasting, propitiating the Wrath," but of justice and equity he knew not at all. The author gives a true picture of the depths to which a man may sink and yet be a highly respected member of a so-called Christian church.

Such a book is a stronger brief for sincerity than a hundred sermons. It shows the utter inadequacy of Theological ecclesiasticism. We should be grateful to Bouck White for his keen exposure of that dual conscience that is at once the disgrace and death of religion.

His imaginative story, *The Mixing*, tells of the regeneration of a country village, civic and social. He pictures a lethargic village, literally fallen into decay. The parson, with divine common sense, urges the people to "get together." "To breed a co-operative spirit. that is what re-

ligion is for," he declared. Gradually, the people of the summer colony and the "natives" were welded into a thriving, wide-awake town, permeated with a true spirit of fellowship. Country towns today live no more closely to the spirit of Christ than people in the large cities. Not incapacity, but indifference, is our curse. We need to be inspired, awakened—we need a Prometheus to bring divine fire, for the real purpose of life is to *live*.

Bouck White is a native of New York State, a graduate of Harvard and of Union Theological Seminary. He has been pastor of churches in remote towns and in large cities, and has been unusually successful in each field of work. His ministerial work in the Holy Trinity Church of Brooklyn gave him an intimate knowledge of the conditions of the poor as contrasted with that of the rich in New York. Here he wrote "The Book of Daniel Drew," and shortly after, "The Call of the Carpenter." His vestry became alarmed by his repeated attacks on the money-mad and his resignation followed. Removing to Manhattan he published *The Carpenter and the Rich Man*, a companion book to "The Call of the Carpenter."

As the latter book is a biography of Jesus as a workman this is a study of his teachings from the economic point of view. The key-note of the book is the immorality of being rich when other people are poor. This is the kernel of Christ's philosophy of life. The author bases it largely on the message of Jesus as found in the parables.

Shortly after this, he founded the Church of the Social Revolution. The first public meeting was held in Berkeley Theater, Easter Sunday, April 5, 1914. The congregation grew and interest deepened. Then came the visit to Calvary Church and Bouck White's imprisonment. A few members resigned, from fears of various kinds, but more joined. On the pastor's release the two hundred had become five hundred. The church stands for Industrial Democracy International. They have regular Sunday and mid-week services. They make much of their music, using hymns written by their pastor. Last spring a church house was opened. This

is now called "The House of Internationalists." There most of their meetings are held.

To start this church, Bouck White gave all he had saved and all he had earned from royalties on his books, and still continues to do so. Recently, when he was released from prison, he had only thirteen dollars with which to pay the fine of one hundred dollars imposed by the judge. If some interested friends had not come to his rescue, he would have been compelled to work out his fine behind the bars. Moreover, since his release from prison, November 12, 1914, more than two years ago, he has had from the church treasury for his own personal expenses the sum of sixteen dollars!

A man of his ability does not have to work for so small a pecuniary reward. We know he must receive some commensurate pay—what is it? His books give the key to his character; we know for what he is working. He collects his dividends every morning in knowing that no man's collar is around his neck.

Years after Bouck White is dead, "The Call of the Carpenter" will be hailed as one of the greatest books ever written. The author still lives; he might write other such books if we will let him. If we do not, the loss will be our own.

Says Spencer: "There is a principle which is a bar against all information and which will keep a man in everlasting ignorance; that principle is contempt prior to investigation."

The police and the magistrates, anxious to curry favor with the men higher up, who in turn must pander to the financial "powers-that-be," are by reasons of their self-interest, or their own stupidity, bitterly against him. Yet, individually, the police love him; they admire his courage, his gentleness, his consideration.

It would seem that the Socialists, at least, ought to welcome him into their midst. However much they might differ from him in detail, the ethics of Christianity and Socialism are absolutely identical. It matters not how much the Socialists may revere Karl Marx and his economic gospel, the pre-

cepts of their faith come from none other than the Carpenter of Galilee. But they, too, excoriate him and for practically the same reason. He insists on mixing religion with socialism. So they write long articles for their press endeavoring to prove how disastrous to the party would be the injection of religion.

At present Bouck White is engaged in writing a new book. Because of this, the work of his church is nominally at a standstill. This work is kept alive only by the personality of its leader and his departure therefrom undoubtedly would cause its speedy disintegration. As in every forward movement a few, fine souls have gathered about him, but these people accept no responsibility; their value lies chiefly in their moral support. The church has no assured financial backing, and no leaders; only the pastor. He assumes all burdens, plans all the work and executes most of it, from leading the prayer-meetings to painting the floors. While the dissolution of any movement for good is to be regretted, nevertheless, the extinction of this church entirely would be preferable to its absorption of Bouck White with its numerous petty details, its narrow circle of interests—to the nullification of the fine creative instinct, evidenced in his literary work. The man and his message are of far more value at this crisis in the world's history than the temporary success of the movement, however gratifying that might be to the individuals comprising it. Bouck White is narrowing his own activities and limiting his own usefulness to the world at large by dragging after him a galaxy of souls, however brave and courageous they may be while infused with his own spirit. Standing alone, he can conserve his strength and his inspiration for his true message; working in a group of lesser souls, with more limited horizons, must of necessity cripple his powers and confine his vision to the needs of the few, instead of the cry of the many, steeped in oppression and self-blindness.

This is the man we call dangerous; the man we fear, the man who has interpreted the Carpenter of Nazareth to us as no one did before—in terms of every-day life. We call

him "the Master"; we are proud to bear his name,—then why are we so anxious to discredit this man who has given his life and dedicated his intellect to the interpretation of his message?

*For sixteen centuries we have been professing Christianity, while we did those things that its founder abhorred. Isn't that long enough?* Some of us are too stupid, too ignorant, or too indifferent to recognize the beauty of the message Bouck White brings. Others are willing to-day to crucify Jesus afresh, if it will serve their own ends. But let them cease crying "Lord, Lord!" while they are doing it.

We have called Jesus' way "impractical," when we meant too difficult for self-seekers to attempt; so we resent the courage of this man who tells us to our face what we are and proves his words. We want him done away with, as they did away with his predecessor, that we may resume our bourgeois schemes of self-aggrandizement, undisturbed. For the man is undeniably disturbing. He makes us *think*.

Consider our chosen recreations. When our necessary toil is done, do we seek mental stimulus in the hundreds of ways open to us in a city like this? The growing craze for dancing and *cabarets* is our answer. What have we in the theaters? Strange to say, we have here a few men who believe in the living Christ, and who give glimpses of Him in the theme of their plays. These dramas are welcomed by a few, but seldom are largely attended—*more of the real Christ is preached in the theater than in our magnificent churches to-day*.

But these plays are provocative of thought, and thought is unsettling. We want to be comfortable. The "tired business man" (and his wife and daughters to their thirty-second cousins) *wants to be amused to prevent thought*, so the key-note of it all is artificial excitement. It needs no argument to prove this as unhealthy and abnormal a mental diet as a continued over-dose of alcohol is to the physical system. But we are asleep and content. We fear the future. Therefore let us shut our eyes and let

the future take care of itself. Consequently with this man who cries "Awake!" we will have as little to do as we can.

What is our literature? What are our best-sellers? Books that people with ideals would be ashamed to have written. Artificial, flimsily constructed tales of impossible men and women. Creatures of perfection in form and feature, and absolutely vacuous mentality. These, interspersed with insinuatingly suggestive sex-stories written by mental degenerates or plain money-grubbers, with miserable little pellets of souls, form our chief diet.

*Our literature of to-day has about exhausted all that is common and vulgar. For atmosphere, we select the sordid, the vicious, and the people we create to live therein are suited, in every way, to their environment. The paint on the faces of the women has sunken in and replaced the usual life-blood. The men are weak, spineless, flabby creatures, whose sole reason for existence is to fight some hereditary taint of alcohol or unnecessary disease, or to pursue and capture one of these bloodless females. Then, imbecile marries idiot and expects consummate bliss.*

A few clean souls have stood forth in defense of their ideals of literature, but the majority have wallowed delightedly in their sickening slime—prating rapturously of the abnormal, the disgusting, the filthy. It is an orgy of stupidity, a riot of banality, an apotheosis of the deadly dull; and mediocrity, abominated of God and man, is the result.

In the previous literary generation our books, when not classed as "literature," came under either one of two headings—the "goody-goody" or the "dirty-nasty." Now they partake mainly of the namby-pamby, milky-watery, characterless sentimentality of the first, while being thoroughly impregnated with the vileness of the latter.

The writing of vice and sex in the abnormal has become almost a cult. Its devotees gloat over the discovery of a new disease, or a more-revolting brutality. Having a measure of technique, they present a story, hideous in its insidious viciousness and appalling in its bold suggestiveness. This, they aver, is "real life" and fine literature artistically

conceived. *If this is life as known to these authors, it is a pity some of the police—so busy in other ways—do not realize it and take appropriate action.*

Schopenhauer declared that the ruin of literature came about when men found that they could make money by books. This cult of the unclean, the perverted, savors too strongly of knowledge of the profit system to be merely the inherent bestiality in the minds of these writers. This straining for realism, this effort for modishness, this desire to be considered sophisticated is due chiefly to a knowledge of advertising values.

The prophets of unrighteousness are abroad and we fill our minds with their prurient husks, as the geese of Strassburg are stuffed; with a similar unnatural result. We cannot live a normal, moral life, if we feed on such themes as these, and there is no hope of a change for the better as long as men and books are judged solely by the standard of material prosperity.

In the political world our recent election campaign was a riot of unadulterated materialism. *Money! Profit! Trade!* In both of the old parties the plea of preference was based on selfishness and greed. With men of religious convictions as candidates no appeal was made to those convictions and ideals which mark the human race as fundamentally religious. No indication was given of a purpose to conduct the affairs of the nation on a basis of righteousness independent of material considerations. Nothing that would abolish poverty, or put a stop to injustice was even suggested; nothing that would minister to the higher and greater needs of humanity. Even the political Socialists, to whom we might have looked for lofty ideals, were unable to get away from the crass materialism that dominated all.

*This is the same spirit that produced the European War and which, unchecked, bids fair to destroy civilization.* The decadence of its ideals is the greatest disaster that can come upon any people. "Ill fares the land . . . where wealth accumulates and men decay." While we sit quiescent of things as they are, we too, are oppressors, thieves and mur-

derers. To endure oppression is to be a clod; to permit injustice is to be equally culpable with the wrongdoer. To forsake the greed-spirit, to live as Jesus did, a life of service—not safety, would be to abolish wars, poverty and injustice almost over night.

We thrive, we blossom upon appreciation. We shrink and shrivel, we retire into our shells upon adverse criticism. Bouck White is human; is even more sensitive to influences than most of us. If the zeal of those who hate him because they fear him were turned toward an open minded study of his ideal of Human Brotherhood, it would relieve the world of much prejudice, fear and hate. Bouck White has given his life to the interpretation of the message of Jesus, not the dead, but the deathless Jesus—the stolen Jesus that Bouck White's writings restore, so He can never be stolen again.

At the close of the War, Christendom will be in a state favorable for reshaping into something different, something higher. It is a time of opportunity—of responsibility. Constructive thought is imperative; competent guides are needed. One such has been suggested—Jesus, the Carpenter, the truest statesman in history. His plan was not concerned with rewards and punishments, but with the unfolding of life, the joy of life—the Kingdom of God on earth.

## RUIN

MARSHAL SOUTH

**L**OOK ye beyond; look ye beyond the veil  
 Of chattering mitrailleuse and splintering shell;  
 Beyond the blue, metallic, gun-fire haze,  
 That clouds the changing scenes of Europe's hell;  
 Beyond, aye, far beyond these sodden fields,  
 Where gun teams strain and flounder in the mire;  
 Beyond the trenches and the blackened stones  
 Of cities overwhelmed by blood and fire;  
 Beyond the rifle pits and shattered guns;  
 Beyond the long, low mounds that hide the dead;  
 Beyond the rolling smoke of pillaged towns;  
 Beyond the wheeling war-craft overhead,



Beyond all these, and like the shades that rise,  
 Grim and foreboding, at the close of day,  
 Beyond the flame-shot clouds of Europe's war,  
 A shadow looms—*more sinister than they.*

The ghastly Shade of RUIN, cowed and grim;  
 Wrapped in the gloom of ages past and fled;  
 Cloaked in the mantle of the centuries,  
 Woven from crumbled Thrones and Empires dead;  
 The last, great, grimmest "Conqueror" of all,  
 Whose stern commands the gods themselves obey;  
 Marshal of Destiny, before whose feet  
 Empires give place and Races yield their sway.

RED RUIN . . . when the last hot gun has boomed;  
 When the last tattered battle-flag is furled;  
 When silently the shattered legions fade  
 From out the wreckage of the Western World;  
 When the last page and chapter has been writ  
 Of that pathetic tragedy of Fate;  
 When the last bayonet drops and bugle wails . . .  
*There stands the Conqueror, RUIN—seen too late!*

There stands the Conqueror. And in his wake,  
 Roused from their slumber in the centuries' haze,  
 Come other Races, speaking other tongues;  
 Their arms a-glitter in the dawning rays;  
 With hands outstretched to clutch the reins of Power  
 From failing fingers *that were self destroyed—*  
 Strange, alien Peoples that shall build their huts  
 From stones of Palaces that Kings enjoyed.

For such is Fate. The swerveless cycle swings.  
 The Dawn, the Sunrise, and the Noon of Power;  
 The light of Learning and the jewels of Art,  
 Enduring for their brief and brilliant hour;  
 And then the Evening shadows and the Storm;  
 Darkness and Death descending like a pall . . .  
 Across the sands of Time the Empires go  
*And the grim "Conqueror"—RUIN—whelms them all.*

# IN THE DAYS OF CHESTERFIELD

JOHN CAMDEN DEAN

**L**ORD CHESTERFIELD enjoyed the close friendship of the greatest men of his time, and was so successful in the art of pleasing that Dr. Johnson said: "Mankind was overpowered by the enchantment of his address, and the world contended for his regard." "Call it vanity if you will," said Chesterfield; "and possibly it is so, but my object was to make every man I met like me, and every woman love me." Walpole, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Fox and Granville were his contemporaries and political associates. He delighted in corresponding with Montesquieu and Voltaire, and was the friend and associate of Addison, Pope, Swift and Gray. He attained all the political honors to which he aspired, and finally retired by his own choice.

Both Chesterfield and Walpole began their famous letters about the year 1740. Although none of these letters were intended for the public eye, the present literary reputation of both gentlemen rests on their epistolary compositions. Chesterfield's letters furnish the best model of familiar letter writing in our language. They are neither poetic nor imaginative, but are brilliantly witty, perfect in tact, and present the wide knowledge and experience of a cultured cosmopolitan. They are not lectures on morality. Had they been, it is probable that they never would have been published. Their polish is Ciceronian, and they introduce a new literary grace into the composition of English social letters. It was an age of witty talkers and writers. Sheridan's comedies have preserved to us some of the talk of this brilliant company of wits. His plays not only reflect the keen humor and sparkling conversation of the Georgian period, but also present to us the elegant manners, fine dressing, wax candles and rich furnishing of the time.

Chesterfield was born at London in 1694. His mother died when he was an infant and his father paid no attention to his education. Fortunately for little Stanhope, he was

placed under the care of his grandmother, Lady Halifax, who proved to be an excellent godmother. The days spent with Lady Halifax at the Savile Seat in Northamptonshire, an old abbey buried deep in the woods, gave the boy an opportunity to learn much of his illustrious grandfather, who among the statesmen of his time stood first in genius. Lord Halifax had been the elegant gentleman, orator, wit and writer of worldly wisdom of his time, and these gifts were destined to reappear in his brilliant grandson. From an early age Chesterfield manifested an inborn desire to excel. He says: "I should have been ashamed if any boy of my age had learned his book better or played at any play better than I did."

Lord Galway, on observing that the boy had a taste for political life, combined with a strong desire for pleasure, advised him to become an early riser, because, in the important posts that rank and fortune would entitle him to fill, he would be called on by visitors at nearly every hour of the day, and unless he arose constantly at an early hour, he would never have any leisure for himself. Late in life, Chesterfield wrote to his son: "If by chance, your business or your pleasures should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have often gone to bed at six in the morning and risen notwithstanding at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and this want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for from twenty to forty I should certainly have read but very little, if I had not been up while my companions were in bed."

Chesterfield spent two years at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and was master of French before he entered the university. He says: "At nineteen I left the university, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best I quoted

Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid."

After leaving college, he made a tour of Holland, Italy and France. The youthful dissipations of this period he ascribes to his lack of a guide, and laments that his father was neither desirous nor able to advise him. If there had been anyone at hand to admonish him he could have avoided many follies and inconveniences which, undirected, youth runs into. In a letter to his son he says that he is "ashamed to confess that the vices of his youth proceeded more from a silly resolution of being, what he heard called, a man of pleasure, than from his own inclination." And then, "The same as to gaming. I did not want money and consequently had no occasion to play for it, but I thought play another ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it, sacrificed a thousand pleasures to it, and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty best years of my life. . . . Choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature and not fashion. Weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your common-sense determine your choice."

On the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George I, Chesterfield returned to England and entered the House of Commons, where he soon put to test his skill as a public speaker, for which he had long been preparing himself. His maiden speech was on the impeachment of James, Duke of Ormond, which was so well delivered that it at once established his reputation as a speaker. A friend called him aside and informed him that he was liable to a heavy fine for having spoken in the House, because he still lacked six weeks of being twenty-one years of age. He quietly withdrew and set out for Paris, glad to re-enter the society of that pivot of fashion, literature and art, where he was incidentally able to secure and transmit to his government important information respecting the Jacobite plot. On his return to England he resumed his seat in the House of Com-

mons, and frequently participated in the debates of that exciting period.

By the death of his father, in 1726, he became the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield and took his place in the House of Lords, where his eloquence and discriminating judgment and charming manners won for him the friendship of Sir Robert Walpole, and the position of Lord Steward of the King's Household. His style of speaking fitted him better for the House of Lords than the Commons, but he always regarded the latter as the true arena for a man of genius. His speeches prove him to have been a man of advanced thought and action. He succeeded in passing the bill for the reform of the calendar, by which the method of reckoning time was changed from the Julian to the Gregorian year. He was a defender of the liberty of the press and of the drama. One of his best speeches was on the Play House Bill. He stood for religious liberty at a time when such belief was intolerable. "I would," he said, "as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors. I should as soon expect every man to be of my height and temperament, as to wish that he would reason precisely as I do."

Chesterfield stands conspicuous as the friend of the American Colonies. Had he received proper parliamentary support, the disastrous contest with America would have been averted. He denounced the Stamp Act as a most pernicious measure and asked for its repeal. He said: "I now refer to the American Colonies, relative to the late Stamp duty, which our colonists refuse to pay. The opposition are for taking vigorous, as *they* call them, but *I* call them violent measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops that we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping, and I would not have the mother country become a step-mother." He was sensibly democratic in sentiment and always ridiculed genealogical pretensions. After a visit to Chesterfield House, Horace Walpole said, "I am now grieved to bear no descent, for my Lord Chesterfield has placed among the portraits of his ancestors,

two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope; the ridicule is admirable."

When William Pitt was made Earl of Chatham, Chesterfield thought he had fallen into a trap set for him by Lord Bute. Writing to a friend he said: "The joke here is that Pitt has had a fall up stairs and has done himself so much hurt that he will not be able to stand on his legs again. . . . He is now certainly only Earl of Chatham and no longer Mr. Pitt in any respect whatever. To withdraw in the fullness of his power and utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons, which procured for him power, and which alone could secure it to him, and go into that hospital of incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable that nothing but proof positive could have made one believe."

In 1732 Chesterfield opposed, and assisted in defeating, Sir Robert Walpole's famous Excise Bill, by which he offended the King and engendered the lasting enmity of Walpole. One day, as he was ascending the great staircase at St. James Palace, he was stopped and summoned home to receive a message, which proved to be an order from the King to surrender his white staff of Lord Steward. Walpole resolved to oppose the Earl at every opportunity, and not until his downfall, ten years later, did Chesterfield occupy any position of power under the King.

Chesterfield had a genius for observing and recording the characteristics of the great men whom he knew, and he has left us estimates of the characters of twenty public men of his time, written in succinct epigrammatical style, pointed in satire, but bearing internal evidence of their true lineaments. The following extract is from his character painting of Sir Robert Walpole.

"In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social, intelligent in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of, for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good, or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient

## FORUM

to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great things for glory. He was the best Parliament man that I ever knew, and ablest manager of Parliament, that I believe ever lived. An artful rather than an eloquent speaker, he saw by intuition the disposition of the House and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in finance, that whilst he was speaking the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was loved by many, but respected by none. He was not vindictive, but on the contrary placable to those who injured him most. His good-humor, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained for him the warmest affection of all within the circle."

Horace Walpole has been called the best letter writer in the English language, but probably the most celebrated collection of English letters is that written by Chesterfield to his son, though undoubtedly the most famous single private letter is the one written by Dr. Samuel Johnson to Chesterfield on his neglect to fulfill expectations as patron. Chesterfield had long lamented that there was no lawful standard of the English language such as had been prepared in other languages. The dictionaries they had were mere word books, with the good and bad jumbled in together, and he was delighted when he knew that Dr. Johnson would undertake the work of writing a comprehensive dictionary.

Dodsley had undertaken publication of the volume and Johnson wrote out the "Plan," which was addressed to Chesterfield and which closed as follows: "And I may hope, my Lord, since you, whose authority in our language is so generally acknowledged, have commissioned me to declare my own opinions, I shall be considered as exercising a kind of vicarious jurisdiction and that the power which might have been denied to my own claim will be readily allowed me as the delegate of your lordship."

The Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, was the greatest work of Johnson's life, and it was the pride of all Britons that such a stupendous

work could be achieved by one Englishman in so short a time, while it had taken the French Academy 40 years to compile theirs. At that time the pronunciation and spelling of common English words was entirely unsettled and during the preparation of the work Johnson had frequent occasions to consult eminent writers and speakers regarding the proper pronunciation of words.

Lord Chesterfield told him that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rime with *state*, but word was sent to him by Sir Wm. Young that none but an Irishman would pronounce it that way: *great* should be pronounced so as to rime with *seat*. "Now," said Johnson to Boswell, "here are two men of the highest rank, the one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely."

Before the publication of the Dictionary, Chesterfield wrote two articles for the *World* commending it in the highest terms and saying that at old Rome in time of confusion they appointed a Dictator, and he humorously proposed a Dictator of the English language; giving his vote for Johnson to fill the great and arduous post. He said, "I will not only obey him like an old Roman, as my Dictator, but like a modern Roman I will believe in him as my Pope, and hold him infallible while in the chair; but no longer."

Johnson took deep offense, when, on one of his visits to Chesterfield, he was detained in the anti-chamber an unusually long time because the Earl had company. When the door finally opened and Colly Cibber walked forth, and Johnson saw for whom he had been excluded, he went away in great rage, and would never return. He was also offended because Chesterfield had not furnished him pecuniary assistance at a time that he was in great need, but there is no evidence to show that Chesterfield was aware of his expectations.

The celebrated thunderbolt of Johnson was filled with keen satire and lofty contempt. Chesterfield showed his proud indifference by leaving the letter upon his table where anyone might read it. He even read it to Dodsley the bookseller, praising the great powers of Johnson, pointing out



the severest passages, and observing how well they were expressed. A copy of the letter furnished by Johnson to Boswell, was after Johnson's death, deposited in the British Museum. The following is an extract from the famous invective.

“Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron, what Providence has enabled me to do for myself.”

It should be remembered that Johnson, at this time, was but little known. He had published his *Life of Savage* and his *London*, but they had not made him famous. Chesterfield, however, was then Secretary of State and a busy man of affairs. He was fond of the drama and enjoyed the company of Cibber, who possessed wit, good sense, tact, and pleasing manners. Johnson disliked Cibber, and his reputation unduly suffered from Johnson's unjust depreciation of his work. Chesterfield had cultivated the graces until it was painful for him to be in the company of a man like Johnson, who constantly offended all the rules of polite society. Johnson appears to have had great delicacy with respect to the circulation of this letter. When the Bishop of Salisbury asked for permission to read it to Lord Hardwick, Johnson declined to comply with the request, saying that he had hurt Chesterfield too much already. Johnson at one time savagely condemned Chesterfield's letters to his son, but on another occasion said that with some editing they would make a book that should be placed in the hands of every young gentleman, at the same time observing that most men of education would rather be called rascals than to be accused of being deficient in the graces.

Chesterfield was twice made ambassador to Holland at times when international matters requiring great diplomacy were settled. Holland was then the ally of England and his position as ambassador required him to act in matters concerning the relations of England and France. He acquitted himself with such ability that on his return to England he was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In no part of his life did he win greater honor than in his Irish administration. His conduct of affairs in Ireland softened the King to him and he was invited to exchange the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland for the seals of Secretary of State, which he accepted, with Pelham as Minister at the head of the Treasury. He declined the Order of Bath, because he considered it too little. He declined a Dukedom, which the king offered him, as being too much; but accepted the Order of the Garter as an appropriate recognition of his services. Public estimates of his character often appear to have been unjustly based on what were merely a few incidents of his life, while the great events of his career have been neglected.

His correspondence, more than his essays or speeches, has given him enduring literary fame. He has been called the English Rochefoucauld, and yet his brilliant, wise maxims were never intended to be known to the outside world. His wisdom is reproachfully called *worldly*, but so was that of La Rochefoucauld and of Franklin. The letters his son had reached manhood, and are therefore the private letters of one man to another. The education of the son was mainly directed to preparing him for a diplomatic career, and the purpose was to impart that knowledge of the world which was so necessary for success as a diplomat. The son on whom Chesterfield had lavished such care and affection, at last deceived and disappointed him by secretly marrying a woman below his station. The first intimation that the Earl received of his death came from a lady who announced herself as his widow, with two children. Chesterfield treated her generously, and took charge of the education of the children, but after the death of Chesterfield the ungrateful widow, for pecuniary speculation, offered the letters for sale,

and succeeded in obtaining £1,500, from Dodsley, for them. An unsuccessful effort was made to restrain their publication by suit and injunction, but they were published in 1774, and their merit at once gave them such a large circulation that within twenty years they passed through eleven editions.

In 1748 Chesterfield finished building his splendid mansion which stands not far from the Stanhope Gate of Hyde Park. It is still called Chesterfield House and is now the town residence of the Duke of Roxburghe. The architect was Isaac Ware, quite celebrated at the time, who adhered to the elegance of Greek style, when French decorations were very popular. The splendid hall columns, floors, and stair case, with double flight, were taken from a beautiful house, built by the Duke of Chandos, about eight miles from London. Chesterfield's country villa at Blackheath was inherited from his brother. The Earl made extensive alterations, added a handsome gallery, and the villa became his favorite summer residence. He was fond of riding but never enjoyed the English sport of fox-hunting, of which he said, "The poor beasts are run down by greater beasts than themselves." Byron wrote:

"He thought at heart like *courtly Chesterfield*  
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,  
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,  
Asked next day, if men ever hunted *twice*."

While Chesterfield has for generations been the exemplar of elegant manners and dress, he has never been accused of being a fop or an exquisite. He advised his son not to be the first or last in fashion, and to wear as fine clothes as those of his rank commonly did. He said: "When you are well dressed for the day, do not seem to know that you have any clothes, but let your carriage and motion be as easy as they could be in your nightgown." In his "Detached Thoughts," Chesterfield describes a famous coxcomb of his time, in the following witty manner:

"God made Dodington the coxcomb he is; mere human means could never have brought it about. He is a coxcomb superior to his

parts, though his parts are superior to almost anybody's. He is thoroughly convinced of the beauty of his person, which cannot be worse than it is without deformity. His distinguished awkwardness he mistakes for a peculiar gracefulness. He talks of his ancestors, though no mortal knows that he even had a father. And what is difficult for him to do, he even overrates his parts. Common coxcombs hope to impose upon others, more than they impose upon themselves. Dodington is sincere, nay moderate; for he thinks still ten times better of himself than he owns. Blest coxcomb!"

A good example of Chesterfield's witty epigrams is one written by him when, on a visit to Bath, he found that a full length portrait of Beau Nash had been placed in the Pump Room between the busts of Newton and Pope:

"This picture placed the busts between  
Gives satire all its strength;  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen  
But Folly at full length."

Chesterfield's public career was highly honorable and his actions disinterested, at a time when corruption in office was almost universal. He never desired to make money from office and despised all public men who possessed the passion of avarice. He was not only a man of wit and culture, but was master of life in all its phases. A few of his celebrated maxims are given below.

"Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh."

"The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the wit of a witty one."

"A man who tells nothing or tells all will equally have nothing told to him."

"Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him."

"The scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable."

"Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger, for concealed cowards will insult known ones."

"The greatest fools are the greatest liars. I judge every man's truth by the degree of his understanding."

"Wrongs are often forgiven but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it forever."

“Merit at courts without favor will do little or nothing, favor without merit will do a good deal, but favor and merit together will do everything.”

When he resigned the seals of Secretary of State, his health, spirits, character, and desire for rest, all concurred in demanding his retirement. In his youth he had lived in the constant pursuit of pleasures, later he had been bound by the rush of pressing business, and in the third period of his life he proposed to devote himself to life's real pleasures—quiet, liberty, his health, his books, his friends. “I shall not keep *less* company” he said, “but only *better*, for I shall choose it.” He was asked by the King to serve a second term as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but an hereditary partial deafness had attacked him and he would not accept the position. He said: “I comfort myself with the reflection that I did not lose the *power*, till after I had very nearly lost the *desire* of hearing. I have long and voluntarily been deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head.”

During his retirement he remained an active member of the House of Lords. He died in 1773, when nearly four score. Writing of Chesterfield's death, Horace Walpole said to a lady friend, “Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, Madam, to send you.”

# CITIES THAT MAKE GOOD

WILLIAM A. FEATHER

**I**T has been my observation that a city generally grows from within out. This is a clumsy but direct way of saying that the heads of most big industrial and commercial enterprises in a city are men who have grown up with the town.

For instance, why should Akron be the home of a half-dozen of the biggest rubber plants in the country? Is it not because the pioneers in the business happened to be Akron men who liked the town, and instead of hiking off to Cleveland to build a factory, they built one in Akron?

Again, why should Boston be the shoe center of the United States? This industry might better be located in a middle-western city, but it happened that a few of the first brainy shoe men liked Boston and decided to stay there. Dayton, the birthplace of John H. Patterson, is largely built up around the National Cash Register Company. Detroit is the hub of the automobile business for no particular reason except that the owners of most of the factories there called Detroit their home before they built automobiles. Pittsburgh is a great steel center, largely because many years ago its young men received training in the steel business and learned to like Pittsburgh.

It is the usual custom of chambers of commerce, boards of trade, commercial clubs, or whatever may be the names of those organizations that make it their business to boost a city, to devote most of their time to blowing horns in an attempt to interest outside capitalists in their community.

I am not certain that this is not largely misdirected energy. I have read of many of the prospectuses sent out by local boards of trade. They tell much about transportation facilities, water and fuel supplies, climate, factory, sites, growth of population.

Many hours of thought and lots of dollars are spent in these campaigns. Quite often public-spirited citizens raise a fund of a few hundred or thousand dollars and offer it to a

prospective capitalist as an inducement to him to select their city. Stock in a proposed enterprise is frequently liberally subscribed for by the townsmen, as an evidence of good-will. But what does all this amount to?

I am reminded of a story they tell in Kansas City where some of the leading citizens conceived the idea of building up the town by organizing a company with a capital of \$1,000,000 to be invested in the preferred stock of her smaller plants and to be held out as an inducement to others. About a third of the million had been subscribed when the committee called upon the late Col. W. R. Nelson, then owner and editor of the *Kansas City Star*. They expected a large subscription and also to secure the endorsement and co-operation of the *Star* in raising the balance. But Col. Nelson promptly declined to contribute to, or support the plan, saying that "whenever conditions for manufacturing are made right in Kansas City, factories cannot be kept away, and until conditions are right they ought to stay away."

Col. Nelson had in mind some of the factors of the "City That Makes Good," which I wish to bring before you.

In sizing up a town many questions must be asked, and I am going to suggest a few of them.

In the first place, what kind of schools have they? Are they well equipped, up-to-date? Are they training their boys and girls to become citizens that will do something for the town? Is there a university within their corporation limits or near, to which the more ambitious or more fortunate may go? Are the citizens enforcing the state law which prohibits children from working in factories until they are fourteen or sixteen, as the case may be?

What of the community's libraries? Do the books really circulate? Is the library a human institution where the ordinary person can go and feel at home, or is it a stuffy, overheated place, fit only for the aged, and people who wear whiskers and put cotton in their ears?

Is any encouragement given to the cultivation of a good musical taste? Is there a local orchestra, supported by the citizens. If a small town, is there a Chautauqua or a Lyceum

course? What of the theater? Is it possible for a good road company, playing good drama, to make expenses on a visit?

I have asked many questions, perhaps too many, but I can make my point better in that way.

Now let us consider the social activities of a community. Cleveland has a fine civic spirit. It has acquired hundreds and hundreds of acres of park land which it is helping the people to use. Years ago it burned the "Keep Off the Grass" signs. It has laid out baseball diamonds and tennis courts. Playgrounds for the children dot the city. They are directed by trained instructors, all of whom are graduates of a short course in playground work. The city controls its own bathing beaches and even its own refreshment stands. Sandwiches in the parks are sold for three cents. Even the dancing pavilions are managed by the city. The result not only is cheaper amusement but the best managed public dances you can find anywhere. Cleveland, like Chicago, just now is engaged in a fight to gain control of its water-front in order that the people may not be deprived of this heritage, and in this respect Cleveland is much better off than Chicago. The former city has the upper hand in the argument.

The policy of making community centers of the school-houses is spreading very rapidly through the progressive cities. Cities that are wide awake are holding free night classes. They are training immigrants in citizenship, establishing prison farms, injecting the golden rule policy into the police force, building free public hospitals for the sick, and enforcing a tenement code that prohibits the building of disease-breeding dungeons.

In the organization of their government these cities, too, are taking steps forward. They are centralizing responsibility, making provision for the initiative, referendum and recall, and, in other words, making the government direct and responsive. The newest thing is the development of that new profession—the city manager. This man under ideal conditions, trains for public service as a doctor trains for his profession. In him is largely the hope of efficiency in municipal administration.



Another characteristic of successful cities is that they have good public markets, places where the gardener and farmer can get together. In addition to getting better food products into the hands of the people, these public markets act as a food regulator for the merchants of the city who might be inclined to boost the cost of living higher than necessary. Wherever I go I notice that the growing cities have good public markets.

There is one more thing that a successful city must always try to do, and that is force the public utility corporations to give the maximum of service at the minimum of cost. I lived in Cleveland during the great fight which Tom Johnson made for three-cent street-car fare. I believe that fight, coupled with the many economic and humanitarian measures which Johnson introduced, did more to give Cleveland its 46 per cent. increase in the decade 1900 to 1910 than any other thing. Beside this sort of thing, the horn-tooting of chambers of commerce is a joke.

These utility fights have been made in other cities besides Cleveland; for instance, in Detroit and Toledo where Pingres and Golden Rule Jones fought, respectively. Cleveland is now engaged in a fight for three-cent electric light. The private corporation, against which a municipal plant is competing, has not yet reduced its rates to householders, but it has reduced its power rates tremendously. When you are talking cities to a manufacturer the fact that you can quote him low power rates will have more effect than the visit of a delegation of good fellows. Therefore, I would recommend to chambers of commerce who are anxious to see their cities grow that they support the people in their fight to regulate the street car, water, gas, electricity, telephone service, etc.

My last point, I think, is the most important of all.

*The city that wants to make good must relieve business and the home of unjust taxation and place the burden upon the land.*

Every business man will tell you *it is the overhead charges that are eating the heart out of profits to-day. Business is suffering from steadily increasing overhead charges.*

*Materials cost more, labor costs more. The purchasing power of the people is declining. The results are strikes, no dividends, overproduction.\**

This overhead charge is little understood by the people, but they feel it oppressing them without knowing what it is. Overhead cost affects everybody—the laborer, the capitalist, the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor. It enters all vocations and all businesses. *When a man finds he cannot make a living and get ahead in one city, he pulls up stakes and gets out.* That's where Cleveland's low cost of amusement, its free parks, municipal dance halls, three cent light and car fare, are tremendous advantages. They swing the balance in her favor. Her working people stay with her, and so do the factories.

But out in St. Louis there is a different story. There the manufacturers must fight a continually shifting population. This is said to be due very largely to her antiquated tax laws. Missouri throws the greatest tax burden on the home. The home pays for opening, grading, curbing and sidewalking the streets; it bears the greater part of the burden for sewers, for parks and boulevards, for the extension of water mains, for water for fire fighting and flushing streets and sewers. The general property tax, although assessed against the merchant is by him shifted onto the home. Downtown property, thus being freed from these tax burdens, is much in demand and rents soar skywards and finally alight on the home.

Taxes are one big item in the overhead charges a community must pay. Then there is one other overhead or underfoot charge—the greatest of all. I refer to the interest on land values, that is, rent. Cities are inclined to boast of the high prices their downtown properties bring. The high land values are of course a reflection of the city's growth and prosperity. But when I hear a city boast of its high land values I think of a man who boasted to me that he owed \$200,000. Did you ever stop to think *that high land values*

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\* This fact also holds good of the public utility. Prior to 1914, the country was dotted with public utilities that had gone bankrupt from just this cause; so that too much regulation is as great a damage as none.

*mean the same thing as indebtedness? Before you can do business on the earth, you've got to pay the interest on these land values in the form of rent, just as the man who has borrowed capital must pay the interest on his loan before he can draw out his profits.*

Now, *the average land value per capita in cities is \$1,000. Statistics show that the ownership of this land is constantly concentrating into fewer and fewer hands. Five per cent. of the people own most of our urban land values. The annual interest charge on this value is five per cent., which is paid to these few landowners before a wheel of industry is turned or a single laborer is fed. This annual drain is what decreases the fund that might be used to pay higher wages and better dividends, thus increasing the purchasing power of the consumers.*

At present the employer strives to meet this situation by the installation of labor-saving machinery and increased human efficiency. But his victory is very short-lived. He soon finds that these advantages are capitalized by the landlord.

That is the reason I should have begun with this phase of the question, instead of discussing better schools, better recreational facilities, cheaper transportation, public markets and so on. These things are all necessary, but they should be preceded by tax reform; otherwise the benefits which flow from them will be capitalized by the landlords. That is what happened in Cleveland where they have had three-cent fare for about six years. Shortly after this went into effect, rents were advanced and land values soared, especially in outlying districts where it was thought the poorer people who had been confined to the slums would go. The same thing happened when three-cent light was obtained. Only a certain section of the city was given this light. It, therefore, became a talking point in renting and selling property in this section and higher prices were asked.

Therefore, I would advise the city that wants to grow, that wants to make good, to begin NOW to reform its tax laws, if it can do so itself, and if it has not the authority, to ask its state legislators for permission.

# THE TURMOIL OF EXISTENCE

MARTHA E. BYRNES

PERHAPS the contrast between what I had observed on my prolonged trip through the East and Middle West and the observations given to us in such unique form by old "Elia," which had filled my after-dinner hour, roused the train of thought: howbeit, I found myself soliloquizing upon the, to me, menace of our age. It amused me to wonder what "Elia" would find to write about were he alive and visiting America today. I pictured the quaint character prowling about the cities and by-ways in search of the old and beautiful and odd—though I am afraid the dear man would not be permitted to prowl in his old customary manner, but in this progressive age and city would be docketed "suspicious character." It occurred to me, though, that were he still observing humanity from around the corner of his screen, we might be treated (would we appreciate the treat?) to a few remarks on that very subject of my soliloquy—*the discontent and almost universal unrest of youth in this country today.*

There seems to me little difference in cities—which is not surprising, since there is little difference in people. One large city resembles another and is the prototype of the small town in, at least, conditions of life and method of existence of its people.

It is not so much the fanatical pursuit of the *joys of life* which appals me, but the absolute unconsciousness of and utter inability to conceive of the *joy of living*. That phrase has no place in the scheme of things in this day in America; *the turmoil of existence* might well be substituted.

How many of our young folks today are capable of realizing that one of the joys of life is the quiet enjoyment of a fine friendship. How many of them would believe that were no other pleasure obtainable, granted this one, there could still be the keenest joy in living. Mere conversation between sympathetic persons, even though diverse in their opinions,

should be a serious delight of life. As to suggesting on a Sunday afternoon to one of these young people, fretful over an hour in which there is "nothing to do," that they go alone to Carnegie Hall, sit in the balcony and listen to the music—that would certainly be received as a joke!

And, relative to the widely unappreciated pleasure of reading and absorbing elevating authors, let us give a little "slide" view which struck me as pathetic, though undoubtedly funny: I was passing a few days at a small resort on one of the Great Lakes. The only accommodation, with the exception of camping cottages dotted through the woods, was a low, broad inn guarded on every side by tall poplar trees. It faced a sloping beach and the hoary forest pressed almost to its back door. The only one of the new arrivals who did not object vociferously, I was consigned to the attic and a wobbly cot where I was to trap oblivion, did I find it possible. Secretly, I was pleased with the assignment. I have always maintained that to seek life's high places is ever commendable. I pulled the cot as close to the open window, hooked above my head to the slant ceiling, as was wise, and lay, wide-eyed, gazing at the regretful moon, as, holding her position to the very last, she challenged the power of the submerging storm-cloud to harmonize the scene. The soft lapping and swishing of the tall poplars and the slow, regularly recurring wash of the waves on the beach struggled to my ears above the dance music below-stairs. Lying awake for very enjoyment of the night, I began to realize that the waves dashed more insistently and less regularly and that the careening poplars swirled more wildly; and soon rain beat furiously upon the roof over my head, while—crash broke with flash as the low cloud was rent.

The music below-stairs had ceased—the gay, rag-time music with its feverish, exciting urge to youth for one more hippety-hop. That is, literally, what some of the modern dances appear to an old foggy like myself; and, also, I liked to fancy, to the interesting little "foggy" of whom I am about to tell you: I had noticed several times that day a group of of lively-looking young women (it is good to see young

women look *live*, though not necessarily *lively*—still, forced liveliness is a better sight than affected boredom) wildly *enjoying* themselves. Between supper and dance time I watched them set off “on further pleasure bent.”

“We can’t go without Catherine,” said the director of the group.

“Don’t wait for her,” spoke the tall girl, “she don’t want to go.”

“Don’t *want* to go! Why, we are going to have a ripping time! Where is she? What is she doing?”

The tall girl looked straight into the eyes of the other girl. I chuckle as I recall, but my poor pen is helpless to portray what her tone contained—as she announced: “She’s walking up and down the porch reading Longfellow!” The amount of non-comprehension, scorn, sheer disgust (for the foolish creature who so wasted her time) that she succeeded with voice and look in conveying to her companions was prodigious—was ominous. Keenly curious, I watched the group as they passed me and, yes, it was the sweet-eyed girl I had noticed at lunch time who was missing.

Do not mistake me—I pray I may never be interpreted as a “knocker” against wholesome recreation and plenty of it; I merely cry out at the complete surrender to what is, unquestionably, the lower plane of pleasure. We cannot force our youth to be calm in this ever-existent search and to allow some of life’s pleasures to come to them. Our generation suffers in that we cannot. A few material disappointments should not bring nervous collapse. Where is the self-sufficiency contained in the knowledge of the joy of living irrespective of the joys of life. Alas! that self-sufficiency does not spring instantaneously to meet its demand. It must be inculcated, developed, matured.

I regret having to say it, but—yes, I believe *men are living more seriously than women*: not with a broad seriousness that includes the many deep interests of life, but, quite often, a centered seriousness on one great interest—business; which is not the best state of affairs, and almost a menace, too, though undeniably preferable to the positively flippant

use some people make of the lives their Creator *loaned* them.

Waiting for my dinner one evening in a much patronized restaurant in New York City, my attention was directed to a remarkable-looking couple at an adjoining table. She was one of the beautiful, pleasure-loving creatures our country breeds in every station, and had just put aside the subject of wars with a shudder of horror at the mere thought of "all those dead bodies." The man spoke quickly. (Was it a suggestion of anger in his voice? Did the note that underlay his speech sound a challenge while it pleaded?): "Dead souls look worse than dead bodies: life kills souls sometimes, as you women kill ideals by refusing to live seriously!"

An electric moment followed the pause in his speech and—did he detect the almost imperceptible squirm of the woman's soul, as did I?

And, again, the recurrent impression: almost alone, away out at the end of one of the long piers at Atlantic City, surrounded by the fathomless ocean surging its endless conundrums, overhead, a beneficent moon and a gracious adornment of stars, one looks back toward the garishly-lighted boardwalk and knows a yearning—for the restless, eager throng, which, pursuant of its false, sordid standard of pleasure, completely ignores the grand; the *grand!* which so nearly envelops but deigns not to obtrude upon this little man-made section of Eternity—a yearning for some miracle to extinguish their garish lights and make them see.

# COLORED HILLS

JOHN AMID

**P**ICTURES, ordinarily, are made by painters; only occasionally are painters made by pictures.

Only once in a great while, that is—only once in countless chances, is there an occasion when a picture, a sunset, a miraculous landscape, a bit of breathless coloring, a scene of unimagined beauty, awakes the latent instinct in a potential painter, and makes of the man an artist. Yet the thing has been done. A sudden widening of the eyes, beholding, as if for the first time, the blue shadings, the grouped contours of the eternal hills, and, lo! an artist is born!

Such a scene, such an inspiration-creating picture, we saw last evening, driving up toward the side of the valley, just as dusk was closing in.

Our valley is flat, like a floor, a depression in the center being so gradual, and the distances so vast, that the eye is deceived. Mountains rim it to the north, rising abruptly from the level areas of brush and orchard, until they tower eight thousand feet above the plain; lower hills, twenty miles away, rim it to the south; the mightiest peaks of all buttress it on the east, but they are so far off that only on clear days can we see the summits, the lower slopes being always lost below the curve of the world. Green orchards of orange and lemon, yellow fields of grain or pasture, acres of olives, and somber groves of eucalyptus checker the valley floor. The air, after the first autumn rains, is that of the Campagna at its best. One hundred miles to the south lies Mexico.

We drove north along a gray asphalt boulevard, flanked on either side by even orange-orchards, with the black masses of the first foothills rising before us; overhead the sky was clear, but at our left the sun was setting prematurely behind an approaching fog-bank, its sharply outlined disc, giving little light, glaring at us like a blood-red moon.

We turned sharply east, right-angling to another boulevard, lighter colored than the first, and suddenly came clear of the orchard trees. Open brush-grown mesa, edging the



foothills, lay at our left, with the northern hills beyond; the far, grove-covered sweep of the valley stretched at our right. Behind us the red sun settled further into his fog-bank, and fairy-land rose ahead.

We think a great deal of our mountains. Changeless, from month to month, from year to year, yet never twice the same, they furnish us, on our comings and goings across the valley miles, with dream-pictures of infinite shadings—light, ethereal blues in hazy weather; dark purples, blues and blacks on days of storm; mysteries of sunlight and shadow in the early morning lights; vistas of violet, lavender, gold and rose at sunset.

But never have I seen them more alluring, more beautiful, than last evening. Heavy, dark foothills in the foreground at our left, beyond a brush-covered stretch fast settling into oblivion in that fading light; then, sharply differentiated from the solid actualities so near at hand, two great triangular summits, luminous, mystical, bathed in an even color of thin rose-lavender, not of this world—with the flat, graying sweep of the unemotional valley at our feet.

The final blind rays—I suppose the last dim, red rays from that fog-enshrouded sun, produced the effect—gave us the contrast between our heavy, almost gloomy foreground of foothills, mesa, and valley, and those great, luminous, triangular visions of thin rose-lavender.

There was something almost philosophical in that view, something significantly emotional, in that contrast of dark and light, near and far, gray-brown-black and rose-lavender. The cleavage was as sharp as that between tangible and intangible, the difference marked as between concrete and abstract, between the actual and the ideal. And yet, each part of the picture was complementary to the rest, each necessary to form a complete, harmonious whole.

As the light faded and the effect waned, we wondered, hurrying homeward through the edge of the evening, how many of the dependable, prosperously-housed, pleasantly-situated ranchers and orchardists of the valley—how great a proportion of the enterprising, energetic, American citi-

zenry of the district—had caught the superlative magic, the wonder; and, yes, the meaning, of that sunset scene. How many were conscious of that beauty, until it became almost a part of them? How many, though engaged at their tasks, waited for it, watched for it, and, when it came, caught it, appreciated it, lived it? And how many were there who, busy with their evening chores, feeding their cattle, or eating their own bread and milk, or ham and potatoes, or red beef-steak, knew nothing, thought nothing, cared nothing, about a mere matter of color on the hills?

Let us hope, let us believe, that the ayes have it; that the majority knew and loved the splendor above and about them even as did the fathers of that tribe of old, whose singer called aloud: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" and whose wise prophet uttered the deathless words: "*Where no vision is, the people perish.*"

## THE LAND OF GOD

THEODORE GATES

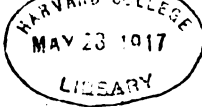
**W**HEN the toil of the day is o'er  
 And the work shall be no more,  
 Then I hie me away  
 To the woodland, sad or gay.  
 Here is no thought of the morrow,  
 Here is no flood of sorrow,  
 Out in the Woodland of God.

Yet all is sorrow today,  
 For all things pass away —  
 Even the leaves, creatures of God,  
 The old torn leaves are undertrod.  
 Let us the flowers bless,  
 So pale, so beautiful, so helpless,  
 All, all Creatures of God.

Oh, 'tis the very sweetness of life  
To hie me away from this study and strife,  
To the beautiful garden of God,  
Out with the trees and the springy sod—  
For this is the life I'd love to live,  
Yea, gladly my soul I'd give,  
Give in the temple of God.

Give me a life in the woodland  
Where God's wild flowers blow;  
For there I'd be with heaven's band,  
Where only the blessed go.  
All would be happiness there;  
I would live in this land so fair,  
Live in the land of God.

Yet life's aim is not pleasure,  
Life's aim is duty's treasure.  
So if all our days we give  
And for others our lives we live,  
Surely the reward will be  
To reign for eternity—  
Reign in the Land of God.



JUNE

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## FORUM for June

As we have already announced, in view of America's entry into the arena of World Democracy against the forces of Autocracy and Barbarism, we intend to feature the great War from now on even more prominently than heretofore. Our readers may always be assured that they will find in FORUM the strongest and vividest articles, the most realistic and gripping stories, the finest and most far-visions poetry. It is a magazine you can be proud to have on your library table.

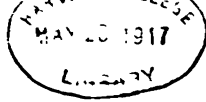
The following are a few of the features that comprise this issue:

**MOBILIZING FRANCE'S INVENTORS**, by Barton Blake. A personal interview with M. Painlevé, Minister of War and formerly Minister of Public Instruction. Mr. Blake, a very distinguished and influential correspondent, secured this interview expressly for FORUM.

**THE RIGHT-LINE OF AMERICAN POLICY**, by T. Lothrop Stoddard. A patriotic appeal for open-mindedness and balance, in this greatest of all national crises, by a man who as a historian of high rank needs no introduction to the public.

**OVER NO-MAN'S LAND TO FREEDOM**, by Walter Adolphe Roberts. An account of sheer animal heroism shown by prisoners of war, so thrilling that one wonders how the human frame can house such courage. Mr. Roberts has been to the Firing Line and talked with scores of these men, and he tells a first-hand story.

**IN THE WAKE OF LOUVAIN**, by L. Mokveld, war-correspondent of "De Tijd," translated by C. Thieme, of "De Nieuwe Courant." A chronicle of Prussian atrocities that out-horrorizes the most horrible tales of Belgium under the Mailed Fist that have yet



# FORUM

For June, 1917

## MOBILIZING FRANCE'S INVENTORS

HOW THE REPUBLIC HAS FOUND A WAY OF  
MAKING WAR-TIME USE OF HER SCIENTISTS—  
POILUS AND LABORATORY SAVANTS ALIKE

*An Interview with the French Minister of War*

BARTON BLAKE

**N**EW times, new men.

One of the new men in France is Paul Painlevé, Minister of War. Not wholly new to the French cabinet, however, for in the Briand ministry which resigned in December, 1916, and, after several changes and the reduction of its membership, renewed its life, but once more resigned in March, 1917, M. Painlevé was Minister of Public Instruction. M. Painlevé was, to the general surprise and not to the general satisfaction, omitted from the reconstituted Briand ministry.

Pretty promptly, he returned to office, and a greater office, when Alexandre Ribot formed a ministry to succeed Briand.

And in the Ribot cabinet the two most electric intelligences are those of Viviani, Minister of Justice and ex-Premier (who with Joffre led the French Commission to the United States), and Painlevé, Minister of War.

It was while M. Painlevé was still serving as Minister of Public Instruction that I called upon him, in Paris. In the



office that he then held, the present War-Minister was at the head, not only of all the French universities, but also of primary and secondary education in France. This is a sizable job—even for one who is an ex-professor. An ex-professor at the Sorbonne, gifted, I am told, with a mathematical genius second only to that of the late cousin of the President of the Republic, the great philosopher-mathematician, Henri Poincaré.

But M. Painlevé filled another post than that of Public Instruction.

New times, new ministries.

And M. Painlevé held the brand-new portfolio of Director of War Inventions—a fitting preparation for his less specialized duties as War-Minister, and a post which must interest all Americans who, firmly believing in the mechanical genius of the American people, wish to see native talent mobilized in this war, in union with M. Painlevé's country, against the enemies of modern civilization. In his first report to the President of the Republic, the Director of Inventions explained the purposes of his Bureau in these words: "War takes on, more and more, the character of a struggle of science and machines. The industrial mobilization should be completed by the scientific mobilization of the country." And when Mr. Edison was quoted in the French press, late in January, 1917, as expressing surprise that science had played so small a part in the war, M. Painlevé, temporarily free from the responsibilities of office, did not hesitate to tell an American newspaper man that Mr. Edison was too severe. "The most important scientific applications since the outbreak of the war are still military secrets," he explained.

My own audience with M. Painlevé was set for six o'clock in the afternoon, of an earlier month. Both in France and in my own country I have had more difficulty in arranging for appointments with officials far less important than the French Minister of State. A few days earlier in the same week, I had been lunching at an Italian restaurant in Paris

with an American university professor of French nationality, together with a young officer of the French army. I had mentioned to them my wish to meet the Minister. "Would it be hard to arrange?" I inquired of them. "By no means!" was their spontaneous reply. "You will find that M. Painlevé is, above all, a democrat. Tell him why you wish to meet him, and that you represent FORUM, and you will be assured of a cordial and early reception."

And so it fell out. No wire-pulling. No application through third persons. A simple request, by letter, and an equally simple reply, naming the day and hour. It could not have been more easily arranged if I had been trying to see the President of the United States in Mr. Roosevelt's term of office.

It was at five minutes to six that I sent in my card by the dignified individual who presides over the ministerial antechamber in the Rue de Grenelle. It was five minutes after the hour that I was received by the Minister.

M. Painlevé is a relatively young man, with as little ceremony about him as any citizen of a republic could desire. He welcomed me without affectation and, seating me by his big desk, asked my pleasure. I told him briefly that America had heard of the creation of a new ministry in France besides that of M. Thomas—the Ministry of Munitions. The significance of the Ministry of Munitions was obvious. But what was M. Painlevé's own Bureau of Inventions?

"Since its creation in November, 1915," replied M. Painlevé, "our activities in this department of the government have been lively and numerous; and yet until now it has not seemed advisable to talk much about them. Whatever the public interest may be, it is apparent that inventions valuable to us in our conduct of the war—and that is primarily the sort of inventions we exist for—must remain secret.

"A great many inventions—some mere minor improvements, others far-reaching discoveries dependent upon scientific principle rather than pure technique—have been

offered. Some of these are narrowly military in their value, others consist in veritable applications of the higher sciences that draw upon all our modern scientific resources: for we are discussing a different proposition from your American Navy's 'Civilian Consulting Board,' of which your inventor Edison is the head, and all sorts of people have interested themselves in our ministry, from simple *poilus* who have sent us from the front many an improvement of our machine guns, and the women working in our munition factories at three francs a day, to professors in our graduate schools, officers of our army and navy, engineers, foremen in factories, and civilians of every stamp and character.

"Past experience has taught us that inventors belong to two great categories—the more or less recognized savants whose work is logically founded on scientific principles, and the non-technical inventors whose inspirations are intuitive, not learned. The idea of an inventor of this second type may be bold and even valid, however faulty the original expression of the idea. Our department aims at welcoming both sets of inventors. The expenses involved are, in view of the immensity of the total war costs, practically negligible.

"Of twenty thousand propositions laid before us, three and a third per cent, have seemed, after a first examination, to deserve real study. For the work of our ministry is double: first, to inspect all the suggestions that are made to us; second, to sift these suggestions by eliminating the majority of them, which lack practical interest or real worth. The rejected 19,333 of the 20,000 propositions already received were either banal, or belated, or altogether absurd."

(I shall be betraying no military secret if I add that the French have been obliged to abandon, after a fair trial, certain promising expedients. Take, for instance, liquid air as a high explosive. This volatile agent was at first experimented with, and the results seemed thoroughly successful. They were, however, successful only under wholly favorable conditions. Bombs charged with liquid air were made, and adjudged to be one hundred times more powerful than bombs of like size making use of picric acid as an explosive agent.

It was soon learned, however, that the sudden descent or even the rapid swooping of an airplane carrying liquid-air bombs was fully capable of setting off the airplane's perilous cargo. The liquid-air bomb, a laboratory triumph, was too susceptible to detonation from air shock without actual contact with any resistant material substance other than the container itself. This happened on one occasion when an airman, dipping suddenly, was blown into fragments so numerous and so infinitesimal that no trace of man or machine was ever found by his fellow soldiers of the air.

Bombs of this type had been carried over elaborately prepared targets and dropped from captive balloons. The ensuing explosion would satisfy the requirements of the most exacting Jules Verne, the most meticulous of American motion-picture managers! Instead of merely smashing the targets to bits as fine as tooth-picks, the explosion seemed positively to erase every vestige of the scene as it had been staged. French scientists figured that the concussion would have killed any human being within 150 yards of the point aimed at. A splendid laboratory or experimental success, the liquid-air bomb! But the battle-line is not a laboratory, after all. The test of experience is too often different from the estimate of the proud inventor. At one stage it was hoped to use liquid air in grenades and trench mortars, which are fired by a spring, much as the missiles of Julius Caesar's catapults were fired off in the Gallic wars you read about at school. Liquid air and its high explosive value are well known to the German chemists, too. But have you heard of the Germans using liquid air successfully in war?)

"When an invention, or project of invention, has been weighed by our department and found deserving of study," M. Painlevé resumed, "our problem is to bring it to the point where it can be, if possible, applied. Here is a task involving multiple personalities, laboratory researches, manufacturing work. These labors require various agencies: the laboratories themselves, the workshops of our civilians, the services of our arsenals. In this work our industrialists collaborate no less than the officials of our various governmental depart-

ments. It is our duty to refer the specific invention to the best qualified persons to test it and, if possible, to apply it experimentally. I have mentioned the good work of soldiers at the front in connection with the perfecting of machine guns. Just so our sailors and others have suggested sensible devices for use in submarine war. And our *poilus* have also increased the value of our trench cannon of all kinds, of our pneumatic cannon, of our motors, of the operation of our batteries, and above all of the signal systems by which our observers indicate changes in the range. Understand that we offer no rewards, no prizes for these inventions—whether they are made by the man in uniform or by the man or woman civilian. They are made for the love of France.”

This remark of the Minister surprised me the less in view of the war-time surrender of their patent-rights by many a manufacturer in France. Sitting on the Boulevard at tea-time, one sees a truck go by, with a monoplane loaded on it—en route for the Gare de l’Est. It is one of the new monoplanes—nameless, and precisely for the reason that the patented processes of half a dozen manufacturers have been combined in one surpassing machine. France’s idea is to win this war first—to bother about details as to the credit involved afterwards, if at all.

“Thanks to M. Briand and to others,” M. Painlevé continued, “the Allies of the Entente have now what M. Briand has called ‘unity of action on a unified front.’ The Allies now have also unity of research into war-devices. At Paris the representatives of all the Allies—including a special delegate from Canada—are collaborating in this business of war inventions. My Bureau has also its representatives from the sister Departments of War and the Marine. Our collaboration has shortened the period required, not only in actual researches, but in putting into common use the new ideas developed locally. Recent improvements in the military wireless telegraph system are to be signalized here, and in the processes for registering sounds that originate within the enemy lines. I wish that I might discreetly venture to give you all the details of these innovations—including methods

of tapping the enemy's lines of telephonic communication from a considerable distance; tapping them, not by any of the familiar methods, but by the use of a wonderful instrument that enables the sentinel at his advanced listening post, out beyond the first line of the trenches, to hear the enemy's conversation over wires that are several hundred yards away."

One of the expedients—one hesitates to use the word inventions—that the Allies have put to good use, has depended for its success upon the work of about 600 French artists. Theirs has been a new variety of open-air art, and most of their work has been executed in vast open yards in the Belleville quarter of Paris. Here, on an enormous scale, they have been painting such things as trees, houses, churches, towers, villages, forts, parks of artillery, stacks of munitions, aviation sheds, railway trains, camps, etc. This outdoor stage-scenery has been used by the French back of the front line trenches to take in the enemy. German air-scouts were long deceived by the twentieth century *plein-airisme* of their adversaries, and wasted much time and ammunition destroying these not-irreplacable masterpieces of applied patriotism. The slang word *camouflage* has been coined to describe the new art. And these works are painted with brushes almost as big as anything in Kipling's "Envoi"—brushes as big as brooms! American artists have already organized a *camouflage* committee, in imitation of the French scheme, to serve our army when General Pershing's force goes to France, and to serve us all in case Germany sends some airmen to stir us up to our best effort—as she roused phlegmatic England by means of those Zeppelins.

"When the war is over," M. Painlevé went on, "we can bring together in a single exposition the work of our Allied inventors during the conflict, and this exposition will prove that the French inventive and adaptive genius has not been dormant during this war of national defense. I must not promise you miracles, however. An invention that would revolutionize war and put an end to it, as Holland thought to put an end to British sea-power by his invention of the submarine, is to be looked for in one of your weekly American

magazines rather than in reality. Such a marvel as that is not likely to arrive, and would, if conceivable, take years to perfect. What I can tell America about our Inventions Bureau is, briefly, this: the many devices which we now have at a practical stage of their development, reproduced wholesale on the immense Allied front, will end by contributing materially to our final victory, and will have hastened that victory. We have notably advanced in aviation, and in making aviation more dependable—hence infinitely more precious to our armies. We have learned how to make better motors for our airplanes which are also lighter motors, and wireless telegraphy has been marvellously adapted to our airplanes. I may add that among the war inventions there are, quite apart from aviation, a considerable number which will have a peace value as well as a war value. Some of these peace inventions are already in use in our agricultural and industrial life, and will prove of permanent service. (Even high explosives are of immense importance in industry.) Also, we have not inoculated millions of men against a number of diseases without learning something in the process: methods of vaccination have received happy and practical modifications. Tell Americans, therefore, that our Inventions Office is not all for destruction. Some of its results will prove beneficent from the humanitarian angle of vision."

M. Painlevé, Director of War Inventions, had completed his audience. I was, however, received without delay by his intimate colleague: M. Painlevé, Member of the Institute of France and Minister of Public Instruction. This is the Minister who entered politics at the time of the Dreyfus case: the *Socialiste radical* who tripped up Bertillon (all the world rejoices when an expert is upset!) in his "expert" testimony regarding Captain Dreyfus' handwriting and the infamous *dossier* which traitors had prepared to cover up their own guilt and punish an innocent but unpopular brother-officer. That the Director of War Inventions and the Minister of Public Instruction were on excellent terms of understanding with one another seemed fairly evident to me, if by no other evidence, then because M. Painlevé, as Minister of Public

Instruction, had charged a new commission to study means of applying motion pictures to instruction in physics, chemistry, biology, geography, and history. Incidentally, one may note here that motion pictures are a very important branch of French governmental activity these days. Many thousand feet of film been filled with photographs for the archives of the French War Office. This war will be known to the future historian not through books alone, and newspapers, and letters, and documents in the chancelleries, but through the direct testimony of the historian's own senses. A story, that, in itself.

I asked the Minister of Public Instruction what he thought would be the relations between France and America on the academic side, after the war, and whether he was interested at all in attracting a larger number of American students to Paris, Lyons, Grenoble and the other Faculties. For the last dozen or fifteen years there has been a reaction, at some American universities, against that exaggerated imitation of German academic methods which was formerly remarked. I took the liberty of pointing out, at this point, that Woodrow Wilson, in his presidency of Princeton University, had wisely and successfully resisted the Germanization of his institution. With the evolution of our own faculties, fewer students went to Germany for graduate study, and a slowly increasing number went to France. In wartime, of course, the number of American students in Paris was much reduced; in the spring of 1916 there seemed to have been but a single American pursuing his studies at the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes. (In the year 1913-1914, there were seventeen Americans following the courses of this establishment of the University of Paris. I do not remember the number at the time of my own course of study at the Sorbonne, in 1908-9). Did M. Painlevé think of any way of encouraging the tendency on the part of Americans to turn in increasing numbers to the courses of the French universities in preference to the better entrenched German faculties? —a tendency likely to prove all the more pronounced now that (since our conversation) America is definitely aligned



with France and her Allies against the Teutons, "Kultur" and all.

M. Painlevé declared that he had already given thought to the problem of students from America after the war.

"I have read in one of your American reviews," he said, "that, for the foreign students who have the courage, and for the French who have the good fortune, to attend our wartime courses, work at our universities still goes on peacefully enough. (And not in our universities alone, but also in our primary and secondary schools, cruelly stricken though these are by the destruction of the lives of thousands of school-teachers. On the other hand, some of our vocational schools for wounded soldiers are turning out new school-teachers for us—professors of patriotism!) The writer of the American article I refer to was so kind as to add that full and regular courses are given in our schools, and that the determination of our professors not to let the war stifle learning and scientific progress deserves America's acknowledgment. Some of our lecturers do not fear to apply themselves to wartime subjects: thus, M. Denis has been lecturing during the year past on 'The Origins of the War; Europe since 1907,' while nationalism in literature has not escaped the attention of our professors of belles lettres. In discoursing upon Montaigne and Rabelais, Professor Lefranc of the Collège de France (who has visited America and lectured in your country, which he admires) has remarked that the philosophies of those authors are not out-moded even today, and that many a *poilu* in the trenches carries in a pocket of his faded uniform a copy of their great works. But I am straying from your question.

"France welcomes America to her universities. During the academic year we have had the pleasure of receiving as an 'exchange lecturer' Professor Grandgent of Harvard University. Professor Grandgent followed Professors Barrett Wendell, A. C. Coolidge, G. P. Baker, Bliss Perry, and others, including John Finley, of the College of the City of New York, and Professor Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, the

poet, who has represented your government as its Minister to Holland.

“There must be less red tape at our universities—so far as you Americans, anyway, are concerned,” said the Minister. “Moreover, one of your compatriots, a Harvard graduate, long resident in Paris, is working with me on plans for the opening of a *Maison Américaine* after the war: a home on the left bank of the Seine for American students who are attending our different Paris schools. I am hoping that the city of Paris will give the land for such a structure. The *Maison Américaine* will serve admirably the needs of the newly arrived student: giving him such information as he may require, and providing a meeting-place for him and for his friends. It will be an ideal centre of good comradeship and recreation—a foyer radiating our common love of truth and warming our mutual sympathies. We want American students in Paris. We have long had good reason to know of the good-will and concord existing between your nation and ours, your institutions and ours, your mental habits and ours.

“In future we republicans of the Old World and you of the New World must be better friends than ever.”

## THE GOING

MARY SIEGRIST

THAT we go calmly as the Unfearing go,  
 That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,  
 That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go—  
 This, this we ask:  
 So that our life becomes articulate,  
 So that it touches greatly one supreme  
 And crowning moment of a conscious strength.

Whatever be the path  
 Whereby this mystery shall achieve itself,  
 The cross whereon the wonder shall be born;  
 No matter what the red, red pain, or how  
 The frontiers pulse with the great Living-dead  
 Who call the Dead-alive—  
 This, this we ask:  
 That we go calmly at the Unfearing go,  
 That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,  
 That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go.

Better this going to what end may be,  
 This girding of the loin, this lighting of the lamp  
 In one exalted moment—than that life should take  
 Its sufferance from fat ease of coward creed,  
 Or sanction from some dark forgetfulness  
 Of white Atlantic's woe.

So we go grandly to the Summing-up;  
 So we go, mighty, to the last Account,  
 Knowing we help the Finger on the Wall  
 That writes Democracy across the world.  
 So shall America lift up her head  
 In queenly going to an unfaltering quest;  
 So shall she greet her lord Democracy—  
 A cripple riding in a tattered garb—  
 And bring him wine of life and great redress . . . .  
 Until henceforth his mantle shall be flung  
 Across all spaces of the land and sea,  
 His arm engird all nations.

Forward then  
 And lead to light,  
 America!—  
*That we go calmly as the Unfearing go,*  
*That we go proudly as the Unconquered go,*  
*That we go sightful as the Great-Visioned go.*

# THE RIGHT-LINE OF AMERICAN POLICY

T. LOTHROP STODDARD

**W**E Americans have two big tasks before us: to win the war and to win the peace.

Our first concern is, of course, to win the war. We have entered this war with a loftiness of idealism, a singleness of motive, whose like history can hardly show. We have deliberately abandoned our cherished isolation and staked our national well-being in the cause of international decency and future world-stability. Beyond these boons, the common heritage of mankind, we seek absolutely no reward for all our certain sacrifices of treasure and of blood; no territorial acquisitions, no special privileges, no increase of national prestige save that accruing as a chance by-product to a volunteer in the cause of justice and liberty. Such being the case, we can devote ourselves to the winning of the war with a spiritual consecration, a singleness of mind, impossible to nations seeking material recompenses as well as ideal values.

This singleness of purpose will stand us in good stead in the technical prosecution of the war as well as in the steeling of our will to victory. That comes out clearly from the most cursory survey of our immediate field of duty. Judged by traditional standards, this duty of ours has in it scant heroism or glory. Of course we should at once send a picked force overseas for moral effect. Of course we must raise a great army chosen scientifically by universal liability to military service from those best able to fight, best able to be spared from other necessary labors. But, for a time at least, our primary tasks will be economic. Our shipyards must ring night and day with the building of thousands of cargo-boats to carry food to England and steel to France; they must turn out myriads of swift mosquito-craft to hunt the German U-boats off the seas. Our farmers must sweat long hours over increased acreage to raise wheat for

European mouths. Our rich men must turn in profits and forego their luxuries. And all for what? Not for colonies, not for trade-preserves; but for a better world, a brighter tomorrow. How this will stimulate us during the hard months and years! How this will quicken that American idealism which the wisest foreign observers have discerned beneath the superficial dross of our national life! Americans will now prove to the world that they are not the nation of dollar-chasers which superficial critics so often supposed. They will prove it by their single-minded devotion to the most prosaic tasks, glorifying these by the knowledge that they are thus best contributing to the triumph of that cause to which they have pledged their all.

Such will be the peculiarly idealistic temper of America's "Will to Victory." And, as time passes, we Americans will come to understand more clearly precisely against what we fight. For, in the last analysis, we are not fighting the Kaiser, or the Junkers, or the Pan-Germans, or the professors. We are fighting a state of mind. Not an unprecedented state of mind, either. *The notion that the Germans are a race of demoniacal barbarians who have evolved out of their wicked inner consciousness a unique and diabolic heresy, is arrant nonsense.* The Germans are suffering from a form of megalomania which has afflicted many peoples during the course of history—the delusion of "The Chosen People," divinely predestined to rule and regenerate the earth. The ancient Jews had it to a marked degree, and modern examples of the aberration are Spain under Philip II and France under Napoleon.

Nevertheless, just because Germany's aberration is not unprecedented does not make it any the less dangerous, any the less intolerable in a well-ordered world. On the contrary, this false ideal must be crushed out at whatever cost. As a people desiring above all things Man's peaceful and progressive evolution, we must never lay down our arms until the danger has been finally dispelled. And there is only one way to dispel it. A nation which has once undertaken to make good its claim to be the Chosen People will not be cured

until its delusion has been beaten out of it on the battlefield. This generally takes time. Spaniards had to be beaten from the Armada to Rocroi, Frenchmen from Trafalgar to Waterloo, before they saw the light. However, if such a beating be well administered, it rarely has to be repeated. It is, as the Germans themselves are never tired of saying, "eine Machtfrage"—a question of force; and the Galenian formula, "Like cures like," here applies absolutely. Take present-day France and Spain. Neither people are precisely angels. They both have their Imperialists in greater or less degree. But the wildest contemporary French or Spanish Imperialist would scarcely dream of imposing his will and his customs upon the whole world, as Germans, with their patter of "Herrenvolk," "Kultur," "Weltmacht," etc., are never tired of dreaming.

That is the sort of thing Germans have simply got to have beaten out of them—whether it takes one year, five years, ten years, or fifty—because "The German Idea in the World," in its present signification, means no room for anything else. Yet to everyone save Germans it is self-evident that the German Idea, whatever its peculiar merits, is very far from being equivalent to the sum-total of all the rest! For this German Idea, it is, as Germans themselves rightly judge, a matter of "World-Power or Downfall." With its perfectly logical corollary of "Noth kennt kein Gebot"—"Necessity knows no law"—the German Idea has progressively challenged the rest of mankind from the violation of Belgian neutrality to ruthless submarine warfare, until at last Germany faces an outraged world in arms. Henceforth the issue is squarely joined: *humanity must either crush the German Idea or become German*. That is why we must fight if necessary to our last man and our last dollar until the German Idea shall have become forever a thing of the past, repudiated by the Germans themselves precisely as the French today repudiate the lusts of their Napoleonic ancestors.

So much for our first task—that of winning the war. But we should also bear in mind our second task—that of winning the peace. Otherwise, we shall be awakened from

our victory celebration by a nasty bump of rude reality which will leave us gasping: "Where are we?" Terrible though the present war may appear, it will prove to be merely one of a whole series of equally unpleasant episodes unless we can end it by peace which will lay the foundations of a new and better order of international relations. And such an order will not come of itself; it will have to be worked for, perhaps fought for, by all the idealistic and liberal forces of the world, if it is to become a living, constructive reality. Today the German Idea is the enemy, which must be beaten before any new order whatever can arise. But even though that enemy be beaten, there are other foes of progress to be overcome. We have heard much of the "Dark Forces" in Russia. But there are Dark Forces in every one of the world's nations, our own included: forces of rapacity, ambition, and callous greed, which are quite ready to turn the coming peace conference into a huckster's booth whence shall issue an iniquitous tissue of vindictive jobbery fraught with the inevitable woe of future generations.

These Dark Forces are alert and powerful. The main ground for hope is that the Entente Allies have all to a greater or less extent given formal pledges for the establishment of a new order of things. This is notably true of France and England, where we see great bodies of public opinion passionately resolved upon the attainment of a truly constructive peace. And right here lies America's golden opportunity. We have entered this war from purely idealistic motives. We have absolutely nothing material to gain out of the struggle. Our rewards will be solely ideal rewards, shareable by all mankind, including our present enemies. Our moral force is thus at its maximum, while our Dark Forces are paralyzed, since they have no material peg on which to hang their selfish desires. We will thus enter the future peace conference with absolutely clean hands, ready to back to the limit all the liberal forces working for a constructive settlement, and equally ready to oppose to the limit all the sinister forces seeking to pervert that settlement to their particularistic ends. Every liberal, every idealist, the world

over, will know that America wishes nothing from the peace except a peace which shall endure. The great thing to be kept in mind is so to develop our potential strength that when the time of settlement arrives we shall be able to ensure the right kind of peace. This is not going to be an easy matter. A right peace will never be won by moral platitudes. Our hands may be ever so clean; they will effect nothing unless they are also strong. This is one of the vital reasons why we should develop to the utmost our vast latent military and naval strength; so that, after having done our share in winning the war, we shall be ready to do our share in winning and guaranteeing the peace. In that hour our liberal Allies should be able to look to us, not for mere words, but for strong, determined action which shall secure to coming generations a righteous and progressive heritage.

This is our glorious privilege, our solemn duty. It is also our very practical and vital self-interest. Whether or not we like it, our traditional isolation is gone forever. Henceforth we are part of the great world, sharers in its common weal or woe. Of this, the present war is the best proof. That war was none of our making. If ever there was an "innocent by-stander," we were that one. With might and main we strove to keep clear of the dread melee. In vain! The world had become too small, the fabric of humanity too close-knit, for us to hold aloof. Inevitably we were compelled to do our part. Now we shall share in the peace as well as in the war. What is that peace to be? In other words, what sort of a future are we to fashion for our children? America was forced into this war. Unless a right sort of peace be made, America will be forced into subsequent wars. Are we going to bequeath to our sons a heritage of tranquil progress, or shall we make it certain that they must bleed and die as Americans must now bleed and die? The answer depends on two things: How we fight this war, and how we make its peace. It is "up to us."



# THE STATESMAN

W. J. LAMPTON

“**H**E serves his party best who serves his country best”;  
He is the man who makes his party great  
Who having bravely his self-interest suppressed,  
Makes party less than honor to the State.

Not many men are great enough for this;  
Too many choose the narrow-minded plan  
And by such lower means the higher issue miss,  
Which makes a tool of what should be a man.

But sometimes there are times when from the ruck  
Of politics a man, who is a man, will show  
The stuff that makes a State and by his pluck  
Will force the weakling partisan to grow.

This is the make of man the people need;  
This is the make to answer to his country's call  
To leadership, and answering, so lead  
The nation that it stand, although his party fall.

# OVER NO-MAN'S LAND TO FREEDOM

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

**I**N war, it is not only the combatants who wear, to borrow the late Stephen Crane's great phrase, the "red badge of courage." There are other heroisms than those of the trenches—the heroism, for example, of ambulance workers and chaplains, the heroism of civil officials who stay at their posts in a town occupied by the enemy. But the most astounding type of sheer animal courage, fortified by resourcefulness and a hope that must surely be superhuman, has been displayed in the European conflict by escaped prisoners. Particularly by those who have escaped not through neutral countries, but by way of the firing lines, over No-Man's Land. Many have fallen in this attempt. Yet some have come through, and they deserve to be called the bravest of the brave.

The soldier in active service knows that he is threatened by dangers in front of him, on both sides perhaps, very often from aeroplanes above his head. But at least he has his friends at his back and a General Staff to plan his strategy for him. Those who escape are surrounded by perils and may not count on any aid. They are handicapped by their language, their dress, and their mannerisms. Half the time, they do not know where they are, nor in what direction to look for their Allies. Their exploits have surpassed similar exploits of the past, because the battle fronts of today are closely locked trenches drawn across the map of Europe, and whole frontiers are sentineled. Their sufferings have been beyond measure. Their liberty has been paid for many times over.

The most dramatic escapes have been achieved by Russian soldiers who have made their way into France. These men have nearly all been simple peasants, speaking neither French nor German and barely reading Russian. In crossing Germany, they have been guided by the instinct of the

wild beast, by prudence, by craftiness, by a *flair*, in short. On reaching the Western front, they have simply taken a chance with their lives that would break the nerve of even the most reckless gambler for money, and dashed from one side to the other under fire.

The first arrivals early in the war were shot down by the French themselves. The latter were deceived by the similarity of the Russian and German uniforms, and did not know the difference between the Russian and German tongues. They thought that they were being attacked by advance guards of the enemy, and the poor fugitives who had had reason to suppose that they had nearly reached the end of their sufferings fell under the bullets of their friends. Nevertheless, some survivors, usually wounded, crawled into the French trenches and, by the aid of an interpreter, told the story of their Odyssey. The word was passed along the line to watch out for Russian prisoners, and in the course of the past few years several hundred have been rescued.

Serge Selivanow, a native of the district of Little Arkhangelsk, was captured while serving as a private in the 292nd Russian Infantry. His escape was a marvelous feat, but in describing it in Paris he displayed all the ingenuous simplicity of the *mujik*. He used the homely slang of his race and calling, which defies translation into English, and colored his story with a certain religious and mystical sentimentality, which can, perhaps, be rendered.

Let this Slav soldier speak for himself:

"We were surrounded by the Germans at Chavli, in Holy Russia," he said. "The hordes attacking us were greatly superior in numbers. We had to choose between surrendering or letting ourselves be exterminated. We surrendered.

"The enemy sent us to the Prussian prison depot of Neumunster. The good God only knows what we suffered. It cannot be told by the human tongue. One day an officer informed us that we must get ready for a journey. We learned later that we were to go to the French front, to work on emergency defenses. Our indignation was great.

'What?' we cried. 'Is the enemy to force us to serve against our Allies?' It was only too true. And as the German lash was always poised above our backs, we had no choice but to obey.

"We arrived at our destination, a point near Thuizy, in Champagne, and at once were assigned a task that was beyond our strength. Life became unendurable to two friends and myself. We decided to make a bid for liberty, on the first propitious day. The risk did not matter to us.

"After many hours devoted to prayer, and after placing ourselves wholly under the protection of Divine Providence, a faith strong enough to resist all tests was given to us. Our plan was simple. Very often a detachment of fifteen prisoners was sent to fetch bread for the 500 men in the camp. We three were usually among those picked for the service. The bakery was at a considerable distance, and either coming or going we could easily slip through the barbed wire fence that surrounded the prison camp.

"'Bread fatigue!' cried a surly officer of the guard one evening.

"I cannot describe how ardently I hoped, as we lined up, that I and my two comrades would be selected. Yet I knew beforehand that we would be. God was ready to aid us. We were all designated among the fifteen and left for the bakery, escorted by a single soldier.

"No favorable opportunity presented itself on the way. The Boche entered the bread depot and the Russians commenced to file in after him. We saw our chance and lingered till the last. The instant that we were the only three left outside the building we darted to the right, half running, half stumbling down a slope toward the bank of a rivulet. There, we hid in a clump of bushes, straining our ears for the least sound of pursuit. A whole quarter of an hour passed quietly. Then we saw four soldiers searching for us by the light of tiny electric pocket lamps. We slipped silently into the night, in the opposite direction.

"A hillock in our path offered no difficulties. On the other side, we found ourselves in cultivated fields; beyond

was a village through which it would save time to pass. We decided to brave it before an alarm could be given. And in order not to arouse suspicion, we trudged ahead, brazenly, as if we had been sent by the masters.

“The streets were dimly lighted. The inhabitants seemed to be asleep, and we met only a few soldiers. Some of the latter were sober, but took no notice of us. Others reeled about, too terribly drunk to care whether we were friends or enemies. As we emerged at the far end of the long main street of the village, we felt as if relieved of a heavy burden. The rivulet now barred our road again. We could only cross it by way of a wooden bridge guarded by a sentry. We strolled toward the bridge.

“‘*Halt! Wer da!*’ cried the sentry. Without saying a word, the three of us struck him down and dashed across the bridge.

“The sentry picked himself up and fired after us. Fortunately, the night was very dark and protected us. But though we had escaped this danger, a new and seemingly greater one was just ahead—nothing less than an encampment of soldiers relieved from the first-line trenches. They were very tired, those soldiers, and slept like dead men. Apparently, it needed more than a few rifle shots to wake them. We pattered along in the shadow of a wall, unheard, and presently found ourselves on a road that led toward rising ground. Suddenly the moon shone out between the clouds. This made it bad for us, and we looked for a hiding place.

“A tree with very thick foliage stood near by. It was our sanctuary. We climbed into its branches and concealed ourselves as best we could. *Brrrrr!* How cold it was! We thought, before the morning, that we should freeze to death.

“Day came at last and, alas! brought new danger with it. German soldiers came and went continuously under our tree. Some of them were influenced by evil spirits to stop and even to rest in its shade. But as they smoked their huge cigars, it did not occur to them to look upward. As evening fell, fewer soldiers appeared.

" After sunset, we continued our flight. The moon that night must have been friendly to the Germans, for by the good God, she shone as if she were eager to betray us! Yet we made progress, and by dawn found an abandoned trench close to the firing lines. This seemed good to us. We masked it with branches and hid ourselves at the bottom, determined to make a dash the following night across the German lines, toward our brothers, the French. Knowing well that this looked like inviting certain death, we nevertheless believed humbly that God would guide us through unharmed.

" It was still dusk when we left our shelter. Both sides were firing their heavy artillery with the rage of demons. The Germans cowered in their trenches, while we, like living ghosts, scurried over the plain at the mercy of the shrapnel. Huge trenches, full of troops, barred our way. We tried to cross one. The soldiers thought that we were strayed comrades and made place for us, crying: '*Komm! Komm!*' We glided silently away without making a reply. Then we found a trench guarded by only one man. It did not face the positions opposite, but had been dug at an angle and formed a sheltered road for our advance. We rushed through it. We beat down the soldier as we went and left him senseless. The next instant we were at the barbed wire entanglements. This was the frontier that separated Germans from French.

" We flapped among those wires like fish trying to find a way out of the net that has enmeshed them. It was the most dangerous moment of our adventure. Hundreds of shots were fired from both sides in our direction. Our immunity was truly miraculous. At last, my flesh torn by the cruel teeth of the barricade, I succeeded in struggling through. I hid in a shell crater, heartsick with anxiety for my companions. But they joined me soon and we all three crouched in the hole, pressed as tightly against each other as we could get.

" In front of us were new entanglements of barbed wire. We tried to cross them, but at each movement we made the wires twanged and rattled, and a volley of shots came in our

direction. As I continued to wrestle with the obstacle, I touched a human body. I addressed it, but there was no reply. It was the corpse of a French soldier, caught in the wires and torn to shreds by bullets. Whenever a rocket threw its scorching white light on the scene, the Germans must have taken him for a target.

"We remained between the lines until nearly morning. Then we decided to put an end to our torture, to escape or to die by either a German or a French bullet. In the dusk of the false dawn, I held up a white handkerchief and cried: 'Comrades! *Rousski! Rousski!*' For ten minutes, bullets were our only answer. Then there seemed to rise out of the ground behind the barbed wire—a helmet.

"A helmet! What a cruel jest! We were giving ourselves up to Germans then! (At that time, we did not know that the French had abandoned the kepi.) Our dream of liberty was destroyed. But, as we looked, we saw that that helmet had no spike on top, and that the uniform underneath it was of the blessed sky blue worn by Frenchmen. We rushed forward. At a single bound, we leaped the barbed wire entanglements that had seemed so difficult during the night. Five minutes later we were in the trenches of our friends. We were received with open arms. God had heard our prayers, and his angels had been with us unseen."

Among French prisoners, many sensational evasions have been scored by aviators. The case of Gilbert is well known. Interned in Switzerland, he was twice successful in eluding the authorities. The French, who returned him to captivity once, received him back into their ranks the second time and made a national hero of him.

But the feat of the aviator Delauny in getting out of Germany was more difficult than that of Gilbert, who was aided by friends each time.

Delauny was forced to land within the enemy lines in the region of the Somme on December 17, 1914. He was sent to the interior of Prussia, where two unsuccessful attempts to escape led to his confinement in a camp for convict prisoners. He never ceased to plan for his freedom, and

paved the way by feigning a new docility. Early in 1916, he obtained permission to work as a farm hand. He was sent to the neighborhood of Darmstadt. On May 1, he overpowered a sentry and fled. It was 400 kilometers (about 280 miles) to the Dutch frontier. Traveling by night and hiding by day, he covered the distance in twenty-five nights. Delauny insists that he had no adventures worth mentioning until toward the end, and that the incident that then took place was more of a joke than a mishap; but few people in a similar position to his would agree with him.

"The Germans had a good chance to kill me," he said. "They contented themselves, however, with relieving me of 820 marks. I was hiding in a wood near Waltrop. Two infantry soldiers, returning from a drinking bout, arrested me. They treated me roughly and painted lurid pictures of what would happen to me at headquarters. I half believed that I would be shot. Three weeks before I would have accepted it as being all in the game. But when I was so near to freedom it was maddening. Luckily, it occurred to me that they were undoubtedly short of money after their spree. I offered them 150 marks if they would let me go. They immediately made me a counter proposition that, if I would pay them 500 marks, they would guide me to the frontier and see that I got across safely.

"It was impossible to refuse. They had me in their power and were dictating terms. I expected to be betrayed, but I paid over the sum demanded. One of them went away, leaving the other to guard me until nightfall. On his return they held a consultation and insisted on having every sou I had on me. What could I do? I gave them 320 marks more, 820 marks in all. They searched me to make sure that I had been properly burglarized, then amazed me by keeping their end of the bargain and escorting me into Holland."

If Delauny took a serious crisis lightly, a Russian soldier in the expeditionary force in France failed to realize the humor of an episode of his earlier campaigning against the Austrians. This man, a solemn, unilluminated Slav



named Paul Ivanowski, told me a few minutes after we had made each other's acquaintance that he was an escaped prisoner.

He had been cut off from his company, it transpired, in an action in Bukowina, and had run into the arms of fifteen Austrians.

"They had fixed bayonets," murmured Ivanowski sadly. "I was one man against them all. 'I am your prisoner, noble gentlemen,' I said. But the Austrians looked at me curiously and asked how far away the Russian positions might be.

"'A verst or two, masters,' I answered.

"'You could find your way back?'

"'Without doubt, were it not for you.'

"'In that case, be of good heart,' declared their officer. 'You are not our prisoner. On the contrary, we are yours.'

"I took them to headquarters, and the Colonel recommended me for a medal," concluded Ivanowski, tapping a ribbon on his breast. "I could not see that I had done so very much. It was the Austrians who had proved traitors to their Emperor by helping me to escape."

The last phrase was characteristic of the man's singularly matter-of-fact point of view.

A Russian officer, in Paris on a special mission in connection with munitions, but who had seen service against both the Germans and Austrians, was the authority for the following details of an escape, in many respects a companion exploit of that of Serge Selivanow, already described.

One of his comrades was captured by the Austrians during the first few weeks of the war. The prisoner, Boris Kawotny by name, was sent to Buda Pest, where he of course received no news of the war. He did not know whether the advance in Galicia had progressed, or whether the minor disaster in which he had been a participant had been part of a general rout of his countrymen. When he and hundreds of other captives were later rushed back toward the front, he had no idea of what would be expected of him.

Near Stanislau, within sound of cannonading from the scene of battle, he was set to work digging trenches. This

convinced him that the Austrians, hard pushed, were preparing positions on which to retire. He resolved to escape at the first opportunity.

One day, he and a comrade darted from under the very noses of their guards, through a wood and into an uninhabited valley, where they eluded pursuit. Pressing on the following night, they stumbled upon a railroad junction gorged with supply trains. They were fired at, and could find no better hiding place than an open car loaded with hay. They burrowed into the hay, and thereafter had little choice but to remain. In the morning, the train left for the front. It was shunted on to a siding behind the Austrian third lines, but was not immediately unloaded.

For nearly a week the Russians endured the ordeal of lying in their cramped positions and breathing air thick with vegetable dust. The rain fell and matted the hay into a sodden and steaming mass. Their only food was ears of wheat, which were fairly plentiful in the carload. They foraged for them, husking the grains between their palms. Occasionally they ventured out at night and drew water from a cistern.

Their situation was desperate to the point of hopelessness. The car stood in the middle of the camp. If they left it, they would certainly be taken. If they stayed on, sooner or later the hay would be unloaded and they would be back in captivity, with a severe punishment in store for them. Abject surrender seemed the most reasonable course. Yet Boris Kawotny, with the roar of friendly artillery in his ears, could not bring himself to yield. He kept alive the courage of his companion, even on a certain day of suspense when soldiers with pitchforks got to work above their heads, only to abandon their task because they found the fodder to be too damp to feed to their horses.

He obtained his justification when a spell of accurate shelling threw the Austrian camp into confusion. It was broad daylight, but the Russians took advantage of the panic to bolt for freedom. They got clear of the camp. In a wood, Kawotny became separated from his friend. He wandered

on alone, and presently came upon the corpse of an officer. With the *sang froid* of necessity, he changed his uniform for that of the dead man. Thus disguised, his progress became easy.

He passed the third and second lines of the Austrian position unquestioned. At the first line trenches, he drew his sword as if leading a charge and plunged into the barbed wire entanglements. Both sides fired at him and missed consistently. He threw away the now useless sword, blundered over the obstacle, and shouting information about his true character in Russian, he reached his own people, unwounded except for a few scratches received from the barbed wire.

This exploit gave him considerable fame, as he was the first Russian soldier to regain his liberty by way of the firing lines in the Galician campaign of 1914.

Heroes or primitives? Which term should be applied to these dare-devils of the Twentieth Century? Perhaps both. However degrading captivity may be, it takes heroism to risk one's life a hundred times over, with return to the fighting ranks as the goal. But to judge by the personalities of the soldiers whose stories I have sketched, it is to only a small degree a reasoned, patriotic heroism. It is the spirit of the forlorn hope, the blind courage of the cave-man, who, no more than his brother, the lion, can endure to be caged if there is any means of bursting through the bars to freedom.

**FOLLOW THE WAR  
READ FORUM**

# IN THE WAKE OF LOUVAIN\*

L. MOKVELD

(War Correspondent of "De Tijd")

**A**S soon as I heard about the horrors that took place at Louvain, I hastened to try and get there to find out, if possible, by personal observation the truth of the numberless conflicting stories that would undoubtedly grow up from the facts. I expected that the situation round about the town would be rather critical, and decided to proceed cautiously. It is rather a long stretch of nearly forty-five miles, but I succeeded in getting to Louvain in the afternoon.

The road itself had prepared me already in some degree for the horrors I should find there. All the villages through which I passed, excepting Tongres and the townlets of St. Trond, Borgloon, and Tirlemont, were for the greater part burned down or shelled into ruins. The German troops, who had been stoutly resisted during their march through St. Trond and Tirlemont, had attacked in a great rage the civilian population. They set the houses on fire and aimed their rifles at the terror-stricken civilians who fled from them. The men were nearly all killed, but women and children were shot as well.

On the road from Borgloon to Thienen I had a chat with an old crone, who stood weeping by the ruins of her miserable little cottage, which she refused to leave. This little house, which strenuous zeal had enabled her to buy, was all she possessed on earth besides her two sons, both fallen through the murderous lead of those barbarians, and buried in the little garden at the back of their ruined home. Of another family, living close by, the father and two sons were murdered in the same way.

Between Thienen and Louvain I met endless trains of refugees, exactly like those I had seen already near Visé, Liège, and other places. These also carried their wretched bundles, and children and young people did their utmost to

\* From *THE GERMAN FURY IN BELGIUM*, permission of George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

encourage and support their elders on their arduous path. All these people saluted me in a cringing, timid manner nodding smilingly and taking off their caps already from afar.

I saw some extremely poor people, very old and stiff, to whom walking was nearly impossible. A Bavarian soldier escorted them. He had his rifle slung across his back and in both hands carried the luggage of the unfortunate creatures. He seemed to have come a long way already, for he looked tired, and the perspiration ran down his face. Although it is only natural to assist one's fellow-creatures, this scene touched me, for hitherto I had seen the Germans commit rough, inhuman deeds only.

I noticed the smell of fire already several miles from Louvain. On both sides of the road small mounds indicated the graves of soldiers who fell during the brave resistance of the Belgians before Louvain. A small wooden cross and some pieces of accoutrement were the only decorations. Carcasses of horses were lying in the fields, from which came a disagreeable smell.

The town was on fire, and ruddy smoke hovered over it. Deserted like a wilderness, not a soul moved in the streets. The first street I entered was the Rue de la Station. Large, imposing mansions used to stand here, but the devouring fire consumed even the last traces of former greatness.

All houses were on fire, and every now and then walls fell down with a roar of thunder, shrouding the greater part of the street in a thick cloud of suffocating smoke and dust. Sometimes I had to run to escape from the filthy mass. On several walls an order was written in chalk directing the men to come to the market-place to assist in extinguishing the fire, and the women to stay indoors. As soon as the order had been obeyed the Germans drove the men from the market to the station, where they were packed in trucks like cattle.

Farther on in the Rue de la Station lay nine rotting carcasses of horses, the intestines oozing from the bodies, and a greasy substance was poured over their skin. The stench was unbearable and made breathing nearly impossible, which

compelled me to jump on my bicycle and escape as quickly as possible from the pestilential surroundings.

The sun was already setting, and became still redder, making still more abominable and more infernal the glare of the burning town. Nobody moved about in this abode of death.

I roamed about aimlessly in a scorching heat. Whither? I did not know myself. I did not know Louvain and met nobody whom I might ask something. I came near a couple of streets that were only ruins; the walls collapsed against each other and filled the roadway with rubbish, so that sometimes I could not see whether I walked on or beside the place where the houses used to stand.

Bicycling was of course out of the question; I shouldered my bicycle and stepped across the glowing cinders, which singed my soles. One spot could still be recognized as a street corner. Three soldiers emerged there suddenly and aimed at me with their rifles.

I explained who I was, and was then allowed to come nearer. They were drunk, and with glassy eyes talked about francs-tireurs, the friendship Germans felt for Netherlanders, and so on. One of them entered the still burning corner house and returned with three bottles of wine, one a bottle of Champagne; corks were drawn and one of the bottles handed to me. First I said that I never took wine, then that the doctor had forbidden it; it was of no use. The fellow who held the bottle in front of me got nasty, and shouted:

“If you don't drink with us you are not our friend.” At the same time he beat the ground with his rifle-butt and, willy-nilly, I had to drink.

Suddenly several shouts sounded in the neighborhood. The three took their rifles and looked around, somewhat scared. They assured me that they would protect me. If there had been occasion for it, it would have been against their own comrades, for a troop of soldiers came sailing along, swinging about their rifles and shooting at the burning houses as they walked on, without rhyme or reason,

anyhow and anywhere. They were drunk also. At last I was able to shake off my "friends," and got through another street into the market-place, at the townhall and St. Peter's Church. The beautiful townhall happily was not destroyed, as the first reports intimated, but St. Peter's had been damaged most cruelly. The spire had disappeared, the roof collapsed, windows broken, the altar burned, the pulpit badly damaged, and so forth. The two last-named parts were fine works of art.

For the rest, most houses in the market-place were on fire. Soldiers were billeted on one of the corner houses, and I was of course detained there, but released again, after having been requested to show up the francs-tireurs. I had to consider also where I might pass the night in this burning city? I asked an officer's consent to stay the night with the soldiers. He gave his permission if I could get the consent of the commanding officer, whom I might find at the station; he told me that he was sure to grant it.

Before I got there I passed the Halls of Louvain, the building that contained the world-famous library, with its numerous art-treasures. Only the outer walls were left standing, inside it was all ruins. All was reduced to dust, to miserable rubbish, and never will one single page be recovered of all those thousands of burned manuscripts.

I was greatly astonished to see a little old man sitting by his house, while all those in the neighborhood were burning. His own dwelling had escaped without much damage, and was only hit by rifle bullets. He told me that his family had fled, his son with wife and all children but one, a small boy. At length he left also, but had lost his way outside the town, and returned to his house, where the Germans "allowed" him to remain. I considered that I might after all sleep better in that house than yonder among the soldiers, and asked the little man whether he would put me up for the night. He did not object at all; but in spite of my pressing, he refused absolutely to accept any payment.

"But," he said, "but perhaps you brought some bread with you to eat on the road, and I should like to have a piece

of that . . . not for myself . . . but for my grand-child; we had nothing to eat all day long, and the little boy is so . . . is so hungry."

The poor man wept, and although I had taken with me no more than two pieces of bread-and-butter, which I had not touched yet, I could not bear the sight of these poor, hungry things, and handed over to them my food.

As I passed a Red Cross Hospital, partly spared, I noticed a Flemish doctor, who first looked at me from the door held ajar, and then came nearer; a strapping young fellow with a black beard. After I had made myself known as a Netherlander, he was clearly surprised, and it seemed as though he had a lot to ask or to tell. I expected to hear a torrent of abuse against the Huns, who had destroyed everything, and murdered so many innocent people, or a lament about the valuable treasures of the library, which also had not been spared; but no, other thoughts occupied his mind. With a slightly trembling voice he asked:

"Ah well, you come from The Netherlands; tell me whether it is true that you have let the Germans through, allowing them to ravish us? Tell me whether this is true or not?"

The man became quite excited, and took hold of my sleeve. He looked me straight in the face, as if he wanted to find out by the expression of my eyes whether I spoke the truth. I could easily stand the scrutinizing look, for I knew too well how utterly false those suspicions were. So I replied with great emphasis:

"I know that those rumors have been spread about, but also that they were contradicted by Belgian officials. I know also, and can affirm it from my own personal observation, that there is not a single word of truth in those accusations, for I passed the early days of the war in the district where the fight was going on."

The good man's face became quite cheerful, he grasped my hand, deeply moved, and, pressing it warmly, said:

"Ah, well, I am sincerely glad to hear that. You cannot believe what awful sorrow it gave us, Flemings, when



we heard that the Netherlanders were conspiring with the Germans."

The doctor now became more communicative on other matters. According to him the Germans contended that the inhabitants had been shooting from windows and cellars, in order to prevent the garrison from assisting their comrades, who were fighting a battle against the Belgians at a distance of about four miles and a half from the town. Such an organized action of the inhabitants, under the tyrannical rule of the Germans during the eight days before the destruction, he called impossible, and therefore the whole accusation absurd. At any rate they had felt that the destruction was coming, and had been planned systematically, for during those eight days the Germans had plundered the population, and taken from them all bread, even what they required to feed themselves.

To avenge this alleged shooting by civilians the fires had been kindled in the houses, maxims placed in the streets, women and children beaten, men imprisoned or murdered.

The discovery by the Germans of so-called depots of Belgian rifles, each rifle labeled with the name of a citizen, was a gigantic "misunderstanding." Already before the Germans occupied the town the burgomaster had issued an order that all arms should be delivered. The inhabitants had obeyed, and the rifles were provided with a card, so that each might be returned to the lawful owner after the war. This collection of arms had been used by the Germans as evidence of an organized revolt of the citizens.

When I told the doctor that I had to go to the station, he explained to me how I could get there without walking across red hot cinders, and I followed his advice. I walked through quarters which used to be the pride of the city, but were now turned into heaps of rubbish.

They made also sad havoc of the Boulevard de Namur. Many mansions of the aristocracy had been destroyed and many people killed. There were corpses still lying on the Boulevard as I passed, all in a state of decay. The smell was unbearable and the sight loathsome, especially when I

saw several drunken soldiers insulting the bodies of these unfortunate people.

In the flowerbeds in front of the station many corpses had been buried, especially those of soldiers who had been killed in the fight near Louvain. The station itself was well guarded, but, thanks to my passport and resolute manner, I gained admission and was finally ushered into the presence of the man who is responsible for the destruction of Louvain, Von Manteuffel.

I had expected to meet a terrible creature, but must admit that he was as kind as possible. As soon as he had learned from my papers that I was a Netherland journalist, he jumped up and stood in the attitude as though he saw in me the personification of the Kaiser. He already probably felt the pangs of remorse, and now wanted to try and justify himself as far as possible in the eyes of the public.

He stated that the cause of the destruction was the necessity of punishment, because Belgian soldiers in civilian dress had stayed behind in Louvain, waiting to attack the German army from behind at the first favorable opportunity. They thought that their chance had come when for a short time the German troops had to be withdrawn from the fortified camp of Antwerp to take their share in a fight near Louvain. Von Manteuffel thought that by attacking the troops in the town the Belgians hoped to prevent the Louvain garrison from assisting their comrades.

He did not seem to mind much the destruction of the Halls with their world-famous wealth of books; anyway he spoke about it in an unconcerned tone. But he seemed to attach great importance to the safety of the town-hall. He said that when the buildings adjoining the town-hall began to burn, he had them blown up in order to keep the fire away from the beautiful monument.

As darkness was coming on I asked him whether it was not dangerous to pass the night in the house of that little old man, whom I mentioned above. He saw nothing dangerous in it, as by far the greater part of the town was deserted, and no attack need be feared.

So I thought that I might chance it. The house was some distance from the station, near the railway line; opposite stood a sort of goods station guarded by six soldiers. Before entering the house I had a chat with them, for I thought that if I explained my position and told them that the commanding officer gave me permission to pass the night in that house, I should be much safer if anything should happen during the night, because they knew then that they had to deal with a neutral journalist. They might moreover warn me should the fire that was raging all around reach that house. So I told the whole story to these fellows, who were also more than half drunk, showed them my passports, gave them some cigars, and after a friendly chat went to the old man who was to put me up for the night.

There was of course no gas lit, and there was no paraffin lamp in the house. I was shown to my room by the dim light of a candle. The old man could hardly get up the stairs, as he was trembling all over in consequence of the days passed in fear and dread. The ceiling of my bedroom had been pierced by bullets, and the fragments covered nearly the whole of the bed, which had not been made after it was last used. The unaccustomed work of stripping and making the bed was soon finished, and I was hardly ready when a soldier entered at the door, which had to be left open by order, and shouted from the bottom of the staircase that I was not allowed to have a light, and must blow out my candle.

I was soon fast asleep, tired out by my bicycle ride of that day of about forty-five miles, and my wanderings through Liège. But my rest was not to be a long one. At about ten o'clock I was awakened by a great noise on the stairs, and was surprised to see six armed soldiers in my room. That is not exactly a pleasant manner of waking up after so short a sleep. They informed me in a gruff voice that I had to get up, to dress and follow them. As I obeyed the order, I asked what gave me this unexpected honor; but they refused to enlighten me on that point.

After I had dressed in their presence, they searched all my pockets, and felt all over my body to find out whether I

had any arms concealed about me. Then three soldiers went downstairs, I had to follow these, and the other three came in the rear. I did not understand at all of what capital crime I was suspected which made it necessary to have me arrested by six soldiers armed to the teeth.

We waited in the street for two of the soldiers who went to fetch the old man. After waiting a good while the poor wretch appeared between them. He wept profusely, and between his loud sobs affirmed repeatedly that he was innocent, that he did not know me, that I told him I was a Netherland journalist, and so on, and so on: "Oh, gentlemen!—oh, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "I must not leave my little boy . . . my laddie; . . . he is quite alone. . . . Oh, let me go!" . . .

I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, and tried to console him by remarking that it was all a misunderstanding, and that I would positively see to it that he would soon be released.

"Come now quietly," I said; "so much the sooner you will be back with your laddie."

But he did not take any notice of all my exhortations and was entirely impervious to them in his grief. So I went to the station side by side with the weeping man, and surrounded by the six soldiers. The crackle of the flames, the sound of collapsing houses seemed more terrifying in the night than in day-time, and now and again I got a shock when suddenly, by the uncertain light of the flames, I saw the corpse of a civilian lying in the dark shade of the tall trees on the Boulevard.

Whenever our escort fancied that they saw something, they stopped and called out to the supposed approaching persons: "Who goes there?" Sometimes it was only some shrubs that they saw; at other times patrolling German soldiers. "Parole?" was asked: "Duisburg!" and after that answer they came nearer. At the station I was taken to an officer who sat at a table on the platform and had lit up his nearest surroundings by means of a paraffin-lamp. My little old man wept now so badly that he was quite unmanageable,

and the officer made up his mind to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Tell me, father," he began, "did you allow this man by your side to stay the night at your house?"

"Oh . . . oh . . . let me . . . go to my laddie . . . let me go . . . oh . . . oh."

"Yes, all right, you may go, but we only want you to tell us what you know of this man."

"Oh—oh . . . I don't understand you . . . let me go . . . my little boy . . . we have nothing to eat . . . we are innocent . . . I do not know the gentleman . . . oh . . . oh!"

I took the liberty to explain to the officer that the man did not understand him, and stated that he did not know me.

"Then, why did you want to stay at the man's house?—what brought you here?"

Thus my examination opened. I told him everything from beginning to end, also that the commanding officer had given me permission to stay at that house, that I had shown my papers to the soldiers at the goods station opposite the house, and that I did not understand why I should be put to all this inconvenience.

He explained to me that one of those soldiers accused me of . . . spying and arson. He had thought to recognize in me a person who had asked him that afternoon whether he was . . . a Belgian or a German soldier, and whom he had also seen escaping from a factory which was in full blaze a moment later.

Highly indignant, I claimed of course that that soldier should also be called; but I was told that I had better assume a more modest tone. I then asked to be taken to the commanding officer, whom I had seen that afternoon; but he was away on inspection or something, and would not return before the next morning.

After this the officer examined my papers carefully one by one, and had to admit that they were in perfect order. Still, he had no authority to take a decision before I had been seen by the commanding officer.

The old man was allowed to go home, escorted by the same soldiers. At the very moment that he was about to leave, I happened to notice on the platform a gigantic heap of loaves, brought in by train for the soldiers.

"Do you know," I asked the officer, "that this old man and his grandchild are starving? He put me up because I gave him a couple of pieces of bread-and-butter for the child." He looked at me somewhat crossly, but inquired all the same whether my information was correct, and then gave the old man two loaves, which dried his tears immediately, and for which he thanked the donor in a quivering voice.

Two soldiers now took everything I had in my pockets, even my watch and my purse. This brought also to light a German map of Belgium, with a stamp "For military use only." I was told in a gruff voice that this was a highly suspicious thing, and that they could not understand how it got into my possession. I replied quite coolly that I had bought the thing in Aix-la-Chapelle for one mark, where it could be had in many shops, and that the words, "For the military only" merely revealed the shrewd German commercial instinct, which knows that people always like to possess things which are not meant for them.

I believe that this made him angry; at least he ordered me to take off my shoes also, and their inside was carefully examined.

I was now escorted to a spot where on some straw several soldiers were sleeping, who had to do sentry-go at two o'clock that night. It was a part of the platform which was not even roofed, and entirely under the open sky. But they anyway had straw to lie on, and sufficient cover, but I had to lie down between them on the flags, without any blanket. A separate sentry was commanded to watch me; every two hours another was charged with the task. I was allowed to try and sleep, with the warning that I should be shot at the slightest attempt to escape.

It was a chilly night, and a dense heavy fog made it impossible to see anything. . . . My "bed-fellows" raged and fumed at me, saying that I was one of those

villains who had treacherously shot them. I shivered from the cold, and felt, as it were, the dampness of the wet stone floor entering my system.

While all the others were denouncing me, one soldier was ready to believe that I was a peaceful foreign journalist, and that all the misunderstanding would disappear the next morning as soon as I should be taken to the commanding officer. He took pity on me, and got a thick soldier's coat for me as cover. I still feel grateful to the man for it. But sleep was out of the question on that wet floor, in the dense fog. When the guard was changed and soldiers came back, or others went, they could not see in the dark where they went, and treated me to a kick against my head or some other part of my body.

It was a fantastic night. Trains arrived out of the foggy darkness, their screeching whistle resounding from the far distance, and when they steamed into the station a storm of noise arose. All these trains brought British prisoners of war, captured by the Germans at St. Quentin, and hundreds of German soldiers escorted the trains, which were all covered over with green branches, and looked like copse-wood sliding along the railroad. As soon as they rumbled into the station the escorts sang loudly their patriotic songs, and "Germany before all other!" ("Deutschland über Alles!") vibrated through the fog.

The soldiers lying round about me, and those in other parts of the station, got up, shouting, "There are the British," and ran towards the arriving trains. They jeered at the beaten enemies in all sorts of vulgar and filthy words, which made the German enthusiasm absolutely lacking in chivalry. Eight trains with captured British arrived during that night.

At seven o'clock in the morning I was taken to the commanding officer, and was glad to see him again. He jumped up immediately and came to me with a charming smile, when I pointed to my escort and explained that I was a prisoner.

He flushed red with anger, and asked the sergeant what it all meant. The latter told the story and I filled in some details.

He showed the most profound indignation, and offered his apologies with lively gestures. He said that my papers proved quite clearly that I was a Netherland journalist. He declined to allow any further examination, and gave the peremptory order that everything that had been taken away from me should be returned at once. When I had put everything in my pockets, he asked:

"Have they given you back everything?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "excepting my pocketknife."

"Where is that knife?" Von Manteuffel asked the sergeant who had fetched my belongings.

"But that is a weapon, general!"

"Return that knife at once!"

The general expatiated once more on the francs-tireurs of Louvain, and asked me to explain in my papers without fail that the citizens had to thank themselves for what had happened. The sergeant who had taken me to him was ordered to escort me, that I might not have any further trouble with the soldiers in the city.

I started on my return journey to The Netherlands sick to death. The consequences of lying on that wet floor made themselves badly felt, and besides being quite stiff and chilly, my interior was badly out of order.

Many refugees returned to Louvain that morning simply driven by hunger. I myself lived still on the breakfast I had at Maastricht on the previous day, and badly wanted something to eat, but still more a cup of hot coffee, to warm my chilled body. I was able to get the coffee—without milk or sugar—from a peasant along the road, but food was out of the question. Most of the people had nothing left, others saved a piece of bread as hard as a brick for the moment when hunger might drive them to extreme distress. Whatever sums I offered, nothing could be had before I came to Tirlemont, where I was able to buy three eggs.

I had a rather amusing meeting at Tongres, with a Netherland colleague, who was on his way to Louvain.

"Where do you come from?" was his first question.

"From Louvain!"



"Have you been there already? I am going there too. How are things there?"

"Have you got anything for me to eat?" I asked, not heeding his words.

I said it quite innocently, without any other desire beyond that of taking off the edge of my really trying hunger. But the effect of my question was surprising indeed. He looked at me dumfounded, and asked:

"But where did you stay then during the night?"

"I have been arrested."

"And did you not get anything to eat?"

"No!"

He was back in The Netherlands before me.

### *LOUVAIN UNDER THE MAILED FIST*

The next day at Maastricht I tried to cure the evil results of that night on the damp floor in Louvain by eating great quantities of rice and drinking much cocoa with liberal doses of cinnamon, but as it was of no avail, I started again the next morning.

The majority of the refugees returning to Louvain belonged to the lower classes, and they began to loot and plunder the town, encouraged thereto by the German soldiers, who threw the things into the streets, and said: "Take it, if you like!" In extenuation of the looting and plundering I might say that the poor wretches tried before all to get hold of half-burned eatables.

During my first visit I estimated the number of civilian victims at about eighty. This number turned out to be larger, as many during the second fire fled to their cellars, exits of which were however choked up by the collapsing walls. The corpses of numerous suffocated citizens were found in these cellars.

At many monasteries I heard painful details of the treatment suffered by priests. The majority were made prisoners, and many were tied to trees during a whole night and afterwards released. Several were killed. I heard, for example,

at the convent of the Jesuits that a student of theology, Eugene Dupiereux, had been murdered, simply because he was found to have kept a diary of the war in which he had expressed a rather unfavorable opinion about the Germans. In the same manner two Josephite brothers were murdered, who later on were found to be Germans; of other priests who had been killed, the names were not yet known.

Many clerical gentlemen connected with the University had been ill-treated in the most atrocious manner. The architect Lenertz, a native of Luxemburg, also connected with the University, had been shot, for no reason at all, before the eyes of his wife at the moment that he left the house. And Louvain was so effectively cut off from the outer world that in most convents I was asked whether the rumor was true that the Pope was dead! And at that time his successor had already been appointed.

I succeeded in laying my hands on an original copy of a proclamation that ought not to have been posted before the following day. I took the document with me to The Netherlands, and it is of special interest, because in it the Germans admit to have tyrannized the people, and to have not only burned Louvain, but also ransacked the town. The proclamation had been drawn up in concert with the German authorities and was approved by them. It was in French and in Flemish, and read as follows:

#### “ PROCLAMATION

*“ To the inhabitants of the City of Louvain*

“ We have in vain visited our municipal representatives. The last of them, Alderman Schmidt, who was prevented from fulfilling his office, surrendered to us the municipal power on August 30th.

“ I believe that it is my duty to take that task upon me, assisted by some well-known burgesses, who have undertaken to stand by me.

“ In agreement with the German military authority I invite the inhabitants of Louvain to return to the city, and to take up again their usual occupations.

“ The orders issued by Monsieur Collins remain valid.

“ I mention more especially:—

" 1. That it is prohibited to be out of doors after seven o'clock (Belgian time) in the evening.

" 2. That all who are in possession of any arms, of whatever description, or any munition must at once deliver everything at the town-hall.

" 3. That everything that may appear hostile to the German army must be avoided with the utmost care.

*" The German military authorities have promised us that on these conditions no further burning and looting shall take place and that the population shall no longer be threatened or embarrassed.*

" We are engaged now most actively upon the re-establishment of the municipal services: Police, Municipal Register, and the Services of the Canals, which services will all be reopened as soon as possible.

" The police service will be performed in the daytime by some volunteers, who will wear an armlet in the municipal colours, and an identity card, both officially stamped. Well-minded persons, who are willing to perform these duties, are urgently requested to present themselves at the town-hall to-day at four o'clock in the afternoon.

" The acting burgomaster, A. NERINCK.

" The town-clerk, EUG. MARGUERY.

" The committee of burgesses: Dr. BOINE  
Pastor CLAES, DR. P. DEBAISIEUX, DR. DECO-  
NINICK, CH. DE LA VALLEÉ-POUSSIN, MON-  
SEIGNEUR DEFLOIGNE, P. HELLEPUTTE, A. THIERY,  
DR. TITS, L. VERHELST, V. VINGEROEDT.

" LOUVAIN,

September 1st, 1914."

Pastor Claes, mentioned in the above proclamation, has done very much for the miserable Louvain population; they owe him especially much gratitude for an act of devotion with regard to the murdered victims.

In the immediate neighborhood of the railway station a house was being built, of which only the foundations were laid. The place showed nothing beyond a huge cavity. I had noticed already several times that there was an atrocious stench near the station, which at last became unendurable. Pastor Claes, who courageously entered all destroyed houses to look for the dead, had discovered the victims also in this place. In the cave just mentioned he found sixteen corpses of burghers, two priests among them. In order to remove

them from the street the Germans had simply thrown them into that cave, without covering the corpses in any way. They had been lying there for days, and were decaying rapidly.

I witnessed Pastor Claes's labours for a moment only, for the smell was unbearable even at a somewhat considerable distance. The good pastor persevered in the work after having started it, with the assistance of some faithful helpers, who all of them had sealed their mouths with a sponge soaked in some disinfectant. The corpses were taken from the cave, money and documents put away in separate bags, and the unfortunate owners coffined and blessed.

During the next days I found a hospitable domicile at the convent of the Sacred Heart on the Namur Canal ("Naamsche Vest"). It is a seminary for missionaries, and when I went to them for the first time I had a letter from their head, the "provincial" in The Netherlands, who sent the order that all the theological students should be transferred to The Netherlands as quickly as possible. They received me with the greatest kindness, and ever since I enjoyed their hospitality.

A short time after the destruction I was even obliged to accept it for a whole week, as on the same day on which I arrived in Louvain for another visit there was renewed fighting round the town. The Belgians had advanced as far as Rotselair, where the next day they held their ground against overwhelmingly superior numbers; but at last they had to retire, leaving a great many dead behind. The Belgians had even got on to the road Tirlemont-Louvain and blown up the railway line in two places.

On that occasion the Germans arrested me at about two miles from Tirlemont. Firstly, because I traveled by bicycle, and secondly, because I was accused of having "cooked" one of my passports.

This was so far true that I had altered the dates of a passport, which allowed me to stay in Louvain from September 6th till the 14th, into the 8th and the 16th. When taken to the commanding officer in Tirlemont, I convinced him so

thoroughly of my complete innocence, that the next day I was allowed to go on to Louvain.

There the German authorities detained me for a full week, by prohibiting me to return: "For the sake of your own safety," they told me courteously. During the day I was busy enough, and in the evenings I enjoyed the pleasant company of the three fathers of the Sacred Heart who had remained in the mission house, and with whose photographic instrument I took many a snapshot of the Louvain ruins.

The mission house had become a sanctuary for a good many people. As bread was lacking, two brothers fried pancakes all day long and distributed them among the numberless persons who asked for food. Among these were people who a few days earlier belonged to the well-to-do, but who saw their business, in which often more than their own capital was invested, wrecked by fire, and were now obliged to appeal to the charity of these monks. Indeed during the first weeks after that terrible event many starved, and I assisted often at the distribution of the pancakes, because they were short-handed.

In this grand old monastery, both inside and out a jewel of architecture, about five hundred people had found shelter. They were lodged in halls, rooms, and kitchens. The fathers gave them everything in the way of food they might require, but they had to do their own cooking. As not one of these people had a home left, which they could call their own, no wonder that they greatly admired the fathers. Often when I strolled about with one of these, one or other of the refugees came to him to press his hand and express gratitude for the hospitality offered.

In this way I got into conversation with a middle-aged lady. Her husband had been shot, and she got a bullet in her arm, which had to be amputated in consequence. The poor creature had lost all courage, and lived on her nerves only. It was remarkable to hear this father find the right words, and succeed in making her calm and resigned. Before she left us, she had promised that for her children's sake she would do all in her power to control herself.

During the week of my compulsory stay in Louvain I had also the privilege of making the acquaintance of two brave compatriots; I mean Professor Noyons and his wife.

They never left Louvain. On August 25th information was sent to the Leo XIII Institution for Philosophy, a building turned into a hospital, that a hundred wounded men might be expected towards evening. That evening began the wild shooting and burning of houses by the Germans, and soon a large number of wounded was taken to the Institution. Suddenly Professor Noyons recognized one of his servants among the wounded who were brought to him for treatment. She had three bullets in her side. After having bandaged her wounds, he hurried away to his house, in order to see what had happened.

He thought that it was sufficiently protected by the immense Red Cross flag, and the words written on the door by the Germans themselves: "Professor Noyons, Netherland physician, to be spared." But he had been mistaken. The soldiers did not respect anything, and had forced an entry into the house, wounded that servant, and then wrecked everything in the most scandalous manner. Beautiful large Japanese jars had been smashed to pieces, valuable furniture damaged by knocking and breaking large pieces out of it with rifles and bayonets. A fine carpet was burned, as well as many pieces of furniture. A hole was burned even in the floor.

Professor Noyons took me over the house and showed me the destruction. Bullets had been lodged in the inner walls after piercing the windows and on a level with the windows. By lengthening the line of trajectory one found that the bullets must have been fired at a distance of nearly six hundred yards, which proves that the Germans simply fired at random.

As Professor Noyons heard that other hospitals, churches, and ancient buildings were not spared either, he went to the commanding officer through the rain of bullets, clad in his white overalls, to claim protection for everything that lawfully displayed the Red Cross flag, and to request that

churches, convents, ancient buildings, and especially the town-hall should be spared. It is only owing to his intervention that not much more was destroyed in Louvain.

On the Thursday of the week of destruction the inhabitants were notified that they had to leave the town, but Professor Noyons and his wife decided to stay on, as they could not leave the one hundred and fifty wounded men who were laid up at the Institution.

They carried all those patients into the cellars on stretchers, and there waited with the nursing staff for the bombardment that had been announced, but never came off.

Professor Noyons took me all over the hospital, and if I should describe all I saw and heard there, that story alone would fill volumes. He took me, for example, to a boy of eight years old, whose shoulder was shattered by rifle-shots. His father and mother, four little brothers and a sister, had been murdered. The boy himself was saved because they thought that he was dead, whereas he was only unconscious. When I asked for his parents, brothers and sister, he put up his one hand and, counting by his little fingers, he mentioned their names.

There lay also a woman, with one leg amputated. Her husband had been murdered, another bullet had entered the leg of the baby in her arms. Another woman had her child murdered in her arms.

Women and children had frequently been ill-treated in a most atrocious manner, aged and sick people were dragged out of the houses, and flung down in the street. This happened, for example, to an old man, who lay dying in his cellar. In spite of the supplications of his wife and two sons, he was flung on the cobbles, where he died soon. The sons were taken prisoners and sent away. His widow assists at present, nursing other unfortunates at Professor Noyons' hospital.

A paralyzed woman who had also been flung into the street was nursed at the hospital, and lay with many others in the chapel of the Institution, which had been turned into a ward.

Belgian and German soldiers found excellent nursing here. Many convalescents were allowed to walk in the large garden, which was happily divided by a large wall, so that the one-time combatants could be separated.

Professor and Mrs. Noyons were busy day and night on behalf of their fellow-men, and one could quite well tell by their looks that they were overworked. They took their rest in the kitchen, which was built in the basement. All male and female voluntary nurses took their meals there also.

Once I enjoyed the pleasure of partaking of such a "dinner," as the guest of Professor and Mrs. Noyons. The company was very mixed, and men who never in their lives had ever done anything else but spoiling their eyes for the sake of science, by reading all manner of ancient manuscripts, were now busy, dressed in a blue apron, stirring the soup and mashing potatoes or vegetables. The menu comprised nothing but potatoes, a little vegetables, and a finely calculated piece of meat.

At that dinner I also made the acquaintance of Professor Nerincx, the acting burgomaster. It was a courageous act to assume the government of the town destroyed by the Germans; he did it for the sake of his fellow-citizens, who will never be able to requite their indebtedness to the temporary burgomaster for what he did for them; and most of them do not even know it.

The war is not over yet, and much is still hidden under a veil, but after the war it will undoubtedly be the duty of the Louvain people to twine a magnificent wreath round the three names Noyons-Nerincx-Claes.

The names of many priests will be found in the register of Belgian martyrs. I have mentioned already some who, although innocent, gave their life for their country. During my week's stay at Louvain I heard of other cases. The priest of Corbeek-Loo, for example, was simply tortured to death on account of one of his sermons in which he said the fight of the Belgian army was beautiful "because it lawfully resists an unlawful invasion," and further for announcing a



Holy Requiem Mass for the souls of the "murdered" citizens.

At Blauwput, near Louvain, where, according to the Germans, there had been also shooting, many houses were set on fire and the men placed in a row. It was then announced that by way of punishment every fifth man would be shot. When the Germans counted as tenth the father of a large family, that man fainted, and they simply killed number eleven a Capuchin.

Very many other cases of martyrdom among priests remained unknown to me, but the various Belgian bishops examined all these events with praiseworthy zeal and scrupulousness, and by taking extensive evidence established the fact that in no case the victims could be reproached with any act that justified the sentence against them. After the war the world will surely be made acquainted with the horrible truth.

The foregoing record of my experiences in Louvain will make it sufficiently clear to the unprejudiced reader that the destruction and wholesale murders were nothing but wanton crimes committed by the German troops stationed there, crimes which it is impossible to justify on any ground.

The duration of the war has more or less surprised me, and I postponed writing this book for a long time as I wished to quote the evidence of persons in high places, clergymen, and educated foreigners. As the war is not over yet, I must omit these in the interest of their safety.

But from my personal knowledge and the evidence referred to, I am able to establish the following facts in connection with the events that preceded and followed the destruction of Louvain.

On August 25th the Antwerp garrison made a sortie, in the direction of Louvain. At the beginning the Belgians were successful, and came within four and a half miles of this town. For a moment the situation became critical, and at about seven o'clock a small troop of cavalry came at a furious gallop from the scene of battle to Louvain, probably to summon the assistance of the garrison.

At that hour the Namur Canal ("Naamsche Vest") was already dark in consequence of the thick foliage of tall trees, and suddenly the wild horsemen were shot at. Several neutral witnesses established the fact that this was done by a small troop of German infantry who came from the station, probably on their way to the battle-field, and thought that Belgian cavalry came racing into the town.

The men stopped their horses, dismounted, and returned the fire from behind their animals. This went on for about a quarter of an hour. Every one was alarmed by this shooting; other soldiers came racing in from the station, and others ran to and fro near that building crying, "A surprise attack!" Some, thinking that the attack came from the advancing Belgians, rushed to the place where the fighting took place, others misunderstood the cry, believed that the citizens assaulted them, and began to shoot at these, and at the houses.

Before those on the Naamsche Vest found out their mistake, the shooting was going on in the greater part of the town, and the excited men, who at first had been shooting at each other, soon joined the rest. Some wounded troopers were taken to one of the convents on the Vest, but a couple of hours later they were suddenly fetched away again.

The whole evening and the next day the Germans went on shooting people and firing houses. It is worth recording that the library was already set on fire that same evening of the fray on the Naamsche Vest; it was burning at eight o'clock.

On Thursday everyone, even the persons staying in the Institution and hospitals, were ordered to leave the town, as it was to be shelled. They seemed to have no pity even on the wretched wounded men. Only the male and female nurses remained with these, of their own free will, determined to die with them if necessary.

The inhabitants were driven to the station, where the husbands were cruelly separated from their wives and several persons were shot. Other men were escorted to a place behind the station, and their wives and children were told that

those men were going to be shot. The poor things heard indeed the click-clack of the rifles and thought that their dear ones were dead. However, many returned later, and their "shooting" seems to have been a mere sham.

Great crowds walked the long way to Tirlemont. They were constantly threatened by German soldiers, who aimed their rifles at them; passing officers commanded from time to time that some should stay behind, and others were shot. Especially did the clerics amongst the refugees suffer a great deal; many were not only scandalously scoffed at, but also maliciously injured. The greater part of the Germans showed a strong anti-Catholic bias, in particular against the clergy, whom they accused of having incited the people against them.

This is only a short record of the destruction of Louvain, the truthfulness of which will be firmly and fully established after the war by extensive, accurately drawn-up declarations.

Louvain had been destroyed because a crowd of wanton soldiers, who were garrisoned there, who hated the Belgians, and who had been kept within bounds with difficulty, seized on their own stupid mistake to give rein to their passions.

Their commanding officer was the worthy head of such a mob, a heartless creature, who did not show the slightest remorse for the destruction of those magnificent libraries, set on fire *by his order*.

It has been alleged that civilians had been shooting from the Halls, but when a committee examined the remains in the building with the consent of the military, they found there the carcass of a German horse. They were ordered to stop their investigations immediately, for that horse was evidence . . . that German military men had been billeted on the building, and thus no civilians could have been there. This will also be published later in the reports.

The German authorities left indeed no effort untried to cover up their atrocious action. Already in a communication from Wolff, dated August 29th, they attempted to violate the truth by asserting that:—

"The houses caught fire from burning benzine, and the flames burst out in other quarters also. On Wednesday

afternoon part of the town and the northern suburb were in flames."

They have not been able to maintain that story for very long; the truth overtook the lie.

May all the nations of the world after the war collaborate to compensate Louvain for her martyrdom, see that this city shall be restored to her former, happy prosperity, and get a library which approaches as much as possible the one she lost. The Germans can probably do their part by investigating where the motor-cars went which left the Halls on that wretched Tuesday night, heavily laden with books.

### HUY, ANDENNE, AND NAMUR

Between two of my several trips to Louvain I made one to Namur in the beginning of September, after having secured at Liege, by a trick, a splendid permit which enabled me to travel even by motor-car.

There was a little more order in the whole district round Liège, since the Germans behaved more decently, and provisions had arrived. The shock, which the burning and butchering of so many places and persons gave to the whole world, had also influenced the conduct of the Germans, and from the beginning of September they made a practice of asking each time when they thought that they had behaved decently: "Well, are we such barbarians as the world calls us?"

In this relative calm the population felt somewhat relieved, and ventured again into the streets. Outdoors on the "stoeps" of the houses men sat on their haunches smoking their pipe and playing a game of piquet. Most of them were vigorous fellows, miners, who did not mind any amount of work, but now came slowly under the demoralizing influence of idleness.

My motor whirled along the gloriously fine road to Huy. It is a delicious tour through the beautiful valley of the Meuse, along sloping light-green roads. Had the circumstances not been so sad, I should have enjoyed it better.

I had already been near Huy, at a time when several burning houses shrouded the whole town in clouds of smoke. On August 24th, at ten o'clock at night, some shots had been fired in the neighborhood of the viaduct. This was a sign for hundreds of soldiers to begin shooting at random and arrest several persons. Several houses were perforated like sieves by bullets, and an entire street of twenty houses, the Rue du Jardin, was reduced to ashes. No civilians were killed.

It is evident from the "Report on the Violations of International Law in Belgium" that the Germans themselves admit that they were in the wrong with regard to the atrocities which were committed here. The following order of the day proves it:

"Last night a shooting affray took place. There is no evidence that the inhabitants of the towns had any arms in their houses, nor is there evidence that the people took part in the shooting; on the contrary, it seems that the soldiers were under the influence of alcohol, and began to shoot in a senseless fear of a hostile attack.

"The behavior of the soldiers during the night, with very few exceptions, makes a scandalous impression.

"It is highly deplorable when officers or non-commissioned officers set houses on fire without the permission or order of the commanding, or, as the case may be, the senior officer, or when by their attitude they encourage the rank and file to burn and plunder.

"I require that everywhere a strict investigation shall take place into the conduct of the soldiers with regard to the life and property of the civilian population.

"I prohibit all shooting in the towns without the order of an officer.

"The miserable behavior of the men has been the cause that a non-commissioned officer and a private were seriously wounded by German ammunition.

"The Commanding Officer,

"MAJOR VON BASSEWITZ."

I was informed further that there had been no fighting for the possession of Huy. The citadel on which the German flag flew had not been put in a state of defence on account of its great age. The old bridge over the Meuse at Huy had

been wrecked by the Belgians, but the Germans had simply driven stout piles into the river, to support a floor which they put over the wrecked part, and so restored the traffic.

During my visit I happened to make the acquaintance of Mr. Derricks, a brother of the lawyer who had been murdered so cruelly at Canne, and also a member of the Provincial States. The poor man was deeply moved when he heard the details about his brother's death. I made him very happy by taking a letter with me for his sister-in-law, who was now at Maastricht.

At Andenne things seemed much worse than at Huy. I stopped there on my way to Namur, and had been prepared in Liège for the sad things I should hear. A proclamation posted in the last-named town ran as follows:—

*"August 22nd, 1914.*

"After having protested their peaceful sentiments the inhabitants of Andenne made a treacherous attack on our troops.

"The Commanding General burned down the whole city with my consent, shooting also about one hundred persons.

"I acquaint the inhabitants of Liège of this, that they may understand what fate threatens them if they should assume a similar attitude.

"The Commanding General-in-chief,

"VON BUELOW."

General von Buelow says here that he gave his consent to the shooting of about one hundred persons, but I can state with absolute certainty that there were about 400 victims. We must therefore assume that the other 300 were killed without his consent.

Andenne, on the right bank of the Meuse, was a town of 8,000 inhabitants. When the Germans arrived there on the morning of August 19th they found the bridge connecting Andenne and Seilles wrecked. In the afternoon they began building a pontoon bridge, which was ready the next day. They were very much put out about the wrecking of the other bridge, by the Belgian soldiers, a couple of hours before their arrival. Their exasperation became still greater when they discovered after having finished the pontoon bridge,

that the big tunnel on the left bank of the Meuse had also been made useless by barricades and entanglements.

By refusing to pay at cafés and shops the military already expressed their dissatisfaction. Then on Thursday, August 20th, about six in the evening, after a great many troops had crossed the river by the pontoon bridge, a shot was heard which seemed the sign for a terrible fusillade. Guns seemed to have been mounted at convenient places outside the town, for shells exploded right at its centre. The troops did no longer cross the bridge, but spread themselves in a disorderly manner all over the town, constantly shooting at the windows. Even mitrailleuses were brought into action. Those of the inhabitants who could fly did so, but many were killed in the streets and others perished by bullets entering the houses through the windows. Many others were shot in the cellars, for the soldiers forced their way in, in order to loot the bottles of wine and to swallow their fill of liquor, with the result that very soon the whole garrison was a tipsy mob.

It struck me always that as soon as something took place anywhere which might lead to disorder, the method adopted was as follows: first a fusillade in order to scare the inhabitants, secondly looting of numberless bottles of wine, and finally cruel, inhuman murders, the ransacking and the wrecking. The game of shooting and looting went on all through the night of the 20th. Not a window or door remained whole even if the house was not burned down altogether.

At four o'clock in the morning all the men, women, and children who had not yet been put to death were driven to the Place des Tilleuls, but on the way many men had their brains blown out. Amongst others, Dr. Camus, the septuagenarian burgomaster, was then wounded and afterwards received the finishing stroke by a hatchet.

At the Place des Tilleuls fifty men were taken from the crowd at random, escorted to the Meuse, and shot. In the meantime other soldiers went on wrecking, firing, and looting.

Andenne offered a dismal spectacle. The doors and windows of the houses that were not completely burned down had been kicked and beaten to pieces, and boards had been nailed before the holes. The inhabitants hung about disconsolately, and I could tell by their faces how they suffered, for every family in the town mourned the death of one dear to them.

They all became excited whenever I mentioned the accusations brought against them. They asserted with the greatest emphasis that it was an absolute lie that the civilians had shot. "Even if they torture me to death," said most of them, "I'll still contend that this accusation is untrue."

The German officers, of course, held a different opinion; they alleged that the shooting by the civilians was even very general and purported to be a decided attack on the army. I asked them whether they had found any rifles or other arms at the "searches" of the houses—I expressed myself somewhat cautiously on purpose—for that ought to have been the case if such a great number of citizens had joined in the shooting. "No," they answered, "they were sly enough to see to it that we did not find these. They had been buried in time, of course."

The answer is, surely, not very convincing!

The Germans had flung some more bridges across the river beyond Andenne, which had been used for the occupation of Namur chiefly, and lay idle now guarded by only one sentry. I left by the town-gate without any difficulties; the German soldiers jumped out of the way and stood to attention, as soon as they noticed the Netherland flag flying at the front of the motor. To the right and the left of the gateway they had written in gigantic letters: "Newspapers, please!"

Namur was shelled on August 21st and the 23rd. Many houses were then already wrecked, many civilians killed. On the 23rd the Belgian army withdrew and only some of the forts were defended. This withdrawal of the Belgian army may have been a strategical necessity, but it is certain that the forts had not been defended unto the last. Five forts



fell into the hands of the Germans without having suffered any damage.

On the afternoon of the 23rd the hostile troops entered the town, and on that day the inhabitants had not to suffer, excepting from requisitions made. But the following evening it was suddenly on fire at various spots, and the soldiers began to shoot in all directions, making many victims. Before setting the houses on fire, with a liberal use of the lozenges mentioned already, the usurpers ransacked them and removed numerous pieces of valuable furniture. The Place d'Armes, the Place Léopold, the Rue St. Nicolas, Rue Rogier, and the Avenue de la Plante were almost entirely reduced to ashes. With the town-hall many valuable pictures were destroyed. The day following the conflagration they left off shooting at last, but the looting went on for days more.

When I drove into Namur, I found the town comparatively quiet; there was some traffic in the streets, and Belgian army surgeons and British nurses in their uniforms walked about freely. There were many wounded: the German wounded were all placed in the military hospital; the Belgians and the French had been taken to the Sisters of Mercy, the Institution Saint Louis, the High School for Girls, and the Sisters of Our Lady.

When I was eating a little at one of the hotels near the railway station. I was offered the newspaper *l' Ami de l'Ordre*, which had appeared again for the first time on that day, September 7th, under the censorship of the German authorities. For curiosity's sake I translate here the first leaderette, published under the rule of the new masters:—

**“ ENOUGH DESTROYED, ENOUGH DISTRESSED!**

“ More than one hundred houses have been burned or wrecked at Namur, among them the town-hall, the house at the Namur Citadel, and the Institution for Ophthalmology in the Place Léopold. In the Grand Marché and its neighborhood about sixty have been destroyed by fire. If we add to this the damage done by the bombardment from Friday the 21st until Sunday the 23rd August, and the wrecking of the bridges after the retreat of the army, we may estimate the losses at 10,000,000 francs.

" Industry, trade, and agriculture exist no longer, labour is unemployed, and food is getting scarce, and over this dismal scene hovers the memory of numerous victims, of hundreds of prisoners of war or missing soldiers. During the bombardment of August 23rd one hundred persons were killed outright, or succumbed to their wounds. There are innumerable other wounded. This it is plain must have plunged the town into deep distress.

" It mourns the lost liberty, the happiness, the peace, the brightness of her past prosperity which has vanished for a long season to come; it laments on account of the prisoners of war, the wounded, the dead. . . . And every morning the brilliant sun rises on the scene, the warm rays bathe town and country, both alike cruelly lashed by the frightful scourge.

" Yesterday crowds of believers prayed for peace, for that blessing which is only valued when it is lost. Let us repeat our supplications twofold, let us increase our zeal. Lord! O Lord! listen to the voice of Thy people who pray to Thee! Be merciful! Give us back our peace!"

## THE DESTRUCTION OF DINANT

Adventures incite to ever more risky undertakings, and we long constantly for more sensation. Such an experience prompted me to an arrangement with Mr. Tervooren, editor of *Het Leven*, to try to secure a motor trip to the French frontier.

We left Maastricht, in the early morning of September 9th, with a smart fellow as chauffeur. Louvain we found tolerably quiet, although fearful scenes were witnessed in the search for corpses, which were found in the cellars of many houses.

On that day I saw for the first time in Belgium German sailors and marines, and even an admiral and some officers. At that time the appearance of the naval men gave the newspapers much room for conjectures; it was found later that they were to be used in the attack on Antwerp, and afterwards had the task allotted to them of occupying the seaboard.

I found sailors also in Brussels, but for the rest there was only a little military display there. In this town reigned a certain oppressive silence and the cafés were not much

frequented. The Brussels people did not hide their patriotic sentiments, and nearly every house displayed the Belgian flag, thanks chiefly to the strong attitude of Burgomaster Max. Outwardly Brussels had not suffered by the war; not a house was damaged and nobody had been killed yet. Nor was there lack of provisions, as was proved by the fact that at the "Métropole," one of the largest restaurants, I paid only seventy-five centimes (sevenpence-halfpenny) for bread, cold beef and pickles.

We met only a few Germans on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and found no garrison except in the townlet Hal. Very little burning had taken place on this road, but so much the more plundering and looting. A woman took us all over her house in the neighborhood of Brussels, to show us the total wrecking. Small pieces of furniture were generally taken away, but stoves, kitcheners and cupboards were smashed. She herself had had her face badly wounded, because she had hidden herself in the cellar when the Germans came near, and they had beaten her out of that with their rifle-butts. Many other women were treated in the same manner.'

When we came to Jumet, a suburb of Charleroi, and a prosperous place with flourishing factories, we found the whole town wrecked. . . . Nearly all the houses were burned immediately after the occupation by the Germans, and many inhabitants were killed, of course under the pretext that they had been shooting.

After driving through this scene of misery we entered Charleroi, and exactly at that moment one of the springs of my motor broke in two, which made the car useless. Charleroi seemed worse damaged than Namur. According to an official statement issued at the time, one hundred and sixty-five houses had been burned, among them many on the fine Boulevard Audent, the Saint Joseph Institute, the convent of the Sœurs de Namur, and the adjacent ancient, miraculous little chapel called "Sainte Marie des Remparts."

Probably more than one hundred civilians had been shot,

whereas many perished in the cellars. The heads of the municipality and several priests had at first been taken as hostages. Bail of ten million francs was asked for their release, but after much haggling they consented to accept one and a half millions, which sum was forthcoming from the various local banks.

Just as at Louvain and other towns, the Germans indulged in looting and plundering also at Charleroi; and probably this explains why here too the finest houses were destroyed. Moreover, many atrocious cases of rape occurred here as at Dinant, about which town more anon. At a café, where the proprietor unburdened his mind to me, with tears in his eyes, I read a statement in which they were impudent enough to write that they had passed a pleasant night in circumstances described in detail, whilst the father had been locked up.

Charleroi was taken on August 22nd. On the evening of the 21st a small patrol had entered the town, and of these not a man escaped. But in the morning of the 22nd at seven o'clock a large force of Germans arrived and immediately began to burn and shoot.

On the day of my stay at Charleroi, at about seven o'clock in the evening, there was a good deal of bustle round about the station, many trains from Maubeuge arriving. One of these trains was entirely filled by officers of the garrison who had been taken prisoner. Another carried only wounded Germans, lying on light stretchers, on which they were transported through the streets to the hospitals at Charleroi. Many had fearful wounds, and convulsively held their hands on the injured parts, while others lay still, the pallor of death on their face. Maubeuge must have cost the Germans enormous sacrifices, as for many of the wretched wounded no room could be found at Charleroi, and they had to be taken further by train, to Namur or Brussels.

German officials told that immediately after the surrender Maubeuge had been set on fire in various places, because civilians, etc. . . . The reader is by now able to complete the sentence.

After I had collected some information in the town and my colleague of *Het Leven* had taken several snapshots, we thought that it was time to look for lodgings and to get our motor-car repaired.

We found rooms, but were guarded during the night by soldiers, who walked up and down the landing, because there were officers also staying at the hotel. Their regular footfall prevented us from sleeping a wink, but with the help of some fibs and Netherland cigars we induced them to let us go out, and we went to a sort of smith in a kind of garage to repair the motor-car. We turned up our sleeves and, assisted by the smith's technical directions, succeeded in putting the broken spring together, using stout steel clamps and screws.

Before leaving we went back to the hotel for breakfast. There—it was a first-class hotel—they gave us an apology for coffee, without milk or sugar, and two flimsy pieces of bread, as hard as wood and as black as shoe-polish. I was intensely hungry, and as nowhere at Charleroi anything else could be had, I did my best with the wooden bread and succeeded in washing it down with much chewing and jawing. But the sweet, hard stuff did not suit my digestion, and I felt ill already when at six o'clock we got into the motor-car and left for Dinant.

We could not keep the main road all the time, for it was forbidden by proclamation to go farther than nine miles and a half from the town, and we should have been stopped without fail.

We first drove through the suburb Montigny-sur-Sambre, which shared the fate of Jumet, and was entirely destroyed by fire. After leaving the town we went in the direction of Châtelet, where we found an immense battle-field. Terrific fighting must have taken place here, for the number of buried was enormous. On a wide stretch of land we saw a great number of mounds, with crosses, and covered with quicklime. On the crosses the numbers are given of the brave who fell there. So I read the following for example:

" Here rest 10 soldiers, French, I. Reg 36.  
fell 22.8. R.I.P."

" Here rest 23 soldiers, German, I.R. 78. and  
91. fell 22.8.14. R.I.P."

" Here rest 7 officers, German, I.R. fell 22.8.14.  
R.I.P."

" Here rest 140 soldiers, French, I.R. 36. fell 22.8.  
R.I.P."

There were very many similar ones, but I copied only these, because they lay just near the road; farther on there were numerous other white mounds with crosses.

The villages Gougnies and Biesmes had been destroyed also; of the former not one house was left undamaged; but nothing happened to the townlet Mettet. Here we were forbidden to go on, as we were already more than nine miles and a half from Charleroi. This compelled us to leave the main road, and to proceed along byways which soon took us to the Ardennes, where our motor-car rushed along in zig-zags.

From time to time the tour became a breakneck affair, as the mountain roads were wet and muddy after much rain, and at corners we were often in great fear of being hurled down into the depth. It was a wonderfully fine district of green rock, although somewhat monotonous after a time, as it seemed that we were simply moving in a circle, which impression was strengthened by the fact that frequently we passed through tunnels and viaducts which were very alike to one another.

I felt very sick, for the sweet rye-bread which I had forced down my throat in the morning did not agree with me at all. At last I felt so ill that I was obliged to lie down on the floor of the car, and it took my colleague all his time to convince me that he did not think that my last hour had struck.

In the end and in despair I accepted an aspirin tablet which he had pressed on me a hundred times, and although I do not know whether it was owing to that, or in spite of it, it was a fact that I felt somewhat better.

After touring quite a long while through this labyrinth, we got at last back to the main road from Namur to Dinant, near Anhec. Here immediately we saw proofs of war, drawn from widespread destruction. The railway bridge across the Meuse near Houx, so picturesquely situated at the foot of a high rock, had been blown up.

Bouvigne, a hamlet near Dinant, had suffered fearfully from the bombardment of that town. Trees were splintered by the shells, the church was nearly a total wreck from the same cause, and two houses by the road had been riddled by bullets into a sieve, and also damaged by shells. On the whole scene of war I have not seen one house carrying so many bullets in it; their holes made the doors look like wire-netting. In these houses the French had barricaded themselves, brought mitrailleuses to them, and defended them until the last. None of those heroes left them alive. My colleague took many snapshots of this remarkable spot, while I collected bullets, fragments of shell, and similar mementos of this warfield.

In order to give the reader some idea of the fearful things that happened at Dinant, I insert here some quotations from the reports drawn up by the Belgian Inquiry Committee about the Violations of International Law, of which I can affirm the truth word for word, because they are identical with the information that I got myself at Dinant:

“ The destruction took place from August 21st to the 25th.

“ On August 15th a fierce fight took place between the French troops on the left bank of the Meuse and the Germans who approached from the east. The Germans were defeated, put to flight, and chased by the French, who crossed the river. On that day the town was not damaged much. Some houses were destroyed by German howitzers, which were undoubtedly aimed at the French regiments on the left bank. One Red Cross helper who lived at Dinant was killed by a German bullet when he was taking up one of the wounded.

“ The next day all remained quiet, the French keeping the surrounding places occupied; not one fight took place between the two armies and nothing happened which might be looked upon as a hostile action by the population, and there were no German troops near Dinant.

" At about nine o'clock of Friday evening, August 21, German soldiers arriving by rail from Ciney marched into the town by the Rue Saint Jacques. They began to shoot into the windows without the slightest provocation, killed a workman who was on his way home, wounded another inhabitant and compelled him to call out: 'Long live the Kaiser.' A third they wounded in the abdomen with thrusts of their bayonets. They burst into the cafés, requisitioned all spirits, got upsy on them, and left after setting several houses on fire and knocking to pieces the doors and windows of others.

" The inhabitants, frightened and perplexed, hid themselves in the houses.

" On Sunday, August 23rd, at half-past six in the morning, the soldiers of the 108th regiment of the line drove the worshippers out of the Premonstratensian Church, separated the men from the women, and shot about fifty of the former through the head. Between seven and nine o'clock there were house-to-house looting and burning by the soldiers, who chased the inhabitants into the street. Those who tried to escape were shot off-hand.

" At about nine o'clock the soldiers drove all who had been found in the houses in front of them by means of blows from their rifle-butts. They crowded them together in the Place d'Armes, where they kept them until six o'clock in the evening. Their guards amused themselves by telling the men repeatedly that they would soon be shot.

" At six o'clock a captain separated the men from the women and children. The women were placed behind a line of infantry. The men had to stand alongside a wall; those in the first row were ordered to sit on their haunches, the others to remain standing behind them. A platoon took a stand straight opposite the group. The women prayed in vain for mercy for their husbands, their sons, and their brothers; the officer gave the order to fire. He had not made the slightest investigation, pronounced no sentence of any sort.

" A score of these men were merely wounded and fell among the dead. For greater certainty the soldiers fired once more into the mass. A few got off scot-free in spite of the double fusillade. For over two hours they pretended to be dead, remained among the corpses without budging, and when it was dark were able to fly to the mountains. Eighty-four victims remained behind and were buried in a garden in the neighbourhood.

" There were other murders on that same 23rd of August.

" Soldiers discovered inhabitants of the suburb Saint Pierre in the cellars of a brewery, and killed them on the spot.

" On the previous day many workmen of the silk factory Kimmer and their wives and children had found a shelter in the cellars of the building, with some neighbours and relatives of their employer. At



six o'clock in the evening the unfortunate people made up their mind to leave their hiding-place and went into the street, headed by a white flag. They were immediately seized by the soldiers and thoroughly ill-treated. All the men were shot, among them Mr. Kimmer, Consul of Argentina.

"Nearly all the men of the suburb Leffe were massacred en masse. In another quarter twelve citizens were murdered in a cellar. In the Rue en Ile a paralytic was shot in his bathchair, and in the Rue d'Enfer a boy, fourteen years old, was struck down by a common soldier.

"The railway viaduct of the suburb Neffe became the scene of a bloody massacre. An old woman and all her children were shot in a cellar. A man sixty-five years old, his wife, a son and a daughter were placed against a wall and shot through the head. Other inhabitants of Neffe were placed in a boat, taken to the Rocher Bayard, and shot there; among them were a woman eighty-three years old and her husband.

"A number of men and women had been locked in the yard of the prison. . . . At six o'clock in the evening a mitrailleuse was placed on the mountain and fired at them, an old woman and three others being killed.

"Whilst some soldiers committed these murders, others looted and wrecked the houses, smashed the safes or blew them up with dynamite. They forced their way into the Banque Centrale de la Meuse, seized the manager, Mr. Xavier Wasseige, and called upon him to open the safe. As he refused to do so, they tried to force it open, but in vain. Thereupon they took Mr. Wasseige and his two eldest sons to the Place d'Armes, where they and 120 of their fellow-citizens were shot by means of a mitrailleuse. The youngest three children of Mr. Wasseige were held by soldiers and forced to attend the slaughter of their father and brothers. We were also informed that one of the young Wasseiges lay dying for an hour and nobody dared to come to his assistance.

"After the soldiers had performed their duty as vandals and bandits they set the houses on fire. Soon the whole town was one immense pool of fire.

"All the women and children had been taken to a convent, where they were kept imprisoned for four days, without hearing of the fate of their beloved ones. They themselves expected to be shot in their turn. Round about them the burning of the town went on.

"The first day the religious were allowed to give them some food, although not sufficient. Soon they had nothing to eat but carrots and unripe fruit.

"The inquiry also brought to light that the German soldiers on the

right bank, who were exposed to the fire of the French, hid themselves here and there behind civilians; women and children.

"In short the town of Dinant is destroyed. Of 1,400 houses, 200 only remained standing. The factories, where the labouring population got their bread and butter, were wrecked systematically. Many inhabitants were sent to Germany, where they are still kept as prisoners. The majority of the others are scattered all over Belgium. Those who stayed in the towns were starved.

"The committee has a list of the victims. It contains 700 names, and is not complete. Among those killed are seventy-three women and thirty-nine children between six months and fifteen years old.

"Dinant had 7,600 inhabitants, of whom ten per cent were put to death; not a family exists which has not to mourn the death of some victims; many families have been exterminated completely."

When we entered the town in our motor-car, those of the unfortunate population who had escaped from the murderous massacre had already left the town. Between the ruins and the deserted French Red Cross cars we drove to the pontoon bridge which the Germans had flung across the river by the side of the Meuse bridge, which had been blown up. Here we were stopped by German soldiers who guarded the pontoon bridge. In a café we came across a few of the citizens who had remained. These unfortunate people had no home, no money, and no food, lacked the wherewithal to go farther away, and now depended on the charity of the murderers of their relatives. Twice a day they were allowed to call at one of the German stores for a piece of bread, in exchange for a ticket which they might get at the commander's office. The Germans, upholders of morality and "Kultur," saw to it that their victims did not overeat themselves.

Our passport had to be stamped by this same commander, and my colleague had to ask him for a permit to take photographs. The commander would not hear of this, but finally agreed, after my colleague had snapshotted him and his staff in front of the office. Our passport was marked: "I. Landsturm Infantry Battalion, Dresden."

Dinant offered a terrible sight; it no longer existed. On foot, of course, we walked along the place where a large shop once stood, but one could not even distinguish where the road

had been. Not one street was left, and the few houses that were saved are not in the centre of the town. On a slope on the left bank of the Meuse there had been two large monasteries, which had been turned into hospitals. They had been wrecked completely by gun-fire, and as if in bitter mockery at the cruel fate, the Red Cross flags flew there still undamaged.

In the centre of the town everything, including the large buildings, had been leveled with the ground. This was the case with the principal church "de Notre Dame," the college of the same name, the "Belle Vue," the monasteries, etc., of the "Frères et Sœurs de Notre Dame," the "Saint Nicolas" and "Saint Pierre" churches and three large factories, "Oudin," "Le Mérinos," and "La Dinant," the "Banque Centrale de la Meuse," the town-hall, the ancient "Palace of the Prince-Bishops," and all its archives, the magnificent post-and-telegraph office, and the large hotels "de la Tête d'Or," "des Postes," "des Ardennes," "Moderne," "Terminus," the hotels "de la Citadelle," "la Paix," "la Gare," etc., etc., the "Institut Hydro-thérapique," all houses of the "Bon Secours" Congregation, etc.

Now the bridge is blown up, the greater part of the church destroyed by the Germans, and, had nature not been more powerful than their brutal, clumsy violence, they would have pulled down that rock, too. But it is still there, the solitary remnant of the famous beauty of Dinant.

My companion wanted to take a snapshot of this point, but in order to enliven the scene somewhat, he requested a few soldiers to stand in the square in front of the church. Each had a couple of champagne bottles hanging on his stomach, and refused absolutely to accede to my colleague's request to remove them. They insisted upon being snapshotted with those bottles hanging on their bodies! So my companion took this snapshot of "Kultur" in that condition, houses burned down, a church destroyed, and in front of these the grinning and coarse villains, puffing out their bodies, proud of their empty bottles. . . .

# THE STRONG WOMAN OF EUROPE

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

**H**OLLAND'S Queen Wilhelmina is between the millstones. From behind undergrowths of barb-wire, the Teutons glower across the frontier. Along the Dutch coast steam the slate-colored cruisers of England, shadowy and inquisitive. The Zeppelins of Germany and the sea-planes of Britain have flown above Holland—of course, "not knowing" they were over Dutch territory, but observing, reporting on troop movements. The capital city of Queen Wilhelmina's land reeks with spies. Her oversea trade is throttled. The staggering burden of maintaining an army mobilized for war bears down upon her people. First the diplomats of the Allies, then of the Teutons, threaten Holland if she does not throw her lot with them. But there is peace in Holland. For Queen Wilhelmina, the only woman at the head of a government in Europe, has with amazing tact and strength guided her little country through more than two years of neutrality that the belligerents are ever setting traps for her to break.

No figurehead, is this Queen. No dazzling creature of operetta who marries the tenor, is this Queen. Rather, Wilhelmina is very much business. Picture an ordinary little woman (she is anything but stately), a woman who by no stretch of the imagination could be called beautiful, just a plain capable-looking Holland bourgeoisie, double-chin type, plainly dressed, wearing extremely virtuous-looking shoes, a prim suit that has "made in Holland" written all over it—and you have Her Majesty, the Queen.

One moment, please! Should you get close enough—and it is quite easy, for she goes about with no ceremony, frequently escorted only by her little daughter, Princess Juliana—should you get close enough to study her face, it is at once evident that she is an extremely capable woman. Thoughtful, almost sad eyes, quite wide apart; a forehead that indi-

cates brain power, ears a bit sentimental yet secretive, an extremely determined chin—in such ways does Queen Wilhelmina impress one.

She has that look which one always associates with intense religion; and she is almost bigoted. Like the German Emperor, she loves to hold religious services herself. Her hobby is to pray before the Royal Household. Strength of character, she has. Devoted to Holland, she is. Strong-minded to a degree, she is, too. She has stated: "I intend to carry always in my heart the words of my beloved father who said that the House of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands." Alone, save for the clever cabinet ministers whom she herself selected, she has had to guide her country through the stress and upheavals of the war.

In this she has not been helped by her husband; rather, the Royal Consort has been on more than one occasion a decided source of embarrassment to the Queen. Her husband is a German Prince of Mecklinburg-Schwerin. He has violated Holland neutrality. He got to be such a source of trouble that he at one time was under virtual arrest. He was not allowed to enter certain sections of his wife's kingdom. Yes, Wilhelmina has a determined chin. Her first duty is to Holland.

The Royal Consort is a rollicking sort of a man, not overburdened with brains. Shortly after the outbreak of war he discovered that some old cronies were among the German officers interned in Holland. Big idea! He would help them escape to Germany. No thought of the trouble this would bring Holland; no thought of the embarrassment it would cause the Queen. Not sinister, just short-sighted. So the Royal Consort motored out in one of the royal automobiles, picked up the German officers, and started for the frontier. The Dutch army guards the whole frontier. When the royal motor swept down the road leading to Germany, a Holland officer saw that the Prince's companions were Germans. He ordered "Halt!" The car pulled up. The officer did his duty and forbid the Queen's husband to take the German

officers across the frontier. The Prince did the Don't-you-know-who-I-am act, disobeyed the officer, and rushed into Germany with his old cronies. Then he came back—alone.

Of course the British, the French, the Russian ministers at the Hague protested to the Dutch government. The officer at the frontier filed a report on the incident to his superiors. It was passed up to the commanding general. The general went to the Queen. The diplomatic protest from the Allies had greatly disturbed her. Now her husband was added to those who were violating Holland's neutrality. The General made the situation worse by declaring: "Madam, you will please see that your husband is kept away from the zone where my troops are mobilized. If he is allowed to go there again, I shall have to tender my resignation. Such incidents as the last will ruin the discipline of the Holland Army."

The German Prince was her husband, but the Queen realized her duty. For several months thereafter the Royal Consort was kept more or less under surveillance and was not allowed to enter the zone behind the frontier. Where Holland is concerned the Queen is all business.

Twice her country had been on the verge of war. Once Germany threatened her; once the Allies threatened her. Strategically it would be of immense value to the Allies were they able to attack Germany through Holland. Strategically, it would be of immense value to the Germans were they able to establish naval bases on the Dutch coast for operations against England. Queen Wilhelmina realizes this. England's diplomacy tries to drive her into war against Germany, and German diplomacy tries to set her at England.

One of the most important plays in the game against her is this: if German spies can catch any violation of Holland neutrality by England, it gives German diplomats a ground for demanding reciprocal concessions. If English spies can catch a German violation of Dutch neutrality, it puts power into the hands of the British diplomats. At the outbreak of war such violations were frequent. First England and then Germany were at the Queen's throat, asking concessions that imperilled Holland's neutrality.

With her characteristic firm will, she took things in her own hands. She personally drew up the regulations for the Holland frontiers. She personally caused Dutch secret service men to be put on the trail of German and English spies alike. One violation of Holland neutrality by a foreign spy—and into a Holland jail he was thrown. England's cause for grievance was that Holland was sending contraband of war to Germany. The Queen ordered a thorough search of every train, motor, wagon, and person leaving Holland for Germany. She imposed heavy fines for smuggling out contraband. By that act she greatly cut down the number of English grievances.

Another English grievance was that German spies were getting into England on Dutch passports, that Germans were going to the United States on business of the war, traveling on Dutch steamers, under false passports. The Queen checked this up. She caused Holland detectives to make a rigid examination of the passport of every passenger before boarding a steamer in a Holland port. (None of the Scandinavian countries do this.) She investigated the charge of German spies entering England on Holland passports—and vice versa. A number of Hollanders, who had obtained passports, and then sold them to Germans or Englishmen, were sent to prison by order of the Queen. She watches every move made by every belligerent against her country.

Wilhelmina is quite different from the kind of person who by reason of birth comes to the highest position in a country, receives a good yearly sum of money, a little carefully guarded authority, and does the bidding of cabinet ministers. Wilhelmina of Holland is no figurehead. She has a desire to know everything that is going on in Holland. Her inquiries are almost persistent, almost nagging. Of her the philosopher Leibnitz could have said: "She wishes to know the wherefore of the why." She cares more, far more, for the affairs of state than she does for social functions. Indeed, the life of the Holland court is quite stupid. This and her Puritanical character has caused the night life of Holland's Capital to be deadly dull.

So determined is she that no belligerent shall infringe upon Holland's neutral position, that she personally supervises the force of a half million men that she has under arms. She is to be seen riding with the officers of her suite, inspecting the different positions. She is honorary commander-in-chief of the Dutch Army, but she takes more than a passing interest in it. She is to be seen in the saddle for hours at a stretch. She wears an officer's uniform and rides astride. It is often quite difficult to pick her out as she goes clattering along surrounded by the officers of the staff. Her hand is in everything.

One day she stopped at a farm-house where new recruits were quartered. She insisted upon seeing their sleeping accommodations. Her officers demurred. She found the sleeping accommodations were in a hay-loft. Despite the protest of her adjutant, she insisted upon climbing the ladder up to the loft. She found that one corner of the roof leaked. She would not leave till tar-paper had been nailed over as a temporary relief. She then examined the beds. Under her persistent questioning a soldier admitted that they were not as warm as they might be. She at once ordered extra covers for the entire company. And woe betide the commanding officer if she visited the farm again and found that the covers were not there!

The Dutch people call her "The Mother of Their Land." Her "Christmas Greeting to My People" is full of religious fervor and gratitude to God that the nation has been spared, as yet, the scourge of war. But Wilhelmina knows that Holland is by no means out of the woods. She created consternation last summer by calling into service the reserves up to forty years of age. That gave her an army of three quarters of a million men in the field. She is afraid for the future of the Dutch East Indies. She casts anxious glances across the ocean toward the islands of Sumatra and Java—the basis for the wealth of Holland. She has studied well the situation in the Far East. She knows that Japan is casting fond glances at the Dutch East Indies. It is common gossip in The Hague that a new Alliance may come after the war, that



Japan may leave England and go with Russia and Germany. In that case the Queen knows that her eastern islands would be in jeopardy. What the future holds for Holland no one can tell. But her deeply religious Queen prays every day.

Personal discomfort and overwork are nothing to her. She will brave any hardship so that she can assure herself that all is going well on the frontiers of Holland. Her energy, common-sense, lack of feminine trifles, appeal soundly to the somewhat cold Holland people.

In June the court moves to Amsterdam. A big public reception is held there for the Queen. Every year in the grand salon of the Palace du Dam she shakes hands with anyone who wishes. For hours the lines of people pass her. Exhausted? Yes. Yet, she keeps it up. She has a motive for this. She believes that it brings her in touch with every type of person in Holland and during that brief meeting she sometimes sizes up remarkably cleverly, the feeling among the different peoples of her kingdom. She considers it good policy to reach out the royal hand and clasp the hand of her people. She believes in keeping as close to her people as possible. In that she is not merely shrewd, for her heart is filled really, with love for Holland and the people whose destiny fate has put in her hands.

Queen Wilhelmina is not beautiful. She is no Cleopatra or a Maria Theresa or a Louise of Prussia. Nor is she a Catherine of Russia or an Elizabeth of England. Nor are the immorality and ruthlessness of those Queens are not in Wilhelmina's make up. Had she not been born to the purple, it would be inevitable that at her age she would be the woman in charge of some big business in America—possibly like the woman who runs a factory in Connecticut. For she is all efficiency, strictly business, exceedingly able, with an intricate mind and a far deeper love for work than for pleasure. With every belligerent trying to drag Holland into the war, keeping the little land out is a job for a strong man. It is being done by a strong woman.

# WHILE THE CRESCENT WANES

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F.R.G.S.

**A**S I was putting on my sandals in the corridor to shuffle into the spacious, dim and cool interior of St. Sophia at Constantinople, a priest dawdled in at the portal, threw his cigarette in a shadowed niche, and spat upon it. Almost over his head there were sculptured crosses, and the faint fringes of what were once the brilliant medallions of Theodore and Justinian. The incongruity between the white turban of the priest and his carelessness of the venerable sanctities was my first impression; and the next feeling was that not many flourishes of the chisel and the paint-brush stood between the Ottoman Mosque and the reversion to its former state as a Christian temple.

It was August 12, 1915—the first of the three days of the festival of Bairam. A few hours before, at midnight, the season of Ramazan with its fasting by day and its feasting by night was ushered out with suffocating ceremony, while the minarets of every mosque in the city blazed with tiaras of oil-lamps or modern incandescence. For seventy-two hours, one hundred thousand Armenians went hot and cold by turns with rumors and denials of sealed orders waiting at every police-station in the city to be opened in the final hours of this Bairam festival. It was therefore a matter of interest to note whether in the very citadel of the Turkish faith the Giaour would be received with overt manifestations of displeasure, or allowed to go and come at will.

I had with me a Turkish lad as interpreter, lest there might be some invisible dead-line drawn under the far-flung dome where the pigeons flapped and alighted unrebuked. During the droning intonation of the prayers, I was told I must not go beyond a dais on either side of the central portal. I sat on the edge outside the rail of the dais at the right of the entrance, waiting for the priest to take his seat before the low table at the pulpit's foot and gather the faithful intimately around him for the sermon.

Over against me, within the rail of the other dais, sat

an old priest,—a hadji—(imam or hodja) who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and wore in token thereof a turban of green. His face in its placid benignity of contemplation caught no far reflection, and his ear no distant echo of the shrieking fusillade at the Dardanelles; he stroked his white beard slowly and reflectively, as though he enjoyed the strident cadences that floated to him through the low-hung chandeliers. Round the base of a green mottled pillar, two ragged urchins played hide and seek with shouts and laughter while their mother painstakingly bestowed on the cold stone a scrubbing of which there seemed to be a greater need in her own family circle. Of the hundreds clustered before the pulpit their bare feet toward me as they abased themselves, none heeded the pigeons, or the gleeful little lads, or the man from the other side of the sea. Late-comers came at no deliberate pace, but running full tilt across the matting, shoes in hand, as though the welfare of the soul depended on catching the next syllable; and in all the arduous genuflection that makes Turkish prayer a painful calisthenic exercise, from brandished palms to foreheads on the floor, there was an intense sincerity that none could call in question—the sincerity of passionate devotion to a form, a symbol, an archaic ritual, spelling in however benighted and perverted and forlorn a fashion the hope of Paradise.

To fan this ceremonial ardor to a glowing flame was the object and the first inspiration of the preacher's discourse. I was allowed to come forward as he began it and to mingle with those who squatted after the accustomed fashion of the Turk, or sat on the steps round his cushion and bare table. He descanted with a deal of energy and brandishing eloquence upon the most trivial details of the way to pray—saying little of the soul's share in the transaction, but dwelling upon the value of the gymnastic part of it. There was nothing about one's duty to one's neighbor, there was nothing said of loving-kindness to Armenians; there was no rebuke of a proud heart or a stiff-necked generation, or a lustful cruelty, or a low aim, or a spiritual squalor. But he talked, instead, of the epicurean satisfaction of living within four

walls and having nothing to do with the world and the life of the world. He showed just where and how to raise the hands toward the incurious pigeons or toward the filigreed coign of vantage where the Sultan sometimes comes; he told when to grovel and when to put off the worm; and then he naïvely and somewhat irrelevantly added—"I never go in the Bazaar myself. The Bazaar holds nothing that I want. It suits me perfectly to stay here in the peace and security of the abiding-place of Allah. I do not care to go out." He unctuously quoted fragments of the Koran, and there was always a prompt, fervent antiphony from the ring of hearers, which served a useful purpose if drowsed.

By the vicissitudes of travel, it chanced that the last previous services I attended were in Westminster Abbey and in Canterbury Cathedral. Not all the ignominious by-products of that service in St. Sophia, or the priest's inane and trivial argument, can rob me of the sense that God was there, or erase the sublimity of the great church itself when all was still; and the feeling was akin to that which thrilled me as I stood with eighty Canadian officers and men at the tomb of the Black Prince in the glorious fane of Canterbury, or heard from the Poets' Corner the ringing imperial appeal of a great preacher as the London sunlight fell, where in the dust of kings and heroes "heart with crumbled heart" forever lies.

The life-insurance of the Turkish holy places against the profanation of an alien race, an antithetical religion, lies in that strange power of hallowed and memorial architecture, in forms of indomitable beauty, to bring to bear on even the calloused sensibilities of one kind of soldiers, and much more upon what is left of a civilized conscience in the western world, the sense of awe that places consecrated by centuries of such association must inspire.

When the Bulgars and Serbs swarmed down on Adrianople, antiquarians trembled for the beautiful mosque with its four minarets that is the first thing the traveler by rail sees of the city, dominating the city beheld afar like the cathedrals, let us say, of Lincoln or Ely. If we note what happened to

that mosque when it was at the mercy of men to whom it means little to spill blood or to smash house-roofs and furniture, we may obtain an accurate conception of what is likely to be the lot of other mosques in Macedonia and Thrace under similar conditions. Pierre Loti has written a deal of nonsense as to what occurred at Adrianople, and his name as a mendacious Turkophile is a byword and a hissing among the Bulgars. My evidence against his dithyrambic prevarication comes at first hand from an American of the highest standing, who was in the mosque the day after the city fell. The invaders had been gazing upon the mosque from afar for seven months, and could have reduced it to a dusty ruin any time they liked. But they chose to spare it. They entered the hallowed edifice without shout or song, when at last it was in their hands. Pierre Loti says the carpets were stolen. They were not. They were rolled up and piled in the shadows at one side. On the first day the sole disorder occurred. There were but three of the minarets open, and a Bulgarian soldier who was drunk tried to chop away the door of the fourth in a fury of resentment when he was denied admission. He was placed under restraint. On the second day a Bulgarian guard was stationed to prevent petty larceny. The testimony given me by this unbiased eye-witness of the soldiers' behavior is to the effect that they kept perfect order as they strolled about the building examining and admiring, reverential as the Canadian "Tommys" I saw before the effigy in Canterbury Cathedral. When the Turks came back into Adrianople, the chief imam (priest) went before them and said: "Do not harm the Bulgarians, for they treated us and our mosques with all consideration when they came into the city."

My informant and another American had charge of a soup-kitchen on an island in the Maritza River where, Pierre Loti says, the Bulgars deliberately starved and wantonly maltreated the Turks, who in their desperation chewed the bark from the trees like ravening animals. It is true that for three days neither Turk nor Bulgar had sufficient food, for the Turkish defenders had blown up the bridge and

burned the food supply. The Bulgars, under the circumstances, are excusable if they fed their own men first. The Turkish soldiers were so emaciated by the siege that when the Bulgars entered they found thousands on the acute edge of starvation; and of these thousands there were hundreds who died in the three days after the raising of the siege; but this man who told me the story, who visited the prison-camps and saw the dying occupants, insists that the Bulgars were not to blame. The Turkish officers, he says, were brought to Sofia, installed in hotels, and in accordance with Article 17 of the Hague stipulations, were paid salaries with nothing to do. Still in his ears there rings the cry "Doctor Effendi, Doctor Effendi!" of the men who agonized for water, and when he brought it to them, drank and died. But the Bulgar apparently stands clear of the onus of Pierre Loti's indictment in this case at least.

At another service in St. Sophia, I heard a blind Arab preaching. Before it came time for him to receive the customary offering, many of his Turkish auditors had proved that Arabs have no monopoly of the gentle art of silently stealing away. The advantage of attending church in your stocking feet or your bare feet is that you can gather up your shoes and "make your get-away" very quietly, even when the heavy carpet for coolness' sake has given place to the thin matting of the summer season. A priest sat next me, and at a peculiarly eloquent period of the discourse the light of a sudden exaltation shone in his face, as he leaned over and translated the words into Turkish for my interpreter.

"The preacher is saying," my faithful Man Friday in his turn told me, "that though he is blind he can see that all the nations of the earth are destined one day to be brought together under the crescent of Islam." Then the priest, with a doubtful scrutiny, asked if I was a German, and scarcely reassured by the answer he presently joined the silent processional of the departing. The sermon ended, I went up to the blind preacher sitting at his table waiting for his money, and put a five-piastre piece in his hand. He thanked me

fervently, in Turkish, and began to grope in the direction of his feet. Supposing he wanted his sandals, which he had kicked aside in the ardor of his oratory, I gave them to him. He shook his head and mumbled. "He wants to know," Man Friday translated, "whether any of his money can have fallen to the floor." It was pathetic to see his gnarled old hands fumbling along the edge of the step where he was seated, and in the folds of his robe, as well as over the polished blankness of the table before him. I was glad when the remaining few of the faithful brought their small offerings, and some talked kindly with him, and one man—the oldest—gave him an arm of guidance to the portal.

In a mosque near at hand (the great Valide mosque by the Galata bridge), a little Turkish lad with priestward inclinations was reading the Koran, as a Chinese schoolboy learns his lessons, with all his audible might. As far as I could tell, the words meant little but the nasal sing-song to him. His eyes moved incessantly from his book along the trail of the Giaour from pillar to pillar, past the two tall, ponderous candles that are lighted only half an hour in all the year, past the chandeliers, each with its circle of oil lamps like insulators of telegraph-wires inverted, and swung almost low enough to strike one's head. In a corner, at a window opening to the east, were two men who knelt and read in silence from large illuminated copies of the sacred book, blind and deaf to all intrusion; behind them in the shadow of a pillar, two other lolled at their ease and conversed in a low tone. Like that familiar phenomenon to librarians at home, the derelict from the streets who drifts into the warmth and the light, not to read but to sleep behind a newspaper, there were some here who had frankly come not to pray but to slumber or to eat a lump of coarse yellow-brown bread while others were engaged in prayer and contemplation.

At St. Sophia I made overtures to buy the sandals I wore, but the respectful answer came that the price of leather had gone up (even as bread and coal and oil in the beleaguered city were daily becoming more expensive) and if they sold these sandals they were not sure they could buy more.

In company with the learned Professor Vrahamis, a Greek who for twenty-one years taught in the Zographion at Constantinople, till the war drove him out, I visited the famous old church of St. Demetrius at Salonica. This affords in certain phases of its history a parallel to St. Sophia, inasmuch as it started its career as a Christian church, became a mosque under the Turkish rule, and in 1912, when the Crown Prince entered Salonica, was reconverted to its former estate as a Christian sanctuary. It was erected in the year 441 A. D., with material brought from Ephesus. For more than 1,000 years it flourished as a Christian church. From 1482 till 1912, it was a mosque under the Turks. Part of the structure is a prison built in about the year 200 A. D. The tomb of the saint, now a goal of pilgrimage and particular veneration, was placed in a shrine by the side of the prison when the church was built more than two centuries later.

Professor Vrahamis, a devout communicant of the Orthodox Greek Church, was especially well qualified not merely to talk with the priests, but to induct me into their mental attitude. They, one and all, declared it to be part of their purpose to conserve this church as a venerable historical monument; and to that end the minaret erected by the Turks will not be disturbed. Sultan Murat brought 2,000 plaques from Adrianople to repair the pavement and the walls; and pieces of marble with the cross sculptured thereon were put in the floor, that the feet of the Turks might trample upon the Christian emblem. Even these have not been displaced, though when funds are forthcoming, the pavement will be reconstructed. At the time of my visit there was premature rejoicing over an announced benefaction of 50,000 drachmas from a rich man which turned out to be a false alarm. Thus far the changes introduced by the Greeks have been comparatively few and simple. The throne occupied by King Constantine at the rededication is at the right as one enters, near the chancel, and his draped portrait stands upon it. There are Greek eikons and candles innumerable, of course. New marble steps have been put



in leading to the gallery for women. There is a new and severely plain wooden staircase to the second gallery. The nave is adorned with standards of yellow silk, embossed with crowned black double eagles and white crosses on a blue ground, emblematic of the Byzantine inheritance and of Greek sovereignty.

At the time of Professor Vrahamis' last visit to the church, a decade before, while it was still a mosque, none but a Moslem was allowed to go beyond the entrance. At present, whosoever will is free to enter and explore.

Following the lead of my erudite conductor among the lighted candles and the eikons, I found in the shrine that holds the tomb of the saint, an intelligent enthusiast in the person of the priest, who talked freely to Doctor Vrahamis, and the latter translated him to me. In one corner of the great building a baptism was in progress, and several priests and a large conclave of relatives were concerned in the rite. The baby misbehaved as most babies do under these conditions, and its cries took no account of the centuries of history, while the women between two pillars laid out an array of purple and fine linen sufficient, the layman would suppose, to clothe a whole day nursery.

Another converted mosque in Salonica is that of St. Sophia, much smaller than its celebrated namesake beside the Golden Horn, but in the architecture closely similar. Here too, is a minaret reared by the Turks, who though they decorated the edifice elaborately, left the dome and chancel untouched, and did not erase the conspicuous figures of the Virgin and Child that look down upon the chancel. This is the church that Bulgar soldiers used as their quarters, without harm to it, while they remained in Salonica.

At the very heart of Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, near the great municipal baths, the ancient historical museum and the indoor market, is a mosque that has never been anything but a mosque. The interior of the building wears every sign of the poverty of the congregation. There are a few rugs, not of good quality, an old straw matting, a modern noisy wall-clock of anonymous manufacture, hanging tin lamps and

the usual array of dirty glass receptacles containing oil encircling them in the guise of chandeliers. The custodian let me enter his own little room at the base of the minaret. It held a pallet with its head pointing eastward at a tiny loop-hole, a soiled and comfortless divan in a dark corner, and on the sill of the only window opening to fresh air lay a copy of the Koran, and before it a brass pen and ink holder of Turkish design, with a pair of iron-bound spectacles. The old man picked up the book to show me that like all authorized copies of the sacred volume it was hand-written; and he fingered it as Izaak Walton said the fisherman must handle a frog for bait—"as though he loved it." The only other furniture of the room was a red earthenware basin and two double-handed water jars of the same material. The dirt and the paucity of these belongings did not seem to affect the serene equipoise of the owner as he stood white-turbaned in the doorway opening out upon the street, after bidding me a dignified farewell, and the world of prosperous Bulgar trade rushed past him at a pace he did not care to follow.

At Nish, the provisional capital of Serbia, across the cobbled roadway from the American consulate, is a tiny mosque, the spire of whose minaret appears to be surfaced with Standard Oil tins—that universal convenient roofing material of which ecclesiastical as well as secular poverty stands ready to avail itself in the East. Twice a day the imam comes out upon the balcony with his long-drawn quavering muezzin like a lonely oboe, and the few remaining of the faithful come together for their services even as though they dwelt amid the crooked byways and ancient, hereditary stench of Stamboul. Bulgars at Sofia and Serbs at Nish in high official place insisted to me, as did the Greeks, that they mean to concede at all times and in all places to the Turks the unresisted liberty to worship after their own fashion. They all have told me that the churches that once were Christian will be reclaimed, but they assure me very solemnly that a mosque once is a mosque always, as long as there are Mahometans remaining in the vicinage to keep alive the ritual.

# WHAT IS A POEM?

THEODORE GATES

**W**HAT is a poem?  
Methinks it is not words,  
Not rhymes, not even thoughts,

Sublime thoughts.

It is rather the music  
Of sweetly balanced lives,  
The guiding purposes of men,  
The controlling impulses of women.

Again I ask, *What is a poem?*

I cannot answer myself.

It may be a record of a life—

It may as well be of a death—

Never discordant, never unseemly,

Never unclean, never uncouth.

I think it is the very soul of humanity

Grasping at truth and love;

It is the soul of man

Seeking the soul of woman;

It is the soul of humanity

Seeking the soul of God,

None can commune

With God for you;

None but you can know

The meaning of a poem.

# NEAR THE TURN OF THE ROAD

KATE SMITH

**V**ERDUGO ROAD winds among the Seven Hills that lie in ample folds of brown. Like velvet they look, velvet that has been made to fall so as to catch all the lights and shadows. Where the dried grasses are short, the smooth shoulders of the hills have the soft neutral shade of a fawn's coat. Farther down a motley growth of sturdier plants blends gray, mauve, earth color, yellow, into a mixed pleasant brown, the every-day dress of the fall. Here and there dried stalks of wild mustard stand in clumps, the blue-gray of steel. An occasional live-oak clings darkly against a slope, flinging wide its black shadow.

Past the Seven Hills the road ribbons along beside a row of tall eucalyptus trees that stand sentry-like to guard an orange grove from whose depths gleam treasures of pure gold. Then a tiny stream comes to meet it, singing, whispering. Willow-lined, willow-hidden is the stream except for a glint here, a gleam there, willows vivid with September yellow. Tangles of wild grape, beds of bracken, have chosen the damp earth in the bed of the stream. Feathery tufts mark where the wild clematis has wound its way in and out. Oaks still green and untouched by the fall, that has made the silver-barked sycamores put on russet leaves, stand back from the willows.

After meandering for a time with the stream, the road rises above it and begins to climb through Verdugo Canon and on toward the mountains. Buff-colored mimulus bend down from the slope and nod and nod to those following the lure of the road. Then the canon widens to receive a vineyard that comes pouring out from between the hills like a river of rose gold, which spreads and floods an open stretch with its brilliance. The road that has curved with the canon, and nestled against the flowered slope of the hills where the way was cool, green, and water-sung, turns from the hillside to meet the yellowing vines and follow beside them. But

presently when the upward flow of the vineyard is turned back by a sandy valley filled with the gray of sage-brush and a heavy dark greasewood, the fickle road leaves the vines and becomes uncertain of its way. It hesitates whether to climb on to the mountains with their deeps of blue, to turn to the right and wind like a ribbon once more through a narrow opening between the hills, or by keeping the lower edge of the valley to find again the tiny stream, no longer willow-hidden but spread thin under bent gray sycamores that hold a golden and russet screen above it.

Ten o'clock under the September sky—a sky intensely blue, the sunlight intensely yellow, sunlight that seems to fall through the air in glittering, quite tangible splotches. The air is gentle, caressing. It catches the sunlight in soft, unseen fingers and presses it warmly into the leaves, turns them, and ever so tenderly drops them again. How this vagrant lover, the wind, revels in the beauties of the golds and browns!

Just within the narrow valley, where the road was hesitant, John Hampton put up his easel and set himself to paint the glories of the day. How could he catch and hold its blazing wonder? His palette was full of dabs of paint; blues, yellows, reds, black, white, in bright spots and smears, where with skill he had compounded atmospheres and shadowings. Nearby his canvas looked like an enlarged palette with a still greater lot of patches of color laid thickly on a dim outline. Get the sun-filled effect of the air he would! Into the blue of his sky he worked some green, then with haste and certainty he began to put in driving lines of yellow.

The curious wind, tired of toying with and coloring the complaisant leaves, crept near to see what he might be about. With the caressing trick practised upon the leaves, it lifted a long lock of his hair and then flung it suddenly into his eyes. Hampton was annoyed with the playfulness that stopped for a swift second his making of sunlit landscapes. He shook his head to clear his eyes again, and almost, I

think, there was a low damn. Perhaps it was only the chuckle of the wind. The wind is a mischief, as well as a lover. And so, in very deft fingers it lifted and bore off his cap just as he shook back the lock, and tossed it very softly indeed but very firmly against one of his hills. Down blurring it fell and made a wide swath quite through his valley. Then it landed among his box of brushes and tumbled two wet ones into the sand. From a maker of sunlit air and sky, Hampton turned to a harbinger of thunderstorms. He rumbled and muttered as he made quick efforts to catch his wind-driven cap and save the work of his hands; his palette all but slipped from his left thumb, while a long brush or two put streaks of paint on his face.

Such a moment is inopportune for addressing a strange man. Yet there are women who never plan with a coquette's care their entrances and exits into the lives of others. They come just when they come and as they come. Sometimes afterward they ponder the strangeness or the brusqueness of their reception, sometimes they recognize their own inopportuneness, but more often these rare women think not of themselves at all.

In the midst of his confusions a voice behind Hampton said, "Too bad, oh, too bad," with a bit of emphasis upon the "too" and great sympathy upon the "bad." A beautiful voice it was, deep and full-throated.

But why should any one, a woman especially, angrily wondered Hampton, be here in his outdoors; and why, since here she was intruding, should she enter into his discomfitures? His mutterings ceased, but as was his way, he gave no other sign that he knew of her presence. He put his paint-daubed cap tightly upon his head and set to work to undo the mischief it had made with his hills and valley. A few minutes of skilful work and the voice was forgotten. His annoyance was lost in the task of renewal. After all it was a service the wind had done him, and not just an impish trick. He leaned back for a second's inspection. It was good, decidedly better, and again he splashed his many pigments into a confusion of color that none but a maker of

pictures could ever have guessed would produce a miniature outdoors.

"Beautiful," said the voice, again breaking in upon him.

The voice had spoken fairly over his shoulder. Its sound, so near, did the usual work of all commenting voices. It robbed Hampton's painting hand of its cunning. One despairing stroke of the brush and then he fell to mixing paints upon his palette, waiting with the rage that always took him in violent suddenness when voices pattered about the pictures he was making. And they were always doing it. He and his work were as impersonally open to comment as were the little horned toads that waddled through the sand away from ejaculating ones who poked and pursued them. They even pointed sticks and parasol tips at his canvasses in very much the way that they called attention to horned toads. One who set out painting the great wide world so frankly must be there to invite comment from casual ones who came upon him as he sat, or so at least they seemed to think; and they made their remarks, silly or otherwise, but always irritating.

John Hampton was a man shy as the wild creatures that fled to retreats when people came to the places that he and they frequented. He, too, felt the terror that sent his little mates to cover. In times long before this September day, a young fellow, sunny-hearted and sweet with the joy of outdoors, had followed the lure of the road away from the town. It was early spring, after a winter of unusually heavy rains, when the open places were a thick sweet tangle of nodding colors, the hills were deep in green, and all the trees were in newest dress to catch the fancy of the straying wind. Spring was in this young man's heart, not the burning kind that sends one, restless, longing, to make new friends, new ties, but the singing tingle in the veins that will not let be till the smell of the earth has filled the head. So with no purpose defined he was out of doors, thrilling with joy as he wound in and out among the hills. In a wide, open valley, where since a town has grown, pink owl clover swept in a deep flush far away toward the distant hills. Yellow tidy-tips swayed in

the little air that rippled the field of pink. Cream-cups and baby-blue-eyes crept close to the ground, hiding their daintiness from any but an eager lover. Here he threw himself prone and watched through half-shut eyes the gentle nodding of the flowered heads, steeped in delight by the beauty of it. The road that presently he followed was little more than a bridle path which the flowers constantly threatened to overrun and quite obliterate. On a bench of a hill stood a small house and a cluster of bee-hives. He turned in at the wagon-road and went up to the house. He was sure of a welcome. Not that he had been there before, but he had a smile that opened doors to him. He would work for his food and sleep rolled in his own blanket under the sky, a sky blue in its darkness, a sky that as he lay and searched its depths made stronger his distaste for the limitations and restraints of town life. A few days he lingered and then his wanderings led him past Verdugo Canon and into a valley that was a veritable scented bee garden, the valley where later John Hampton sat to paint. It was then almost unknown to men but greatly loved by the sun and the wind. Another keeper of bees had work in plenty for the wayfaring lad to do. On through the summer he lingered, each day one of new delight. The bee-keeper urged him to stay. Land in the valley was his for the homesteading. He chose a piece that began in the valley's gay heart, sloped down and across the rocky way of the stream and ended abruptly upon the first steep rise of the chapparal-covered hills. With his own hands he built a stone house that was one room with a peaked roof, deep set windows, and a wide fireplace. Bees and an orchard he added to his belongings. The outdoors had claimed him.

Then one day he was called back to the town to be given a crying bundle from which showed a pink puckered face. His only sister had exchanged her life for this and had left it to him. Back to the valley he carried the bundle. His big hands shock as he opened the wrappings before his fire and then turned the soft little thing about to get it into a comfortable position. Had it no bones at all? When warm milk turned its troubled look to one of sleepy content the wee



thing got a grip on his heart that never let go. His bachelorhood had been far from assured, but John Hampton's coming settled it. What if the child should be unloved, perhaps disliked? He would take no chances. So John grew, mothered, fathered, and companioned by his uncle in the little valley between the great hills and mountains.

The baby, John Hampton, rolled about on bright carpets of flowers, crowing his rapture in the lovely world to which he reached up tiny demanding hands. As he grew to a sturdy, quiet youngster, outdoor creatures became his playmates. Little blue-gray mountain quail with buff waistcoats and saucy topknots grew tame and pattered about him, greedy for the grain he poured out to them. "John Hampton, John Hamp-ton," he was sure they called. Lying under a glossy oak-tree he learned to answer, "John Hampton, John Hamp-ton," shrilling and accenting the second note. Jays with wings of the sky and soft gray breasts of the morning scolded him harshly but came to his call.

The boy, silent, eager, active, intent, was keyed in subtlest harmony to every outdoor mood. There were times when his pleasure was so entirely possessing that he seemed in a mysterious way to be the embodied spirit of the sound, color, motion, in which he revelled. The trill of a bush-tit, the swift slant of rain against the hills; sunset colors changing on the mountains, would turn him still as a statue, things in hand forgotten, while his gaze of fascinated wonder became a far-away look that seemed to see glowing beauties of the eternal. At times of such utter absorption the blood surged up through his throat to beat in his temples. His uncle understood this heightened color and the seeing, yet unseeing look. These same vibrations had played upon him always, and the boy was a far more sensitive instrument than he had ever been.

Alone they lived, but for this satisfying companionship of the outdoors, though once for a time their monopoly of their little world was seriously threatened. A wave of people ebbed into the valley and filled it with a human buzzing and an air of business that had made the boy think of their bees

in swarming time. How he had wished that they, too, would hurry out one day and disappear over the hills, anywhere, in a circling, traveling, dark cluster and settle in some distant place. He would never follow to house and bring them back. They went frightening through his outdoors, cutting down and uprooting, clearing away and destroying. Their rude occupation filled him with angry distress. After a period of nervous activity that scattered a few orchards and vineyards about, a season of uneasiness came, and then John had his wish. One after another they deserted, and gaily the wilderness began to close in and regain the loveliness they had filched from it. How the flowers drowned out the young vineyards in a sea of color, how the sage grew riotously above the little trees and lost them among its opalescent tints, how the greasewood once more rose high to deck itself in greenish white and hide the unwelcome peach trees that had for a time replaced it, how the stately Spanish dagger shook its white bells once more from tall masts in the tangled wilderness, only John, the valley's dearest lover, knew. He watched it fling its joyous banners out and his heart hummed in tune to the bees that once more gathered their treasure undisturbed. It did not occur to him that this was but a beauteous burial of another human hope and effort. His was the spirit of the wilderness and he felt only its hurts and its gladnesses.

Between John and his uncle there were few words. The silences in their perfect comradeship were ones of understanding. A look, a motion of the hand, and one knew the thought of the other that followed upon a sentient word. One summer night when both lay restless, the uncle said:

"John, you shall go to town for awhile."

"Yes," answered the boy.

That was all. John, no longer boy, nor yet quite man, marveled that his uncle should have formulated for him what as yet he hardly realized that he wished. Abrupt change, feeling of growth, chance of adventure, chance to try himself in new ways. It was the youth and vigor in him, urging, making its universal demand. It had set the uncle following

on through the opening hills; now it called this one along the beckoning way of Verdugo Road to the town.

He wore off the strangeness of the city; he made a few friends; he was at times foolishly shy, unwisely friendly. He fell under the spell of music. He learned to paint. Then he grew homesick for his valley and for the understanding man who had given it to him, and went home.

A day came when he was alone in the world. He fled from the solitude, went far away, visited many cities, worked hard at his painting in an effort to forget his grief, until again homesickness, heartsickness, drew him surely back to the stone house in the little valley, the mountains, the hills, and all their changing hues. With the settling back into the simple life of his boyhood, the old shyness, never quite lost, again laid its hold on him.

And so on this September day as he waited for the disturber of his peace to go, Hampton ground at his paints till the blade of his knife bent rebelliously. It had a touch of the new in it, however, this annoyance, for the anger that ran red in his temples was not chiefly towards the one who was the immediate cause of it, but rather toward himself.

"If I were not a fool," he was inwardly vehement, "If I were a man and not an utter idiot, no human being on earth could stop me like this, could paralyze me just when I'm getting the best sky I've ever had."

His thoughts jumbled over one another in the tumult of feelings that roused them, making a mixture of considerations about how he had got the prized effect, whether he could finish the little he wished yet to add to the picture now, why he should be disturbed anyhow, why, whether, why,—coming to a period at last as he mixed less vigorously, with the words almost spoken, "a woman, too."

Not contemptuous, no. But perplexity mixed with his extreme irritation. It was as though he had said, "And a meadow lark, too."

So far girls and women had not been much in his world. In cities he had looked at bright groups that had made him

think in their conventional sameness, of gay gardens that pleased but failed to attract him. Eyes had looked into his, sometimes straightly in an effort to fathom the mystery that lay bafflingly there, sometime impudently with an invitation that he had not read nor desired nor accepted. Alike they had met a far-away serious response that fascinated but stopped them. Some day, he had vaguely felt. But for the present there were other things more urgent, more interesting, less puzzling.

He stopped mixing paints and reached for his brushes. Go on with his work he would. Why should he care that some one stood watching? Over a shoulder he took a quick look. Yes, there she still was, and at this slight sign that he recognized her existence she began again:

“How *do* you know you really portray this scene? How can you tell? Do you never move back a distance to see what you have done? Don't you *have* to, at times?”

So insistent the voice was in its interest that Hampton turned. He had suddenly resolved to break himself of his silly nonsense. He would face her, speak to her, then ignore her and paint once more. So he turned deliberately, answering as he did so, “Yes, at times.”

He had meant to say something more, but his attention was caught by her entire harmony with the fall day in which she sat. Brown, her eyes, her sunburned skin, her dress. And her hair, sunlight, dancing, crinkling, over shades of brown. A flash of scarlet near her brown throat, and a great bunch of yellow and russet leaves in the hand that lay in her lap. What a picture she made. He forgot for the moment that it was she who had disconcerted him, as impersonally, like two children, they stared at each other, she waiting answers to her questions, he looking at her with very much the regard he was accustomed to turn upon bright-eyed birds whose colors attracted him.

“But do you always paint so much without going back to see what you have done?” she repeated.

“Yes,” he answered unconsciously, still approving her as a part of the brilliant fall day rather than as a person

And then true to his resolve, he turned back to his canvas. But she laughed, such an amused rippling sound that it drew his interest once more.

"How funny you are!" Her eyes had twinkling lights in them. "You have most of a landscape on your face, where the wind painted you a while ago."

Hampton reddened, looked started, rubbed a hand against his cheek, and went nervously at his picture. She had ceased to be a part of the landscape and had again become a work-spoiler, a destroyer of peace.

"Oh," he heard, as he plastered at his picture. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I didn't mean anything."

Wrestling with the embarrassment her reference to himself had thrown him into, he once more forced himself to face about. She was putting on her hat.

"May I come again sometime and watch you?" She looked demure enough as she coaxed with her voice, her eyes on his picture the while; "if I promise not to talk all the time, and not to laugh at you again!" she added, a quirk coming to the corners of her mouth.

"Yes," was all he said, and that was more than he wished to say.

They looked at each other with direct, rather studying glances. Then she said good-by, he nodded with a lift of his paint-daubed cap, and she went away.

He turned slowly to his work again. He spent more time twisting his brush about on the palette than applying it to the canvas. But the mood to paint was gone, so he sprawled on the ground and watched from under his cap great white clouds, drifting, drifting, his thoughts no thoughts at all till he heard the tones of her voice in their midst.

There followed day after glowing day full of a warmth which seemed to come not so much from the sun as from the pulsing heart of the earth that waited in quivering suspense its time of fulfillment. And for a part of every day John Hampton sat before his easel near the turn in the road, but

upon these days he painted less steadily, stopped more often to look about him.

A week or so went by and Hampton had just about recovered his painting gait and his customary absorption—when a cheerful “Hello!” lost him both with disconcerting quickness. She was coming along the road with a step that soon brought her to him.

“How are you?” she asked, but seemingly without expecting an answer. Then she walked on past him to look at his picture, saying: “Any more unkindnesses from the wind?” And as if answering each of her questions with another: “Oh, the same picture. I thought it was finished the other day. How long does it take you to make one?”

She was frank and unaffected, like a boy in her air of comradeship and her entire lack of self-thought, so that Hampton answered her as he would have answered a boy, and went on with his work.

She stayed only a short time that day.

“I wish I could stay longer,” she confessed as she turned to go. “But I can’t this time.”

She seemed to take her welcome for granted, and as she spoke her look met his with an open asking for friendly exchange. She turned to wave a good-by hand and so complete the sense of good-fellowship.

A few days later he saw her coming again, walking in and out among the sage-brush. She was swinging her hat in her hand; her sunny hair blew about her face in willful curls, and he could hear snatches of song.

“I thought I would find you,” she interrupted her song to call. Then she stooped suddenly to examine something at her feet, and looked up with, “O, please come here.”

A horned toad was spread flat in the warm sand whose colors it wore. Hampton went over and picked it up.

She caught in her breath with excited interest. “Is he really so harmless? Why is he armed with all those points if he doesn’t intend to use them?”

Hampton smiled. “He has just one unpleasant trick,”

he said. "In times of great distress he shoots blood from his eyes."

"Put him down right away!" she commanded. "I want none of his blood shed on my account." She pushed at the little creature with her toe and laughed at his clumsy haste to cover.

"Have you begun a new picture?"

She skipped from one subject of interest to another like a child.

"Yes." And Hampton found himself responding to her interests with the indulgence granted of grown-ups to children. He picked up palette and brushes; she sat on the ground where she could watch and made comments on what he did and on the things about her.

Hampton worked almost as though he were alone, only he listened, not so much to what she was saying as to the tones of her voice. So many sounds it suggested. The glad call of the meadow-lark to the blue sky, the soft notes of the mocker singing under a white moon, the throaty murmur of doves, all these and none of them. When she was silent longer than usual he tried to conjure up some question to make her speak again, only he could think of nothing to ask, so he waited, listening for her to go on as all his life he had waited to hear again the songs of birds that pleased him.

"John Hampton!" The sudden and unexpected use of his name made him start and turn his head hastily. She was reading it from his paint box, and as if recollecting for the first time the use of names she added very simply: "I am Jean Barclay."

They smiled at each other to complete the introduction, and she went on: "How long have you lived here? Always?"

He nodded.

"Where?"

"In the little stone house near the bend of the stream."

"I know. The one among the bee-hives. I have passed it. May I come sometime and see how the bees keep house? I have never seen them at work. We shall be here all winter,

I think. That is, if Richard continues to improve. We are here for his health, you know, mother and he and I."

Her voice dropped low on the last part of the confidence which seemed made to herself, and immediately after she was saying good-by with an absorbed expression on her face and no sign even of seeing Hampton as she looked at him.

Another time she came so quietly up back of him that he did not know she was there until:

"Quick! *quick!*" he heard her say. "Come! This fellow's in trouble." A great blustering bumble-bee, caught by the milkweed he had robbed, which had seized him by a luckless leg, was making a lot of noise and she was trying fearfully to free him.

"I am so afraid I will dislocate a leg," she was looking her concern, "and I'm sure he means to eat me alive. How he does roar."

"Just a bluff," he told her as he disengaged the honey-thief and held him a moment for her to see. "Awfully mad because he was caught and hoping a row would get him out of his trouble."

"Like a good many people I know." She smiled at the comparison.

Another day he stopped painting to watch her uncovering a blue-tailed lizard. As fast as she turned the stone it flashed under and out of sight again.

"What is it, a streak of the sky, blue lightning, or a slim, swift snake?" she asked, looking up laughing from her labors.

"Not any of them," he told her. It was these simple things, the everyday life of his valley that this first friendship with a woman established itself in John Hampton's life.

The last warm day of the earth's period of waiting had come; a hush was in the air, while a misty veil of blue half hid the mountains and gave them a seeming of great remoteness. The sycamore leaves, russet now, no longer fluttered at the touch of the vagrant wind, but hung, wearied and without motion, or fell, dry and lifeless, into the bed of the



stream. The season of suspense was over, change was surely coming, and Jean was restless with the mood of the day. She had not sat even for a moment, but had walked back and forth, looking at everything, though with none of her usual interest nor eagerness. "You are not painting well," she said finally; "Would you mind? I should like to see the bees." She had a way of asking for what she wanted that seemed to take for granted her being given it. Hampton put up his paints and together they went down to his place.

The bees were not pleased with the intruders who opened their storehouse at a time when they felt the need of haste, of preparation, and they threatened noisily and had to be disciplined with puffs of smoke. Jean, again in effervescent spirits, pitied the poor old daddy bees who were not worth their honey when times grew hard, sympathized with the spinsters who were so angry because the work they had to get done for an ever-increasing family was interfered with, and had a child's delight in having them robbed for her benefit.

"But you must come home with me and take the honey to Richard yourself. I have told him so much about you and the wonder of your pictures that he is impatient to know you." Again there was the drop to sadness that had come that other day at mention of Richard, and again she seemed impatient to be on her way home. It made Hampton wonder who Richard was, and other vaguer things about her.

The Barclay cottage stood upon a low mesa at the base of the mountains and had a wide outlook over the valley. They had scarcely come up to it when Jean was giving an outdoor call and waving. Some one on the veranda waved in reply.

"That is Richard," she explained. "He lives outdoors, you know."

As they came to the cottage, she ran on ahead. "Dicksie boy, see what I've brought you this time," she called. "Honey, fresh from Hymettus, *and* Mr. Hampton, chief bee warden, and painter of all outdoors!"

A tall young man sat wrapped in shawls in an arm-chair. She stepped back of him to put both arms about his neck and bend over till her lips touched his forehead. He caught both her hands in one of his and held them for a second against his cheek. This all so quickly that it was over by the time Hampton had reached the veranda, and the man was holding out a hand, hardly waiting for her:

“Richard, this is Mr. Hampton, and Mr. Hampton, this is Richard.”

So thin he was, his great hungering eyes seemed to grow larger and darker as he spoke his pleasure in Hampton's coming. Mrs. Barclay, the mother, sweet and gray-haired, joined them and listened with a gentle smile to Jean's detailed account of her walk and the robbery of the bees. Jean was very animated and Richard listened with interest as she talked.

“She has to do the hiking for both of us for a while yet,” he said to Hampton, “but one of these days—” And he smiled hopefully.

Mr. Hampton was induced to stay for tea. Jean hurried about and soon the four sat down to a table set upon the veranda. When Hampton started for home a wee slip of a moon struggled to force her way through a wide, misty ring that encircled her. Hampton's feelings as he looked at the moon were misty too, for new emotions were blurring over all distinct realities, and he would not have seen the moon nor anything else but that Jean had quoted, “Last night the moon had a silver ring, to-night no moon I see,” and so he looked toward it, but the soft iridescence veiled Jean's face and her voice came down to him from the circle of light.

The next day the hills and mountains were blotted out. The valley lay swirled about in veils of mist, waiting in tender expectant ecstasy the coming rain. At nightfall it came, gently at first, then driving, fulfilling, satisfying. On through the morning it fell, but toward evening the wind stole up through the valley and began in its persistent way breaking up the gray curtain that covered the earth, pushing back the guarding clouds. Long shafts of light darted

through the breaks and changed the grays to blues and white. Then the sun came forth to set in a glory of yellow and rose.

No one could have stayed indoors during the days that followed, days when the earth, conscious of the new life stirring within her, seemed to invite all creatures forth to share in the joys of her fullness. For a part of every day Jean was climbing the hills, exploring every path, discovering traces of forgotten plantings, battling gaily with the winds that came out from clefts in the mountains to lift clouds of dust and send them whirling and dancing before her down the road. Often she came past to call to Hampton, and he, waiting for nothing else but this call, would join her to race with the wind, or to go back home with her. A spirit of outdoors she seemed, and to Hampton she was becoming the soul of his valley. He began to wonder that before her coming he should have thought it complete, for now she was as necessary a part of it all as were the sunshine, the hills, the drifting clouds,—more necessary, in fact, for to think of her gone the rest became dull, no longer had meaning. A thousand things there were of keen new interest to her when green came creeping over the earth, answering the call of the rain, things that Hampton knew by heart, by habit, and by name, and so could answer the never-ending liveliness of her wish to know. And always back to Richard they carried the newest find, beginning with the fragile tiny gilies that opened their pink and lavender cups to the sun right after the last patter of the rain. Because Richard was impatient of his weakness and had a boy's sharp desire to be out in the open with them, they never staid long away, but hurried back, where Hampton was made to tell again about each wonder of his valley, and then they planned the many walks that were to be taken, the three of them together, as soon as Richard should grow stronger.

As the weeks went by, Hampton lost the sense of strangeness in the Barclay household. To this man whose life had been so solitary, who had never known a woman's ways about a home, the new relationship was a tremendous

experience. For Mrs. Barclay he felt as religious men do toward the saints. Often when she smiled he wished to go down on his knees before her; and once when she laid a gentle hand on his head and called him "my boy," tears came into his eyes and it was minutes before his throat would let him speak. And Jean had him in a confusion of feelings that even at thought of her left him with none of his ordinary senses to do their ordinary work, but all of them, and seemingly a thousand new ones besides, in a tumultuous, throbbing, puzzling, delightful state that mostly robbed him of even the little speech that was his.

One day when the rains came again, the four sat together upon the veranda watching the lines driven back and forth across the valley, and Jean fell to telling of her first meeting with John. Dick and Mrs. Barclay laughed as she poked her fun.

"Oh, such a state as you were in! You never can know how amusing you looked with a whole hillside painted none too neatly across your face. And so embarrassed. Was it because I heard you say damn? I did hear you, you know. Or did you know? Don't deny it, just to get into mother's good graces, for you did say it."

There was no denial on John's part. He was making no answer at all as he listened with a smile coming and going, and wondering whether that day meant to her even a small part of what it meant to him.

"And then you jammed your cap on so tightly, I was afraid you would have to use one of your palette knives to get it off again. It's hard to believe even yet that you really are a tame human being, you were so gruff and so rude. It must have been my gentle influence that made the picture better than at first, when you had it to do over again. It's wonderful, Dick," she turned suddenly to him, "you must see it. All the beauty and brilliance of September is on that piece of canvas."

The next day the picture was carried to Jean, but given to Dick, whose eyes were bright with pleasure in it. "Just to punish you, Miss Impertinence," Hampton had said when

he gave it to Dick. But Miss Impertinence only laughed as she slipped an arm about Dick's neck.

"What's Dick's is mine, eh, Dicksie boy? So it's mine after all."

John answered nothing, but he took Dick's outstretched hand in a hard grip, and his face quivered a smile toward Mrs. Barclay who was looking her fondness for him and her assent to what the others were saying. Then Jean busied herself about the house while John planned with Richard the things they meant to do as soon as Richard was strong enough.

On a late November morning the world was hidden in gray. The mountains were out of sight behind a dense wall of mist that swung curtain-like, concealing all but the sharp peaks that broke jagged through. Below them, in the valley, filmy clouds, softer and lighter than gauze, drifted in and out again at the urge of faint breezes. Hampton was bending over a box of his bees when scrambling sounds against the hillside made him look up. The low mists were caught and tangled in the chaparral that opened to give passage to Jean, who, in gray tramping clothes looked like a creature of the mist as she clambered down and came across the rocky stream, breathing quickly from exertion. She held a ragged bunch of holly in her hand.

"I've been on a scouting expedition." She waved it toward him. "But your greedy birds have been everywhere before me. See how they have spoiled it all. Shall we be able to find any for Thanksgiving, do you think?"

"Yes, I have reserved some for your especial use," he told her. "The birds have promised to leave it alone, provided we get it fairly soon." He went on with his work.

"It wasn't really the holly that brought me out to-day," she confided presently, "but the mist. Always upon days like this I just have to be out where I can feel it beat against my face. These gray curtains seem to shut out all the trouble there is in the world, to hold it back away from me and from all that I love. As they swing and sway I have a sense of being admitted into the future, of being in a world

of real dreams, where its touch promises happiness. Can you paint the mist?" She ended with the question.

"No. I have tried, but when it's here I'm under its spell. It's like trying to see what is too near to me, what is like a part of myself. When it is gone and I try to paint it from memory, it refuses to come quite as I have felt it. I have never been satisfied and am afraid it always will escape me. If I try again perhaps you can tell me what is wrong with what I do."

"Do you think I could help?" She put the question wistfully, adding: "I wish that I might do something for you, your friendship has meant so much to us." As always happened when the conversation grew personal, John could make no answer. Jean, however, was unobservant, following out her own thoughts.

Presently she suggested that they go at once for the holly, so John stopped work and they went far up on the hillside where in a shaded cleft they found a bush loaded with heavy clusters of the scarlet berries. John, to please her, and she to please mother and Dick, chopped it ruthlessly and started down bearing its beautiful branches over their shoulders. The way had been long, and the berries were heavy, so they walked slowly and without talking. They were nearly home when Jean broke the silence.

"So this is to be your first family Thanksgiving, John. How strange that must seem. Have you never wished for one? Did you never wish to be with other children, to be part of a family?"

"No, I don't remember ever thinking about it, ever wishing for things to be different. My uncle was a remarkable man, and I was very happy while he lived."

"But since?" Unconsciously her question had touched upon the one sadness of his life, yet the grief of which he never spoke was choked back now by a great hope that set him suddenly trembling, made him wonder. Could there be, possibly, meaning other than mere interest in her questions?

They had reached the house by this time and not understanding his silence she turned sorry eyes to him. "Forgive

my stupid talk," she said. "I must have been tired. We are all so glad you are to be with us this year."

He bent over to lay the holly on the ground, saying only: "I am glad too." Then Dick and Mrs. Barclay came out and they began to arrange the berries.

Thanksgiving Day was crisp with the feel of possible night frost in the air. After the midday dinner, they went for an excursion, Dick's first, in Hampton's spring wagon brought out for the occasion. It was not far, but it filled the day full with a pleasant excitement for them all. As is the way, they began to plan for other days and times. The next excursion should be to Hampton's house. For Christmas dinner, it was decided, by which time Dick declared he would walk to the feast.

And walk to it he did, slowly and with frequent stops, but apparently none the worse for the unusual exercise. Not even Jean had been inside John's house. They expected to find rather bare quarters, but his love of the artistic had found expression in many things, such as dark thick rugs, brasses that were filled with holly, mistletoe, sage, and well bound books. A fire voiced its welcome as it blazed up in rivalry with the sunshine that streamed in through open door and windows. A settle was drawn up before the fire and deep chairs invited. Into one of these Dick sank with a sigh of satisfaction.

"This is great, John. No wonder you would keep Christmas at home," he said.

"Home! *Home!*" Jean echoed the last word softly as she moved about to look at every angle. "Mother, Dicksie, isn't it just like coming home. It's easy to understand, John, why you love this place. It is beautiful."

The word home has every shade of meaning when spoken by one who loves it, and Jean's voice was full of a throbbing sound that spoke tenderness, security, happiness, rest—those qualities for which every human heart cries out. John's heart caught at those possibilities and told him to hope, to hold the hope she had roused by her questions at Thanksgiving time. So all through the day he heard the throbbing

sounds, heard again and again the words, Home, *Home*. While they ate out under a glossy oak, he heard the leaves whisper them; while they disturbed a bee-hive and stole honey he heard the bees hum them; the little stream, tumbling along its rocky bed, murmured them. So that he was even more silent than usual, for fear what possessed him would make itself said, and he felt that the time had not yet come for him to tell her. He must wait a little longer.

When Dick was tired, the spring wagon took them up to the cottage on the mesa, where after tea Dick dozed off while the other three, filled with content of the day, sat silent but for an occasional word, till the night sky glittered with stars and melancholy small owls called aloud to each other. Then John went back to his house. He walked about in the dim light touching the things Jean had touched, saying the words that she had said, softly, "Home, *Home!*"

Could they, would they, live without her? Dared he ask it?

Jealously, almost, he watched Richard gain in strength. He feared any sign of set back, for without fully realizing it, he had set Richard's return to strength as the limit of his waiting. On a warm afternoon some weeks later, the three walked out together. The earth was gay with the green of spring and joyous spring was in the heart of each. Richard's longing turned to the town. For the first time he felt himself strong enough to go back, and as they walked he began to talk eagerly of what was in his mind. Jean was silent, divided between her passion for outdoors, which just then seemed to her too lovely to be forsaken, and her wish to please him; but later when they sat at tea she and Mrs. Barclay yielded to his urging and agreed to go within a few days. John, though they tried to include him in their plans, begging him to go with them, felt left out and as though his world had suddenly somehow gone upside down. Then exultation seized him.

"Now, *now!*" his heart shouted to him. "Now, *now!*" the pulses in his throat beat in answer. He wondered they did not hear it, but went on with their own plans. As if in



accord with him, his valley began to take on a wonderful radiance. Up from the west where the sun was just gone came a flood of brilliant color that spread high overhead. Clouds that had been dull turned deep rose, orange, green and red, and were edged with flaming gold. Back of the mountains a turquoise sky changed and flushed deeply. And then the mountains caught the wondrous light and began to burn till they changed from gray rugged walls to glowing amethysts with cuts of deep blue. The hills below were darkly purple, but all else in the valley was bathed in glowing, living light.

Richard, tired from the walk, fell asleep in his chair and Mrs. Barclay was placing a shawl about him.

"Come," said Jean, in hushed excitement. "Come out where we can see it!"

"Just a moment, dear," said Mrs. Barclay.

"Now, *now!*" John's heart called yet more loudly. Was it possible Jean could not hear its tumult. He felt the color tingling, rushing through his veins; his face burned; as his valley glowed and flamed, so did he. Never again would there be so perfect, so vivid, so right a moment. The three walked out into the open and were caught in the glow. To John, Jean's face was transfigured. Ethereal, evanescent, she seemed, her eyes deep and dark, with a look of tears in them.

"Jean," he tried to say, "Jean." But had he spoken? If so, she gave no sign. They watched the clouds in the west shift, change, begin to lose their brilliance. Slowly the rose and amethyst were cooling to amethyst and purple. Then the amethyst began to fade. His heart was gentler yet more insistent. Again he tried to speak but it was Jean who broke the silence.

"Mother," she said, and there was a sob in her voice, "Mother, I can't go. I can't leave this valley. I can't go away."

"No, you can't go!" John's heart at last gave way in its utterance to his voice. He took up Jean's words and repeated them in vibrant tones. "Mother, I love Jean, I love her. She can't go. I love you, Jean, I love you! I cannot let you

go, for I love you. *Home!* You called it home. You must come home with me. You will, won't you? For I love you so."

John, trembling, looked with his soul into Jean's face.

But what had he done? What was it? As if his words had power to dispel every bit of brightness, the valley all suddenly went bleak and dull. The mountains turned stark and forbidding; the hills grew dark, watchful clouds hung against the west. And Jean. Instead of gladness, first amazement, then pain, then utter wretchedness filled her face. She shook once or twice with a sobbing sound. Richard, awakened by the nightfall, called from the veranda: "Mother, Jean, where are you?"

It was Mrs. Barclay who spoke.

"Go, dear," she said very gently, and Jean turned to the house. Mrs. Barclay laid a hand on John's arm. "John," she said, "John, my boy, don't you understand, haven't you known? Jean is Richard's wife."

Like his valley, John turned gray and cold. He looked pallid, as if life had gone out. All but his eyes. They burned and pleaded and would not believe. In an effort to help him by explaining she went on. "They were married when they were hardly more than children; they are like children yet, though it seems long."

His face twisted into strange lines; he shuddered in the cold wind that began to blow. Mrs. Barclay, the mother heart of her wrung by his grief, laid her hands on his shoulders and tears filled her eyes. He took one of her hands, held it for a moment against his twitching face, then went, stumbling, down the hill.

Through the whole night he sat before the empty fireplace, all the next day, and the next night, sat limp, unmoving. He did not feel the cold that through the night made him shiver as in an ague. He hardly knew when day came nor when it went again. He shifted a few times when a numb and aching limb forced him to. There were no thoughts. Just a jumble of pain, of protest, of fearful loneliness, filled and beat and tortured his head.

The middle of the second day some one knocked. He did not hear. There was a louder knock. Still no motion. Then the door opened and Mrs. Barclay came in. "John," she called. He got uncertainly upon his feet and turned toward her.

"John," she said, "we are going."

To the man before her she could say only the most direct thing. He looked old, sick, strange, his face grief-lined and unshaven, his eyes dull. Again her face was wet with tears.

"I told Richard you were sick. He wanted to come past to say good-by. Jean walked down ahead some time ago. Can you, will you, come out to speak to Dick?"

He took the hands she held out to him, stood for a moment patting them between both of his like one who dreams.

"Quick," she said, "or Richard will be coming in for us."

Outside, Richard, full of spirit, impatient to be on, called as they appeared: "Wasn't he up yet mother? Sorry, old man, you should be sick on this day that is a big one for me. I wanted you to go out with us. But you can't stay sick long in this valley. Look at me. Am I not a good advertisement for the place?"

He was so full of himself that he little more than noticed John. He was indeed different from the man who had come, but red signalled dangerously in his cheeks. And his voice was high pitch in his excitement.

"You do look seedy, John," he said as Hampton helped Mrs. Barclay to the seat beside him. Then they shook hands and were off.

John stood looking down the road long, long. He was seeing Jean with her free quick step and sun-flecked hair, leading them on and on. He, too, wanted to follow, to overtake her, to go with her to the ends . . .

There were fires back of his eyes; his throat, his whole body ached. He turned wearily inside.

The rest of the day and night he spent before the empty fireplace, a night of feverish, aching misery. Then the rain

began to fall. It swished in sheets against the windows, moaned and wept about the house, and the complaining sounds it made seemed sympathy to John. It roused him. He built a fire, drank hot coffee, and went mechanically at what he had to do.

The spring was a wet one. For days at a time the rain would fall in steady lines, and on these days John would be out late and early, hatless, soaked to the skin, tramping, tramping. Up the road toward the Barclay cottage, down to the uncertainties of Verdugo Road where first Jean had found him painting, up on the hillside where they had gathered the holly, where the wet bushes snatched and tore at him, slapping him sharply as he pushed through them. Knee-deep in water he would sometimes go, where the sandy washes were become turbulent streams, wet through, wind beaten, tired out, he would find this his only relief. On bright days he sat indoors, hour after hour, miserable with memories and the hopes that had gone. His utter aloneness filled him with a dread of the future he had never known. As he had done once before he ran from this dread to the city, where, though he was still alone, the fear of it left him. When the rains came again he went back to his valley, back to the storms that raging through it, gave him some rest.

Two, three, four years he spent going from place to place, away, now back, then away, then back, restless, dissatisfied, sad beyond words. The first year or two he heard of the Barclays. Wanderers they were too, and he guessed the reason. Richard's health. Out on the desert, down to the coast, back to the mountains. Then he lost track of them.

The time came at last when he stayed at home on into the spring. The rains had come seasonably so that the earth was in its gayest of dresses. The shrubs on the hillsides burst into riotous bloom, first the white lilac looking like a hoar frost, then the blue like a thin veil flung across the hills. Delicate little gillias, pink, blue, and lavender, nestled against the ground, while a multitude of other flowers, scarlet, white, yellow, bloomed so thickly that one must walk upon them who

walked at all. His boyhood's days pleasure in the earth's moods came back to Hampton; the bitterness was gone, the ache, and the restlessness. He began to take up life again where suddenly it had broken off. Through the years his box of paints had not been out. Now he opened it, curiously twisted the tubes, examined his brushes, and then put it away again. But it was a beginning. In a few weeks he sketched in a picture or two, and in doing so found some joy. When the golden days of fall came he put away his work. Those days were for a youth that was gone. Paint them he could not. But the gray days, the days when the mist drifted back and forth, he caught and held with all their mystery and invitation to sadness.

One such afternoon as he worked, the gray began to give way to sunset brilliance. Again the flood of rose spread upward from the west and the valley blushed and glowed. Again the mountains became luminous, amethystine. His hands fell at his sides, his brush dropped to the ground. He could not work; he could only feel. The years had fallen away and he was once again in that other evening, once again full of a heart-bursting happiness, again living his minute of exultation. Once more he was with her. As the colors deepened, there across the valley she came. A gilded sage stalk bent as she brushed against it. Through a path of great brightness she seemed walking straight to him, her hair blowing about her face, that was radiant in the sunset light. Her eyes dark, lustrous with tears, looked for him to come to meet her, to tell her how much he wanted her. A thousand times she had come to him this way, in fancy, in the rain, on the streets, into the little stone house, always, everywhere, but never quite like this, after all.

"John."

She had stopped coming toward him.

"John!"

He leaned forward to listen.

"John, I have come back to you."

He jumped to his feet. He ran toward her.

Straight into his arms she came. There he held her,

held her closely, while his heart, with all its pounding, was unable to choke down his, "Jean, *Jean*."

She leaned against him, clung to him.

"I have come home," she said.

He touched her hair, her cheek, felt her arms about his neck. Yet more tightly he held her. Never again could she go from him.

"*Home!*" he repeated. "You have come home at last."

The sunset colors began to fade, the amethyst changed to purple, the purple to gray. A gentle wind awakened.

## “NAME UNKNOWN”

DAVID MORTON

**S**OMEWHERE in France . . . an English countryside  
Came in an instant's dream before he died. . . .

Unhurried mornings . . . and the English sky  
Of such deep beauty as sinks past the eye,

Sinks in the heart and stays a memory there,  
Part of the spirit, marvellously fair . . .

And indolent and drowsy afternoons  
With quiet friends . . . and nights of thoughtful moons

Suspended over hill and home and field,  
Touching to gold enchantment Summer's yield;

And those same fields as he had seen them last  
By daylight, when the wind was running past,

And in and out the grain, on swift, light feet:  
All this came back—in visions blinding sweet.

And memories of friends and things they said,  
In midnight companies where there was bread

And thick-cut cheese and ale: . . . the way one had  
Of swearing roundly if the ale was bad;

And how another's face showed thin and white  
And delicate beneath the murky light,—

Too delicate, he thought, as though made thin  
By white, refining fires that blazed within.

Yet, that one answered, too, at England's call;  
He wondered if, . . . he wondered how it all . . .

Then came the memory of other faces,  
Unknown to him, but seen in public places,

In London streets, faces of girls and boys,  
And London shops, and windows filled with toys

At Christmastide when gay crowds filled the streets,  
Women with bundles—children munching sweets.

And that first Christmas that he saw the city  
With eyes dazed by its splendor—and its pity . . .

Then suddenly there came to him again  
The countryside, the fields of waiting grain,

Across which now a far, faint bell was calling,  
And lamps were being lit, and dusk was falling.

A little wind was creeping toward the hill,  
So light it left the grain untroubled, still—

But spread abroad a fresh, faint earthen musk,  
That filled the air and sweetened all the dusk . . .



## SPRING : 1917

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL

**N**EW life runs riot through the world to-day:  
Sweet air, green grasses, slim trees newly clad—  
And how can any mortal heart be sad,  
Surrounded by these panoplies of May?  
Except we know, a thousand miles away,  
Above the shattered fields that should be green  
With the first bloom of harvest, stretch the lean  
Gray crosses, lined in pitiless array.

Our loved ones, too, will soon be sleeping there,  
Tormented limbs brought thus to rest, we say.  
O blind! to think the shrapnel's iron spray  
Dissolves in dust. From every sodden mound  
A glory shines, and they beneath the ground  
Return to us again, divinely fair!

# PROHIBITION'S OWN STORY

DEETS PICKETT

[RESEARCH SECRETARY, BOARD OF TEMPERANCE, PROHIBITION  
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**T**HE prohibition movement, whether good or evil, is "the long result of time." It is not a hysteria nor the quick growth of a warm emotionalism. It has developed slowly and by orderly stages. The time of its beginning is clearly written in the records and each period of change in its nature is marked on the calendar almost to the very day and hour.

It began in 1808. It changed about 1818; again in 1840 and 1842; once more in 1847; still again in 1907. The movement may be said to have written its own biography in the pledges of the various temperance societies which have existed in America during the past one hundred years.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is credited with being the father of the anti-alcohol movement in the United States. He was the author of "An Inquiry Into the Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," a document which vigorously preached moderation in the use of spirituous liquors. The teachings of Dr. Rush furnished a vivid illustration of the ultra-conservatism which not only marked the early temperance movement but which has always characterized its development. For men who desired to bring their drink appetites within bounds, he advised the use of substitutes and the substitutes recommended were opium, morphine, and cocaine!

Dr. Billy James Clark, another distinguished physician, was so impressed with the teachings of Dr. Rush that in 1808 he formed the first temperance society in America. The pledge taken by its members reads:

"No member shall drink rum, gin, whisky, or any distilled spirits or composition of the same or any of them, except by the advice of a

physician or in case of actual disease, also except at public dinners, under the penalty of twenty-five cents, provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious rite; no members shall be intoxicated under a penalty of fifty cents; and no member shall offer any of the above liquors to any person to drink thereof under the penalty of twenty-five cents for each offense."

Very similar and equally interesting is the 1812 pledge of the Maine Temperance Society:

"We will be at all times sparing and cautious in the use of spirituous liquors at home, in social visits decline them so far as possible, avoid them totally in retailing stores, and in general, set our faces against the intemperate use of them, conceiving as we do, that, except in a very few cases, as of medicinal use, spirituous liquors are the bane of morals and a drain on health, piety, and happiness."

These two pledges centralized the spirit and sentiment of the moderation stage of the temperance movement, giving form and body to the generative work of Dr. Rush. In the early years of the 19th century they were more radical than the modern proposal of national prohibition. It was not until 1826 that the organized temperance forces became convinced that moderation in the use of spirituous liquors, as a solution of the problem, was impracticable. *Thomas Jefferson was one of the first men of that day to become convinced of this and it was he who proposed the substitution of light liquors for ardent spirits.*

In 1826, this conviction had become common to all temperance people of the day, so the pledge of the American Temperance Society in that year called for total abstinence from the stronger drinks:

"We, whose names are hereunto annexed, believing that the use of ardent spirits as a drink, is not only needless, but harmful to the social, civil, and religious interests of men; that it tends to form intemperate appetites and habits, and that while it is continued the evils of intemperance can never be done away with; do, therefore, agree that we will not use or traffic in it; that we will not provide it as articles of entertainment, or for persons in our employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of it in the community."

The pledge of the Andover Society in the same year is

very similar and indicates the uniform progress of the movement:

"We, the subscribers, for the purpose of promoting our own welfare and that of the community, agree that we will abstain from the use of distilled spirits, except as a medicine for bodily infirmity; that we will not allow the use of them in our families, or provide them for the entertainment of our friends, or for persons in our employment; that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of them in the community."

In 1840, the famous "Washingtonians" launched a formidable movement based upon a further extension of the principle of abstinence to cover not only strong alcoholic liquors, but beer, wine, and cider. The 1840 pledge of that society reads:

"We, whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a society for our mutual benefit to guard against a practice—a pernicious practice—which is injurious to our health and the standing of our families, do pledge ourselves as gentlemen that we will not drink any spirits, malt liquors, wine or cider."

The Washingtonian movement produced a profound impression upon the country. In 1842, the Sons of Temperance pledged their members against the making, buying, and selling of alcoholic beverages as well as the drinking of them:

"I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider."

By 1847 this pledge was still further strengthened by the Order of Good Samaritans:

"I do furthermore promise that I will neither make, buy, nor use as a beverage any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider; that I will discountenance the use and traffic in alcoholic drinks of every kind; that I will use all moral and honorable means within my power to *put a stop to the practice of legalizing* the same, and will, so far as practicable, seek to reclaim the inebriate from the error of his ways."

And so was reached the stage of opposition to the use of alcoholic beverages in any form and of antagonism to the

legalizing of the liquor traffic. The latter phase of the movement developed rapidly from that time forward, especially when the federal government in 1862 included in the war revenue measure a provision for federal liquor licenses. The first federal liquor license law enacted March 1st, 1791, had proven so offensive to the people that it was speedily repealed and the second attempt to ally the drink traffic with the federal government in 1813 was repealed within four years. When the 1862 federal revenue law again tampered with the liquor traffic, the economic and political motives of the trade were intensified; centralization and political alliance began to develop.

Temperance organizations of the period were not slow to recognize the changing character of the trade and they fell upon it with the early prohibition legislation which was so generally repealed and which to-day is pointed to as a horrible example of the inefficiency of prohibitory laws.

The coincident change in the character of the drink trade and the temperance movement resulted, during the period roughly approximated by the decade of 1850-60, in a mass of legislation, all termed prohibitory, which was "without form and void." These laws, blanketed by the one word "prohibition," differed from each other to an amazing degree and some of them would to-day be considered very mild regulative and restrictive measures. Students of the period to-day are not able to agree even as to the number of states which may be said to have had prohibition in the mildest form. By some the figure is placed at twelve, by others as high as nineteen.

The most casual investigation shows the absurdity of attacking the highly efficient prohibition laws of to-day by pointing to the states which "tried and rejected 'prohibition'" more than half a century ago. Illinois is often mentioned as such a state but the Illinois prohibition law was subject to a referendum and was rejected by the people without being tried at all. The Indiana law was declared unconstitutional and had no trial. The New York law: was overthrown by the courts after operating for a very brief time,

during which, however, it produced results which prompted Governor M. H. Clark to inform the legislature of 1856: "The influence (of the law) is visible in a marked diminution of the evils which it sought to remedy."

The Michigan "prohibition" law in its final form permitted the sale of beer, wine and cider, and the New Hampshire law, while prohibiting the sale, permitted the manufacture. Ohio's constitutional provision forbade the state to license the traffic but the sale of liquors was never prohibited, and yet Ohio is included in the list of states which, we are told, "tried and rejected prohibition"!

Other "prohibition" laws limited their prohibition to the consumption of liquors on the premises of sale; some only fixed a minimum quantity which might be sold, and several prohibited the traffic in ardent spirits without molesting the traffic in beer, wine and cider. Certain states forbade the sale within state bounds but permitted the manufacture for exportation.

No machinery for the enforcement of the law was provided and the usual fine was \$10! Contrast these "prohibitions," with their fines, which in practice were not fines at all, with their exemptions, exceptions, and distortions, with the modern laws of North Dakota, Kansas, Arizona, Idaho, and North Carolina, laws in which the chain-gang and the penitentiary, hard labor and heavy fines, ouster provisions and the search and seizure hold place.

*The extreme difficulties of prohibition in Maine to-day are in great part due to the fact that the Maine law and prohibition administrative traditions owe their form and color to the early days of the reform.* It is perhaps not strange that these laws were ill-considered and not tamped firmly with educational propaganda, in view of the fact that they came when a sectional war was about to break over the country. They were fated not to have the benefit of evolutionary processes. As they gave way, one by one, the liquor traffic began to feed strong upon the day of the country's weakness. The principle of taxation by the federal government inevitably involved the suggestion of permission, protection, and

promotion, with the inevitable result that the organization of the trade rapidly assumed the character of a strong defensive alliance and a still stronger alliance for aggression.

For the tavern of former days with its minimum of abuses there began to be substituted a centralized and highly efficient trade using every device of modernity to exploit human weakness; corrupting government, business, and sources of common information; laying its finger upon the lips of politicians, fostering vice, promoting gambling, and handing a part of the proceeds to the Treasurer of the Federal Government. The immigration which followed hard upon the heels of the Civil War, came from countries where no prejudice against alcohol existed, and with it came a beer invasion which resulted in an enormous increase in the use of the bulky liquors which loom so large in the statistics.

Then began the "nibbling" process by which the temperance forces hoped to eat into the strength of their enemy. They trained themselves in methods, perfected themselves in the writing of statutes, inquired diligently after every weakness in their program. The clearing away of the imperfect, ill-established prohibitory laws of 1850-60 had left the new movement unhampered by tradition and precedent.

Experimentation in restrictive legislation proved to be a process of elimination. The prohibition of chairs, screens, tables, music, free lunches, and games in saloons soon convinced the people that it was the alcohol in the saloons and not the chairs which was doing the damage. Low license failed and high license only provided a strong motive for political corruption and the addition of vicious money-making features. Sunday closing and short hours did not suffice as a remedy. Local option and "home rule" were tested, but local option threw the county and city into direct conflict with a trade nationally organized so that "home rule" proved to be "money rule," and outside money rule at that.

Upon the wreckage of these experiments arose a mighty sentiment for state and national prohibition. Only Kansas, North Dakota, and Maine had prohibition laws in the year 1907, but during that year the moment became ripe and was

plucked. There had been a generation of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. The alcohol experiments of the German universities had produced a profound impression upon American thought. *The strong opposition of eminent British physicians to the drink custom had reacted upon American medical opinion. The saloon had become intolerable and the resentment against prevailing corruption was very close akin to resentment against the traffic which was largely responsible for it.*

In the cities the saloons had climbed on from arrogance to arrogance. Big business, concerned with the efficiency of its labor and the conservation of the public's buying power, began to turn against the licensed bar. Temperance organizations showed a disposition to get together, sink their differences in union, and consult on those methods of practical organization which would bring final achievement.

And so in that year prohibition began once more to ride a waxing tide. But it was not the prohibition of 1850. To-day if any recalcitrant official thinks that it is within his power to nullify a state prohibition law, he is quickly "oustered." In Idaho the law prohibits even the possession of alcoholic liquors except that wine may be possessed for sacramental purposes and pure alcohol for scientific and mechanical purposes. In North Dakota there are men in the penitentiary for their first offense of "boot-legging," and there are in some States, laws which permit a place of business to be padlocked if alcohol is found on the premises. There is as much similarity between the early and latter prohibitory legislation as there is between a continental flint-lock musket and a 42 centimeter howitzer.

If the probability and imminence of nation-wide prohibition are to be judged by the respect of the liquor trade for the fighting efficiency of its present-day opponent, final and complete victory is seemingly certain.

*The Champion of Fair Play*, the organ of the retail liquor dealers of Illinois, in the autumn of 1913 seemed to be seized with a fit of depression and published the following remarkable editorial:



"Sneering talk about the fighters against intoxicants has gone out of use. So much gain has been made since the time of Neal Dow in Maine that the liquor dealers and advocates have for some time acknowledged themselves on the run.

"Not many years ago it was considered by a majority of people in many communities, that the best policy was to let the liquor traffic alone. That drinking liquor was as necessary to the living of most men as eating nourishing food; or, if not exactly so, it was so natural that to meddle with any degree of success with the drinker or the dealer in intoxicants was an insurmountable task but now the best of our people are letting go such a theory and are believing that this nation will ere long become saloonless.

"Our present congress contains many members who would vote, if they had the chance to pass a law submitting a constitutional prohibition amendment. The Southern States are furnishing an increasing number of members and the belief is that success will crown their efforts.

"At the same time local option is in so many communities that the liquor dealers are acknowledging that to stem the tide is an impossible job."

And while the liquor trade press has never acknowledged that prohibition laws have been vindicated by their operation, they have repeatedly recognized the fact that the people living in prohibition territory consider the policy successful. In June, 1915, *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* said:

"Let any one visit the homes and clubs of Maine, Kansas, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, or any other so-called prohibitory state and he is impressed with the sentiment in favor of prohibition and the belief that prohibition is working wonders for society."

The statement is correct. And if it is true that a thing may be established by a heavy preponderance of testimony the case for prohibition is proven. It is quite possible to find exceptional individuals in prohibition states who will assail prohibitory law as ineffective, but it is not possible to poll any entire business or professional class and secure a consensus of opinion favoring the restriction of the license system.

The Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church,

through its Research Department, has tested almost every conceivable class of opinion in states which are under prohibition laws and the result has been an overwhelming concentration of testimony in support of the drink-abolition policy. Especially exhaustive have been the investigations, by mail and through traveling representatives, in the states which inaugurated prohibition January 1st, 1916. The reports received may be summarized as follows:

"In every state which went dry January 1st, 1916, petty crime has been greatly decreased.

"Serious crime has been considerably decreased.

"There is a notable decrease in beggary and acute poverty.

"Property formerly used for saloon purposes was rented for legitimate business with only slight delay.

"In the majority of cases liquor manufacturing property was diverted to wholesome uses, using more raw material and employing more men.

"There is a notable increase in buying power and much greater activity in retail business.

"Bank clearings are larger and savings accounts much more numerous.

"There is no more boot-legging or blind-pigging than in the license days and in some cases there is much less.

"The consumption of liquor has been reduced from 85 to 95 per cent.

"Of the small quantity of liquor consumed, 90 per cent. is beer, not whiskey.

"In no case have taxes been made higher by prohibition; in some cases they are lower, and in many cases approximately the same.

"In no case at all are state finances in worse condition because of the loss of license revenue; in some cases bad conditions inherited from the license period have been corrected.

"The sentiment of business men in every prohibition state of January 1st, 1916, is overwhelmingly in favor of the policy and this sentiment is increasing in strength constantly."

The limitations of a magazine article do not permit the setting forth in appalling array of all the official records and transcripts from correspondence upon which these conclusions are based. Official records are available to all and citizens will still answer inquiries but it is absolutely impossible to arrive at correct conclusions unless all records of any state

under consideration are investigated and entire classes of representative citizens are called to the witness stand. Hand-picked statistics and the testimony of eccentric individuals are worthless.

The question is frequently asked: "Why, if prohibition prohibits, is the national consumption of liquors not decreased?" It may be answered that the national consumption of liquors is being decreased and attention should be directed also to the more significant fact that a steady and progressing tendency to an enormous *increase* has been effectually checked. The following table shows the percentage of increase in the per capita consumption of all liquors during the decades 1850-1900, during the period of 1900-1907, and from 1907-1913:

Increase 1850 to 1860.....	57.5
Increase 1860 to 1870.....	19.7
Increase 1870 to 1880.....	31.0
Increase 1880 to 1890.....	53.9
Increase 1890 to 1900.....	14.2
Increase 1900 to 1907.....	28.0
Decrease 1907 to 1913.....	0.5

The decrease in 1915 was 10 per cent., and it is certain that when the report of the Internal Revenue Commissioner for the fiscal year 1916 is issued, the slump of the preceding year will not be shown as overcome.

From 1850 to 1907 each decade shows an enormous percentage of increase in the use of liquors. In 1907 there were only 3 prohibition States and in that year the present prohibition "wave" began to move. By June 30th, 1914, there were 8 prohibition States with 11 preparing to put into operation prohibitory laws already passed. What was the result upon the consumption of liquors? In the period 1907-1913 there was a decrease of .5 per cent. in the per capita consumption as compared with an increase of 28 per cent. from 1900-1907. The actual increase in per capita consumption from 1900-1907 was 5.03 gallons and from 1907-1914 the actual decrease was .29 gallons.

During the past two years, according to the widely cir-

culated statements of Mr. Theodore Price, our national wealth has increased by \$41,000,000,000; our bank deposits are said to be 24 per cent. higher than in 1912; our trade balance is 227 per cent. better; our agricultural exports have increased 44.1 per cent.; and our manufactured exports 55 per cent.; the number of employees engaged in manufacturing industries has increased 23.2 per cent., and the value of our manufactured products has increased \$9,400,000,000 or 41.2 per cent. over 1912. Meanwhile the consumption of alcoholic liquors from 1907 to 1913 *decreased* .5 per cent. and in 1915 10 per cent. While every other industry was increasing its output by vast quantities, the liquor traffic was decreasing!

A number of States which have prohibition laws either require reports of incoming liquor shipments to County Clerks, or issue permits to consignees. In Kansas the reports to the County Clerks have been checked up by numerous investigators and, while it is impossible to tell from the reports the exact quantity in any given shipment, it is significant that the investigators have arrived at practically the same figures as the total consumption of liquors within the state. These figures show that under prohibition in Kansas, the per capita consumption of liquors is 85 to 95 per cent. below the per capita consumption for the country as a whole. Incidentally it is interesting to note that 90 per cent. of these shipments are beer, which does not indicate that prohibition causes a turning from the milder and more bulky drinks to whiskey.

The negative argument against prohibition is as shifting as the sands. To-day the country is flooded with "statistical studies" attempting to show the dire results of prohibition in the States which have adopted it. Frequently these tables include as under prohibition States which were under license at the time considered; still more frequently there is the most obvious "handpicking" of figures, resulting in a comparison of States far removed from one another in miles and still further removed in laws, administration and customs. Where the comparisons are made between prohibition and

license States and there is taken into consideration affairs as they were at the time prohibition was adopted and also the necessity of selecting States in the same geographical groups or else of considering the two classes as entireties, the results are uniformly favorable to the theory of prohibition.

The affirmative argument of the liquor trade swings on the following much discussed charges:

Prohibition is sumptuary legislation, it violates personal liberty, it destroys needed revenues, it destroys vested rights without compensation, it increases illicit distilling and blind pigging, it increases the use of drugs, and it is a moral and individual question.

Inasmuch as prohibition deals with public trade which has been considered a social matter since the time of barter it is absurd to call it "sumptuary legislation." Except in the case of one or two laws, wherever the personal liberty of the individual is violated, it is purely an incident. The citizen is not forbidden to drink, although his opportunity to drink is lessened; but he is forbidden, for purposes of profit, to induce another citizen to drink. As the *American Brewers' Review* has said, the question must be fought out on a consideration of the social welfare.

The question of compensation has been decided time and again in the United States Supreme Court. Prohibition destroys no vested rights and is guilty of no confiscation. It merely marks the refusal of government to renew a special privilege to engage in a traffic which has no inherent right to exist, which is pledged its life only by the year, and which in erecting property for purposes of its trade is taking the chance of a man who erects property on leased ground.

The argument that illicit distilling and blind pigging increase under prohibition will not bear investigation. Illicit distilling is common in prohibition States in which it was common when those States were under a license policy. Not in twenty years has an illicit still been seized and destroyed in Kansas, Maine, or North Dakota, but they have been seized by the score in northern license States. Accord-

ing to the report of the Internal Revenue Bureau for the year ending June 30th, 1915, only 1,582 gallons of illicit liquor were found in prohibition States during that fiscal year, while 808,926 gallons were found in license States.

If the disparity in the figures of federal licenses and state licenses (with drug stores eliminated from the consideration) be taken, which may well be, as a census of blind pigs, the license system is a veritable swineherd. In the fall of 1914 there were in New York 1,239 blind pigs to the million of population; in Illinois, 1,784, and in Kansas, 305, and the number of holders of federal tax receipts in Kansas is decreasing constantly. In September of this year there were only 89 such tax receipts in that State. When the present stringent enforcement of prohibition in Kansas began about eight years ago, there were nearly 4,500 holders of these federal licenses. In North Dakota the number has decreased annually under the influence of constantly improving favorable administration. The following table tells the exact story:

	Retail liquor dealers' receipts:	Wholesale liquor dealers' receipts
1909.....	1,830	65
1910.....	1,470	40
1911.....	1,014	15
1912.....	981	10
1913.....	593	10
1914.....	291	4
1915.....	142	0

The assertion that prohibition increases the use of drugs is based upon the bare fact that several years ago drug using began to increase in prohibition States. The fact is ignored that at the same time drug using began to increase to a much greater degree in license States, especially in the great centers of population. This drug argument at the present time ignores the existence of the Harrison Federal Drug Law which has nearly wiped out drug using everywhere except in the great license cities.

The only effectual argument being used by the liquor traffic to-day is based upon the supposed fact that the use

of wine and beer in Europe has reduced the use of ardent spirits. But the studies of Gabriellson, the Swedish statistician, and the official figures of various European countries have shown conclusively that those nations which use more beer or more wine, also have a greater per capita consumption of distilled spirits than has the United States, and their consumption of absolute alcohol is enormously greater.

*The prohibition movement is sweeping forward to a certain triumph. Medicine is fighting alcohol as a foe to the public health. Business, big and little, is lending power to the advance.*

“It is the last 10 per cent. of profits that builds the local factory, and under license that 10 per cent. is swallowed by the liquor traffic,” said a business man recently. Money spent for drink is not spent for legitimate products. The material and labor employed in the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic liquors is wasted. The proportion of the final value of intoxicants which goes to labor and the production of raw material is remarkably low and business men are becoming aroused to the fact that a trade which produces no wealth cannot be a real source of revenue.

Prohibition proposes to add to the total of legitimate commerce the two and a half billion dollars now spent at retail for liquors each year. The wonderful effect upon the South of the addition of \$500,000,000 to the value of the cotton crop and of an addition to the foreign trade of a sum less than the sum spent for liquors, points vividly to what might be done for industry by wiping out a wasteful expenditure of such vast size.

It is the manufacturers, wholesalers and retail dealers who are heading that army which moves upon the federal capital with a demand that the Constitution which prohibits the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which prohibits ex post facto laws, unequal taxation, laws abridging the rights of free speech and petition, shall prohibit the abuse of government which licenses a trade dangerous to the public health and welfare and ruinous to the interests of public trade.



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